

REPRESENTATIVES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Ed. by William Alfred Burdette,
Ralph P. Jones, and others

Pleasant Hours

WITH

AMERICAN AUTHORS

CONTAINING

The Lives of Our Authors in Story Form, Their Portraits,
Their Homes and Their Personal Traits, How
They Worked and What They Wrote

TOGETHER WITH

SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS

REPRESENTING ALL THAT IS BEST IN THE

LIVES AND WORKS

OF

AMERICAN WRITERS OF POETRY AND PROSE

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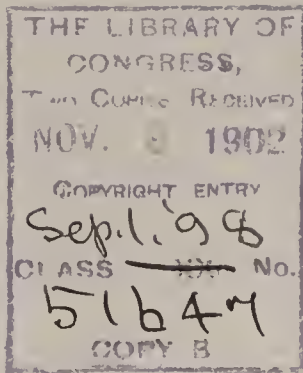
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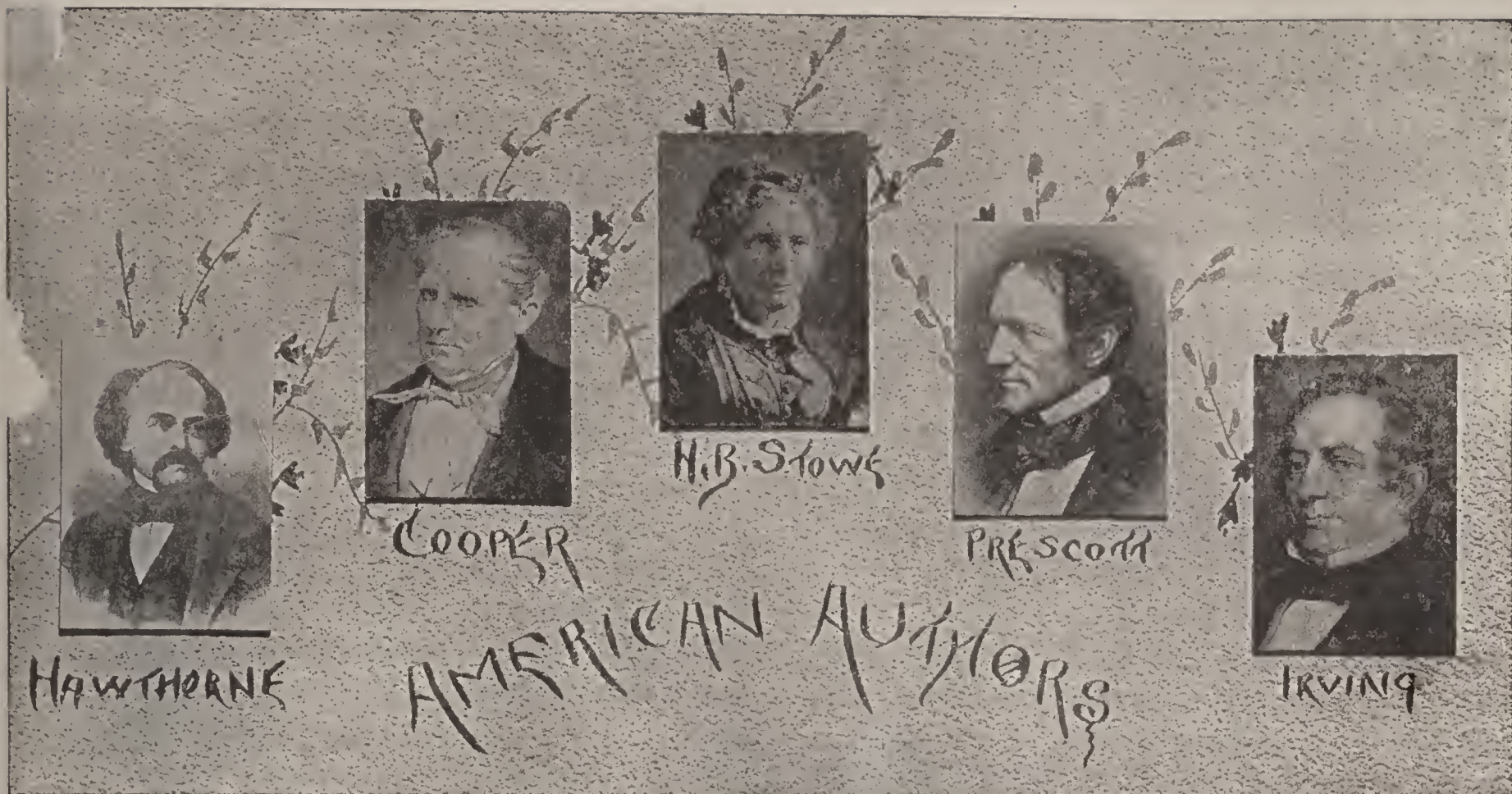
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INTRODUCTION.



THE ink of a Nation's Scholars is more sacred than the blood of its martyrs,"—declares Mohammed. It is with this sentence in mind, and a desire to impress upon our fellow countrymen the excellence, scope and volume of American literature, and the dignity and personality of American authorship, that this work has been prepared and is now offered to the public.

The volume is distinctly American, and, as such it naturally appeals to the patriotism of Americans. Every selection which it contains was written by an American. Its perusal, we feel confident, will both entertain the reader and quicken the pride of every lover of his country in the accomplishments of her authors.

European nations had already the best of their literature before ours began. It is less than three hundred years since the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, and the planting of a colony at Jamestown, marked the first permanent settlements on these shores. Two hundred years were almost entirely consumed in the foundation work of exploring the country, settling new colonies, in conflicts with the Indians, and in contentions with the mother country. Finally—after two centuries—open war with England served the purpose of bringing the jealous colonists together, throwing off our allegiance to Europe, and, under an independent constitution, of introducing the united colonists—now the *United States of America*—into the sisterhood of nations.

Thus, it was not until the twilight of the eighteenth century that we had an organized nationality, and it was not until the dawn of the nineteenth that we began to have a literature. Prior to this we looked abroad for everything except the products of our soil. Neither manufacturing nor literature sought to raise its head among us. The former was largely prohibited by our generous mother, who wanted to make our clothes and furnish us with all manufactured articles; literature was frowned upon with the old interrogation, "Who reads an American book?" But simultaneously with the advent of liberty upon our shores was born the spirit of progress—at once enthroned and established as the guardian saint of American energy and enterprise. She touched the mechanic and the hum of his machinery was heard and the smoke of his factory arose as an incense to her, while our exhaustless stores of raw materials were transformed into things of use and beauty; she touched the merchant and the wings of commerce were spread over our seas; she touched the scholar and the few institutions of learning along the Atlantic seaboard took on new life and colleges and universities multiplied and followed rapidly the course of civilization across the mountains and plains of the West.

But the spirit of progress did not stop here. Long before that time Dr. Johnson had declared, "The chief glory of every people arises from its authors," and our people had begun to realize the force of the truth, which Carlyle afterwards expressed, that "A country which has no national literature, or a literature too insignificant to force its way abroad, must always be to its neighbors, at least in every important spiritual respect, an unknown and unesteemed country." The infant nation had now begun its independent history. Should it also have an independent literature; and if so, what were the bases for it? The few writers who had dared to venture into print had dealt with European themes, and laid their scenes and published their books in foreign lands. What had America to inspire their genius?

The answer to this question was of vital importance. Upon it depended our destiny in literature. It came clear and strong. To go elsewhere were to imitate the discontented and foolish farmer who became possessed of a passion for hunting diamonds, and, selling his farm for a song, spent his days in wandering over the earth in search of them. The man who bought this farm found diamonds in the yard around the house, and developed that farm into *the famous Golconda mines*. The poor man who wandered away had acres of diamonds at home. They were his if he had but been wise enough to gather them.

So was America a rich field for her authors. Nature nowhere else offered such inspiration to the poet, the descriptive and the scientific writer as was found in America. Its mountains were the grandest; its plains the broadest; its rivers the longest; its lakes were inland seas; its water-falls were the most sublime; its caves were the largest and most wonderful in the world; its forests bore every variety of

vegetable life and stretched themselves from ocean to ocean ; it had a soil and a climate diversified and varied beyond that of any other nation ; birds sang for us whose notes were heard on no other shores ; we had a fauna and a flora of our own. For the historian there was the aboriginal red man, with his unwritten past preserved only in tradition awaiting the pen of the faithful chronicler ; the Colonial period was a study fraught with American life and tradition and no foreigner could gather its true story from the musty tomes of a European library ; the Revolutionary period *must* be recorded by an American historian. For the novelist and the sketch writer our magnificent land had a rich legendary lore, and a peculiarity of manners and customs possessed by no other continent. The story of its frontier, with a peculiar type of life found nowhere else, was all its own.

It was to this magnificent prospect, with its inspiring possibilities that Progress,—the first child of liberty—stood and pointed as she awoke the slumbering genius of independent American Authorship, and, placing the pen in her hand bade her write what she would. Thus the youngest aspirant in literature stood forth with the freest hand, in a country with its treasures of the past unused, and a prospective view of the most magnificent future of the nations of earth.

What a field for literature ! What an opportunity it offered ! How well it has been occupied, how attractive the personality, how high the aims, and how admirable the methods of those who have done so, it is the province of this volume to demonstrate. With this end in view, the volume has been prepared. It has been inspired by a patriotic pride in the wonderful achievement of our men and women in literature, in making America, at the beginning of her second century as a nation, the fair and powerful rival of England and Continental Europe in the field of letters.

Wonderful have been the achievements of Americans as inventors, mechanics, merchants—indeed, in every field in which they have contended—but we are prepared to agree with Dr. Johnson that “The chief glory of a nation is its authors ;” and, with Carlyle, that they entitle us to our greatest respect among other nations. The reading of the biographies and extracts herein contained should impress the reader with the debt of gratitude we as a people owe to those illustrious men and women, who, while wreathing their own brows with chaplets of fame, have written the name, “*America*,” high up on the literary roll of honor among the greatest nations of the world.

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Besides the above, we are under special obligation to a number of authors who kindly furnished, in answer to our request, selections which they considered representative of their writings.

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| Abbott, Lyman. | Greeley, Horace. |
| Adams, Charles Follen (<i>Yawcob Strauss</i>). | Grace Greenwood (<i>Sarah J. Lippincott</i>). |
| Adams, Wm. T. (<i>Oliver Optic</i>). | Hale, Edward Everett. |
| Alcott, Louisa May. | Halstead, Murat. |
| Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. | Harris, Joel Chandler (<i>Uncle Remus</i>). |
| Alger, Horatio, Jr. | Harte, Bret. |
| Artemus Ward (<i>Charles F. Browne</i>). | Hawthorne, Julian. |
| Austin, Jane Goodwin. | Hawthorne, Nathaniel. |
| Barr, Amelia E. | Hay, John. |
| Bellamy, Edward. | Holley, Marietta (<i>Josiah Allen's Wife</i>).* |
| Bill Nye (<i>Edgar Wilson Nye</i>). | Holmes, Oliver Wendell. |
| Browne, Charles F. (<i>Artemus Ward</i>).* | Howells, William Dean. |
| Bryant, William Cullen. | Irving, Washington. |
| Burdette, Robert J. | Jackson, Helen Hunt. |
| Burnett, Frances Hodgson. | Joaquin Miller (<i>Cincinnatus Heine Miller</i>). |
| Cable, George W. | Josiah Allen's Wife (<i>Marietta Holley</i>).* |
| Carleton, Will. | Josh Billings (<i>Henry W. Shaw</i>). |
| Cary, Alice. | Larcom, Lucy. |
| Cary, Phoebe. | Lippincott, Sarah Jane (<i>Grace Greenwood</i>). |
| Clemens, Samuel L. (<i>Mark Twain</i>). | Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. |
| Cooper, James Fenimore. | Lowell, James Russell. |
| Craddock, Charles Egbert (<i>Mary N. Murfree</i>). | Mark Twain (<i>Samuel L. Clemens</i>). |
| Crawford, Francis Marion. | Marion Harland (<i>Mary V. Terhune</i>). |
| Dana, Charles A. | Miller, Cincinnatus Heine (<i>Joaquin</i>). |
| Davis, Richard Harding. | Moulton, Louise Chandler. |
| Dodge, Mary Abigail (<i>Gail Hamilton</i>).* | Murfree, Mary N. (<i>Chas. Egbert Craddock</i>). |
| Dodge, Mary Mapes.* | Nye, Edgar Wilson (<i>Bill Nye</i>). |
| Eggleston, Edward. | Oliver Optic (<i>William T. Adams</i>). |
| Ellis, Edward. | Octave Thanet (<i>Alice French</i>). |
| Emerson, Ralph Waldo. | Page, Thomas Nelson. |
| Field, Eugene. | Parkman, Francis.* |
| Finley, Martha. | Poe, Edgar Allen. |
| French, Alice (<i>Octave Thanet</i>). | Reid, Whitelaw. |
| Gail Hamilton (<i>Mary Abigail Dodge</i>).* | Riley, James Whitcomb. |
| Gilder, Richard Watson. | Roe, Edward Payson. |

* No portrait.

Shaw, Albert.
 Shaw, Henry W. (*Josh Billings*).
 Sigourney, Lydia H.
 Smith, Elizabeth Oakes.
 Stockton, Frank.
 Stoddard, Richard Henry.
 Stowe, Harriet Beecher.
 Taylor, Bayard.*
 Terhune, Mary Virginia.

Thompson, Maurice.*
 Wallace, General Lew.
 Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
 Watterson, Henry.
 Whitman, Walt.
 Whittier, John Greenleaf.
 Willis, Nathaniel Parker.
 Whitcher, Mrs. (*The Widow Bedott*).

* No portrait.



“UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE
 THE VILLAGE SMITHY STANDS.”

Longfellow.

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FIRST AMERICAN AUTHOR OF RENOWN.

"The Cervantes of the New World."



HE first American who openly adopted literature as a calling and successfully relied upon his pen for support was Washington Irving, and the abiding popularity of this author is the best guarantee of his permanent place in the world of letters. Since 1802, when Irving begun to write, empires have arisen and passed away; new arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of mankind has undergone a revolution; science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; but the words of this charming writer are still as bright and even more read by men and women to-day than when they came fresh from his pen and their brilliant author was not only the literary lion of America, but was a shining light in the circles of the old World. The pages of Irving are a striking illustration of the fact that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete, that Truth, and Good, and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the empire of man, and we feel sure that Washington Irving, whose works were the delight of our grandparents and parents, and are now contributing to our own happiness, will also be read with the same eager pleasure by those who come after us.

It was on the 3rd of April, 1783, when the British were in possession of New York City and George Washington was exerting his forces to drive them away, that young Irving was born. Like Benjamin Franklin, he was the youngest of many sons. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an Englishwoman, who emigrated to America soon after their marriage and settled in New York about the year 1770. The Irvings were staunch patriots and did what they could to relieve the sufferings of American prisoners while the British held the city, and their son was not christened until the English evacuated the town and George Washington came in and took possession. In her exultation over this event Mrs Irving exclaimed: "Washington's work is ended and this child shall be named after him." Six years later, in 1789, George Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States, in New York, which was then the capital of the country. Shortly after this the Scotch servant girl with little Irving in charge, seeing the President on the street called out: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington bade her bring the boy to him, and placing his hands on his head gave him his blessing.

As a boy Irving was playful rather than studious. His delicate health prevented his entering college, and the educational training which he received was at sundry small schools, and this ceased at the age of sixteen, at which time he began to study law. Irving's opportunity came in 1802, when his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, established a daily paper, to which Washington, then only nineteen, contributed a series of essays under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were written in a humorous vein and met an instant success, being quoted and copied as far and wide as the sayings of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" had been fifty years before.

In 1804 Irving's failing health compelled him to abandon his legal studies and he went abroad, spending two years in European travel, and gathering a stock of material for his future writings. In 1806 he returned to New York, took up again



SUNNYSIDE, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but never practised the profession. The next year, with his brother and James K. Paulding, he started the "Salmagundi; or, Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq.," which was published fortnightly and ran through twenty numbers. This humorous magazine, intended by its authors only to "hit off" the gossip of that day, has now become an amusing history of society events a century ago, and is still widely read. The next two years were occupied in writing his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which was published in December, 1809. This was to have been the joint work of Washington Irving and his brother, Peter, but the latter was called away to Europe, and Washington did it alone. To introduce this book, Irving, with genuine Yankee shrewdness, advertised in the newspapers some months in advance of its publication for an old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker, who had suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him the manuscript of a book and his board bill unpaid. It was finally announced that his landlord had decided to publish the book in the hope of realizing enough profit to satisfy his claim for board against the author.

It proved to be the most readable book which had yet appeared in America and was received with enthusiasm by the public. Abroad it created almost as great a sensation. Sir Walter Scott read it aloud to his family, and it first revealed to the critics of the Old World that America was to have a literature of its own. This book quickly brought its author both reputation and money, and with bright hopes he entered the business firm of his brother as a silent partner.

During the War of 1812 Irving was editorially connected with the "Analectic Magazine" in Philadelphia, for which he wrote a number of articles. He was staunchly patriotic throughout the war, though he deplored its existence. In 1815, after peace was proclaimed, he made a second voyage across the Atlantic, intending to remain only a short while, but the failure of his brother's firm blasted his business hopes and necessitated his return to literature. He, therefore, remained abroad for seventeen years, and it was in the Old Country that he wrote his famous "Sketch Book," published in parts in New York in 1819, and in book form in London in 1820, the author receiving for the copyright four hundred pounds (nearly \$2,000). In 1822 he published "Bracebridge Hall, or, The Humorist;" and in 1824 the "Tales of the Traveler." From 1826 to 1829 Irving spent much time in Spain, where he gathered material for the "Life of Christopher Columbus" (1828); "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra, or, The New Sketch Book," which appeared in 1832.

During the last two years of Irving's stay abroad he was Secretary of the United States Legation at London, and on his return to America in 1832 was received with great public honor. His books now brought him an adequate income, and he built for himself a handsome villa at Irvington, New York—which he named "Sunnyside"—where he continued to reside until his death, with the exception of four years (1842-46), during which time he represented the United States at the Court of Madrid. While residing at Sunnyside he wrote the "Tours of the Prairies" (1835); "Astoria" (1836); "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837). After his return from the Court of Spain he edited a new edition of his complete works, issued in 1850. He also published in 1849 and 1850 "Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography," and "Mahomet and His Successors." From 1850 to 1859 he published only two books, namely, "Wolfret's Roost and Other Papers" and the "Life of George Washington;" the latter issued just before his death, which occurred at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859. His nephew, P. H. Irving, afterwards prepared the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" (1863), and also edited and published his "Spanish Papers and Other Miscellanies" (1866.)

That Irving never married may be attributed to the fact that his fiancé, Miss Matilda Hoffman, a charming and beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached, died suddenly soon after they were engaged. Irving, then twenty-six, bore the blow like a man, but he carried the scar through life.

The fame of Irving becomes the more resplendent when we remember that he was the first great pioneer in American letters. Franklin was the only man of any note who had preceded him, and his writings were confined to a much smaller scope. It was while Byron and Scott were leaders of English letters that Irving, without the advantage of a college education, went to England and met and associated with the greatest of English authors, issued several

of his books and made good his own title to an honorable position in literature among them, not only leaving his impress upon English society but he created an illustrious following among her authors that any man should be proud of; for it is from Irving's "Sketch Book" that the revival of Christmas feasts was inaugurated, which Dickens afterwards took up and pursued to further lengths, making Irving his model in more ways than is generally supposed. Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray were his friends and admirers. The latter calls Irving the "first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old." At home Irving's influence was even greater. His tales like "Rip Van Winkle" and its fellows became the first fruits of an abundant harvest, rich in local flavor, which later American story-tellers like Hawthorne, Poe, Bret Harte and Cable, all in their own way, following in his footsteps, have gathered after him.

The genius of Irving was not of that stalwart, rugged character which conquered by admiration. It rather won its way softly and by the aid of genial sentiment, human sympathy and pungent humor. His heart was quick to catch the sentiment, and his imagination as quick to follow the thread of an incident to its most charming conclusion. He it was who peopled the green nooks of "Sleepy Hollow" and the rocky crags of the Catskills, describing landscape and character with a charm which no later American writer has surpassed; and it was his delicate subtlety and keen insight which called into being in his "Knickerbocker's History" a civilization, giving to the legend the substance of truth, and presenting a fiction so that it passed for a fact. This is a feat which very few authors have accomplished.

That Irving might have been a successful historian is evinced by his "Life of Columbus" and "Life of Washington," in which his exhaustive inquiry into details and his treatment of the same leave nothing new in the lives of these great men to be told; but it is on his descriptive essays, such as we find in his "Sketch Book," "The Alhambra" and "Knickerbocker's History," that his title to enduring fame most securely rests.

The poet, Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," thus happily characterizes Washington Irving:

"What! Irving? thrice welcome warm heart and fine brain,
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,
 I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
 And having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
 The 'fine old English Gentleman,' simmer it well,
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain.
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

THE ORGAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.

THE sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they

rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—The very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

BALTUS VAN TASSEL'S FARM.

CHABOD CRANE had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest

water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were

riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with

its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a neck-lace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadowlands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel, who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness.

Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

(FROM "LIFE OF COLUMBUS.")

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he announced was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth.

* * * * *

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the

place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude;

the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came, and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person

of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

THE GALLOPING HESSIAN.

THE revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for, in fact,

I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of

the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yoemen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but in-

stead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his

horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain

his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

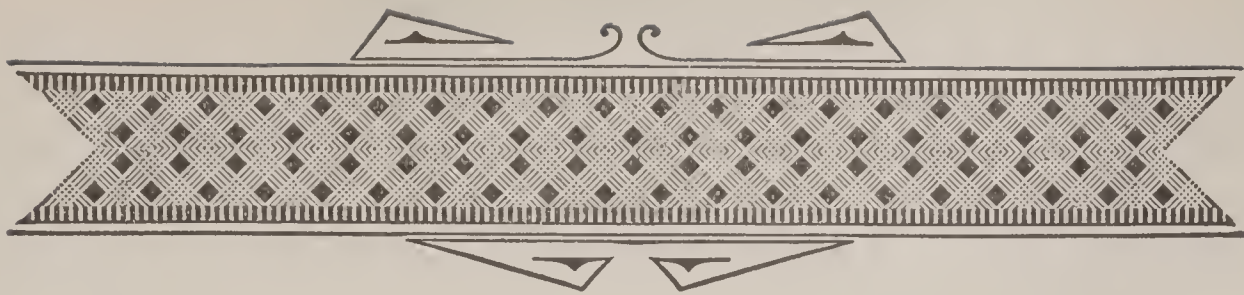
An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part

of the brook, where the water ran deep and black was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle, which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling: in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him, the school was removed to a different part of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE POET OF NATURE.



It is said that "genius always manifests itself before its possessor reaches manhood." Perhaps in no case is this more true than in that of the poet, and William Cullen Bryant was no exception to the general rule. The poetical fancy was early displayed in him. He began to write verses at nine, and at ten composed a little poem to be spoken at a public school, which was published in a newspaper. At fourteen a collection of his poems was published in 12 mo. form by E. G. House of Boston. Strange to say the longest one of these, entitled "The Embargo" was political in its character setting forth his reflections on the Anti-Jeffersonian Federalism prevalent in New England at that time. But it is said that never after that effort did the poet employ his muse upon the politics of the day, though the general topics of liberty and independence have given occasion to some of his finest efforts. Bryant was a great lover of nature. In the Juvenile Collection above referred to were published an "Ode to Connecticut River" and also the lines entitled "Drought" which show the characteristic observation as well as the style in which his youthful muse found expression. It was written July, 1807, when the author was thirteen years of age, and will be found among the succeeding selections.

"Thanatopsis," one of his most popular poems, (though he himself marked it low) was written when the poet was but little more than eighteen years of age. This production is called the beginning of American poetry.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire Co., Mass., November 3rd, 1794. His father was a physician, and a man of literary culture who encouraged his son's early ability, and taught him the value of correctness and compression, and enabled him to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and the bombast into which young poets are apt to fall. The feeling and reverence with which Bryant cherished the memory of his father whose life was

"Marked with some act of goodness every day,"

is touchingly alluded to in several of his poems and directly spoken of with pathetic eloquence in the "Hymn to Death" written in 1825:

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus

Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
 For he is in his grave who taught my youth
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life
 Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
 Ripened by years of toil and studious search
 And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
 To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes,
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
 To copy thy example.

Bryant was educated at Williams College, but left with an honorable discharge before graduation to take up the study of law, which he practiced one year at Plainfield and nine years at Great Barrington, but in 1825 he abandoned law for literature, and removed to New York where in 1826 he began to edit the "Evening Post," which position he continued to occupy from that time until the day of his death. William Cullen Bryant and the "Evening Post" were almost as conspicuous and permanent features of the city as the Battery and Trinity Church.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant married Frances Fairchild, the loveliness of whose character is hinted in some of his sweetest productions. The one beginning

"O fairest of the rural maids,"

was written some years before their marriage; and "The Future Life," one of the noblest and most pathetic of his poems, is addressed to her:—

"In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere.
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?"

"Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,—
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?"

Among his best-known poems are "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "Lines to a Waterfowl," and "The Planting of the Apple-Tree." One of the greatest of his works, though not among the most popular, is his translation of Homer, which he completed when seventy-seven years of age.

Bryant had a marvellous memory. His familiarity with the English poets was

such that when at sea, where he was always too ill to read much, he would beguile the time by reciting page after page from favorite authors. However long the voyage, he never exhausted his resources. "I once proposed," says a friend, "to send for a copy of a magazine in which a new poem of his was announced to appear. 'You need not send for it,' said he, 'I can give it to you.' 'Then you have a copy with you?' said I. 'No,' he replied, 'but I can recall it,' and thereupon proceeded immediately to write it out. I congratulated him upon having such a faithful memory. 'If allowed a little time,' he replied, 'I could recall every line of poetry I have ever written.'"

His tenderness of the feelings of others, and his earnest desire always to avoid the giving of unnecessary pain, were very marked. "Soon after I began to do the duties of literary editor," writes an associate, "Mr. Bryant, who was reading a review of a little book of wretchedly halting verse, said to me: 'I wish you would deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones.'"

Bryant was a man of very striking appearance, especially in age. "It is a fine sight," says one writer, "to see a man full of years, clear in mind, sober in judgment, refined in taste, and handsome in person. . . . I remember once to have been at a lecture where Mr. Bryant sat several seats in front of me, and his finely-sized head was especially noticeable The observer of Bryant's capacious skull and most refined expression of face cannot fail to read therein the history of a noble manhood."

The grand old veteran of verse died in New York in 1878 at the age of eighty-four, universally known and honored. He was in his sixth year when George Washington died, and lived under the administration of twenty presidents and had seen his own writings in print for seventy years. During this long life—though editor for fifty years of a political daily paper, and continually before the public—he had kept his reputation unspotted from the world, as if he had, throughout the decades, continually before his mind the admonition of the closing lines of "Thanatopsis" written by himself seventy years before.



THANATOPSIS.*

The following production is called the beginning of American poetry.

That a young man not yet 19 should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, so full of chaste language and delicate and striking imagery, and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy, may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of early maturity in literary history.



O him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings,—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WAITING BY THE GATE.



BESIDES the massive gateway built up in
years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal
shadow lie,

While streams the evening sunshine on the quiet
wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for
me.

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The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant
more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of
day is o'er.

Behold the portals open and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a wearied one with pale and furrowed
brow;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness, then, I ponder how quickly fleets the
hour

Of human strength and action, man's courage and
his power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the
golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves wonderfully away from amid the young and
fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!

Oh, crimson flush of morning, that darkens as we
gaze!

Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not
where.

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and
then withdrawn;

But still the sun shines round me; the evening birds
sing on;

And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and
wait.

Once more the gates are opened, an infant group go
out,

The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.

Oh, frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward
strews

Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that
blows!

So from every region, so enter side by side,

The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of
pride,

Steps of earth's greatest, mightiest, between those
pillars gray,

And prints of little feet, that mark the dust away.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy are draw-
ing near,

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious
eye

Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terrors; yet these, within my
heart,

Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to
depart;

And, in the sunshine streaming of quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."



DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has
launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee
bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.
Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:

Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes: and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years.
But he shall fade into a feebleness;
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on
thread,

That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly limn'd upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

DROUGHT.

DLUNGED amid the limpid waters,
Or the cooling shade beneath,
Let me fly the scorching sunbeams,
And the southwind's sickly breath !

Sirius burns the parching meadows,
Flames upon the embrowning hill,
Dries the foliage of the forest,
And evaporates the rill.

Scarce is seen the lonely floweret,
Save amid the embowering wood;
O'er the prospect dim and dreary,
Drought presides in sullen mood!

Murky vapours hung in ether,
Wrap in gloom, the sky serene;

Nature pants distressful—silence
Reigns o'er all the sultry scene.

Then amid the limpid waters,
Or beneath the cooling shade,
Let me shun the scorching sunbeams
And the sickly breeze evade.

THE PAST.

No poet, perhaps, in the world is so exquisite in rhythm, or classically pure and accurate in language, so appropriate in diction, phrase or metaphor as Bryant.

He dips his pen in words as an inspired painter his pencil in colors. The following poem is a fair specimen of his deep vein in his chosen serious themes. Pathos is pre-eminently his endowment but the tinge of melancholy in his treatment is always pleasing.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark
domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And, last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back;—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain:—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back,—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown:—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they:—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave,—the beautiful and young

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again;
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red bird warbied, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,

The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again.
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

Soon after the following poem was written, an English critic, referring to the stanza beginning—"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,"—said: "Mr. Bryant has certainly a rare merit for having written a stanza which will bear comparison with any four lines as one of the noblest in the English language. The thought is complete, the expression perfect. A poem of a dozen such verses would be like a row of pearls, each beyond a king's ransom."

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry:
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;

A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE CROWDED STREETS.



LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come ;
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright, with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the bed.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and tender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,

Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare,
Thy golden fortunes tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
To sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to night.

Each where his tasks or pleasure call,
They pass and heed each other not;
There is one who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

NOTICE OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

As a specimen of Mr. Bryant's prose, of which he wrote much, and also as a sample of his criticism, we reprint the following extract from a Commemorative Address which he delivered before the New York Historical Society in February 1869. This selection is also valuable as a character sketch and a literary estimate of Mr. Halleck.



WHEN I look back upon Halleck's literary life, I cannot help thinking that if his death had happened forty years earlier, his life would have been regarded as a bright morning prematurely overcast. Yet Halleck's literary career may be said to have ended then. All that will hand down his name to future years had already been produced. Who shall say to what cause his subsequent literary inaction was owing? It was not the decline of his powers; his brilliant conversation showed that it was not. Was it then indifference to fame? Was it because he put an humble estimate on what he had written, and therefore resolved to write no more? Was it because he feared lest what he might write would be unworthy of the reputation he had been so fortunate as to acquire?

"I have my own way of accounting for his literary

silence in the latter half of his life. One of the resemblances which he bore to Horace consisted in the length of time for which he kept his poems by him, that he might give them the last and happiest touches. Having composed his poems without committing them to paper, and retaining them in his faithful memory, he revised them in the same manner, murmuring them to himself in his solitary moments, recovering the enthusiasm with which they were first conceived, and in this state of mind heightening the beauty of the thought or of the expression. . . .

"In this way I suppose Halleck to have attained the gracefulness of his diction, and the airy melody of his numbers. In this way I believe that he wrought up his verses to that transparent clearness of expression which causes the thought to be seen

through them without any interposing dimness, so that the thought and the phrase seem one, and the thought enters the mind like a beam of light. I suppose that Halleck's time being taken up by the tasks of his vocation, he naturally lost by degrees the habit of composing in this manner, and that he found it so necessary to the perfection of what he wrote that he adopted no other in its place."

A CORN-SHUCKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From "The Letters of a Traveler."

In 1843, during Mr. Bryant's visit to the South, he had the pleasure of witnessing one of those antebellum southern institutions known as a Corn-Shucking—one of the ideal occasions of the colored man's life, to which both men and women were invited. They were free to tell all the jokes, sing all the songs and have all the fun they desired as they rapidly shucked the corn. Two leaders were usually chosen and the company divided into two parties which competed for a prize awarded to the first party which finished shucking the allotted pile of corn. Mr. Bryant thus graphically describes one of these novel occasions:

BARNWELL DISTRICT,
South Carolina, March 29, 1843. }

BUT you must hear of the corn-shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn-house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel.

The light-wood-fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to a singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
De nigger-trader got me.
Oh hollow!
De speculator bought me.
Oh hollow!
I'm sold for silver dollars.
Oh hollow!

Boys, go catch the pony.
Oh hollow!
Bring him round the corner.
Oh hollow!
I'm goin' away to Georgia.
Oh hollow!
Boys, good-by forever!
Oh hollow!

The song of "Jenny gone away," was also given, and another, called the monkey-song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's the dandy?" One of the songs commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods as belonging to some profession or trade. For example—

De cooter is de boatman—

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

De cooter is de boatman.
John John Crow.

De red-bird de soger.
John John Crow.

De mocking-bird de lawyer.
John John Crow.

De alligator sawyer
John John Crow.

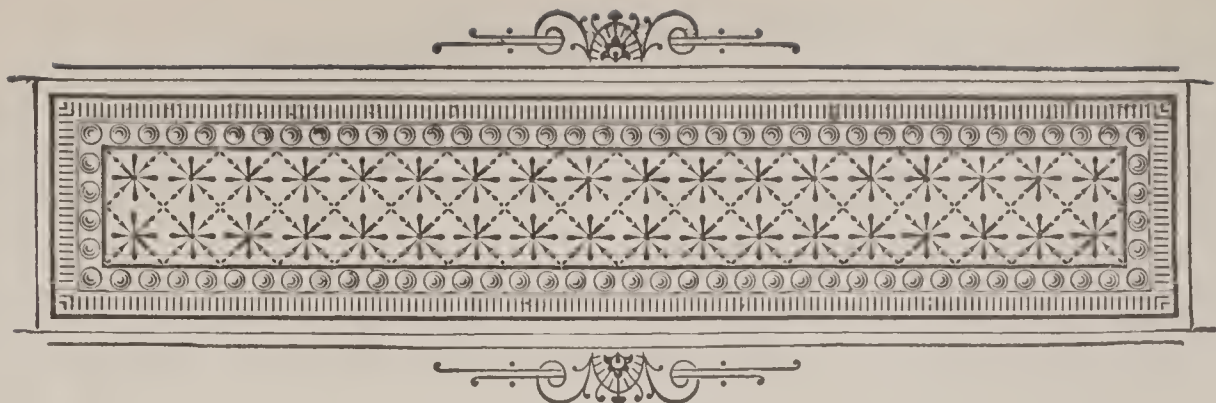
The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling, and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn-shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to ad-

dress the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump-speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of Sous Carolina," "de interests of de state," "de honor of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain with admirable presence of mind came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with an hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.

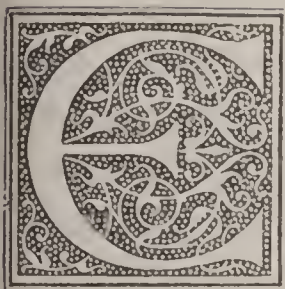


CORN-SHUCKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.



EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS GENIUS.



EDGAR ALLEN POE, the author of "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace," "To One in Paradise," "Israfel" and "Lenore," was in his peculiar sphere, the most brilliant writer, perhaps, who ever lived. His writings, however, belong to a different world of thought from that in which Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and Lowell lived and labored. Theirs was the realm of

nature, of light, of human joy, of happiness, ease, hope and cheer. Pœ spoke from the dungeon of depression. He was in a constant struggle with poverty. His whole life was a tragedy in which sombre shades played an unceasing role, and yet from out these weird depths came forth things so beautiful that their very sadness is charming and holds us in a spell of bewitching enchantment. Edgar Fawcett says of him:—

"He loved all shadowy spots, all seasons drear;
All ways of darkness lured his ghastly whim;
Strange fellowships he held with goblins grim,
At whose demoniac eyes he felt no fear.

By desolate paths of dream where fancy's owl
Sent long lugubrious hoots through sombre air,
Amid thought's gloomiest caves he went to prowl
And met delirium in her awful lair."

Edgar Poe was born in Boston February 19th, 1809. His father was a Marylander, as was also his grandfather, who was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and a friend of General Lafayette. The parents of Poe were both actors who toured the country in the ordinary manner, and this perhaps accounts for his birth in Boston. Their home was in Baltimore, Maryland.

When Poe was only a few years old both parents died, within two weeks, in Richmond, Virginia. Their three children, two daughters, one older and one younger than the subject of this sketch, were all adopted by friends of the family. Mr. John Allen, a rich tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia, adopted Edgar (who was henceforth called Edgar Allen Poe), and had him carefully educated, first in England, afterwards at the Richmond Academy and the University of Virginia,

and subsequently at West Point. He always distinguished himself in his studies, but from West Point he was dismissed after one year, it is said because he refused to submit to the discipline of the institution.

In common with the custom in the University of Virginia at that time, Poe acquired the habits of drinking and gambling, and the gambling debts which he contracted incensed Mr. Allen, who refused to pay them. This brought on the beginning of a series of quarrels which finally led to Poe's disinheritation and permanent separation from his benefactor. Thus turned out upon the cold, unsympathetic world, without business training, without friends, without money, knowing not how to make money—yet, with a proud, imperious, aristocratic nature,—we have the beginning of the saddest story of any life in literature—struggling for nearly twenty years in gloom and poverty, with here and there a ray of sunshine, and closing with delirium tremens in Baltimore, October 7th, 1849, at forty years of age.

To those who know the full details of the sad story of Poe's life it is little wonder that his sensitive, passionate nature sought surcease from disappointment in the nepenthe of the intoxicating cup. It was but natural for a man of his nervous temperament and delicacy of feeling to fall into that melancholy moroseness which would chide even the angels for taking away his beautiful "Annabel Lee;" or that he should wail over the "Lost Lenore," or declare that his soul should "nevermore" be lifted from the shadow of the "Raven" upon the floor. These poems and others are but the expressions of disappointment and despair of a soul alienated from happy human relations. While we admire their power and beauty, we should remember at what cost of pain and suffering and disappointment they were produced. They are powerful illustrations of the prodigal expense of human strength, of broken hopes and bitter experiences through which rare specimens of our literature are often grown.

To treat the life of Edgar Allen Poe, with its lessons, fully, would require the scope of a volume. Both as a man and an author there is a sad fascination which belongs to no other writer, perhaps, in the world. His personal character has been represented as pronouncedly double. It is said that Stevenson, who was a great admirer of Poe, received the inspiration for his novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" from the contemplation of his double character. Paul Hamilton Hayne has also written a poem entitled, "Poe," which presents in a double shape the angel and demon in one body. The first two stanzas of which we quote:—

"Two mighty spirits dwelt in him :
One, a wild demon, weird and dim,
The darkness of whose ebon wings
Did shroud unutterable things :
One, a fair angel, in the skies
Of whose serene, unshadowed eyes
Were seen the lights of Paradise.

To these, in turn, he gave the whole
Vast empire of his brooding soul ;
Now, filled with strains of heavenly swell.
Now thrilled with awful tones of hell :
Wide were his being's strange extremes,
'Twixt nether glooms, and Eden gleams
Of tender, or majestic dreams."

It must be said in justice to Poe's memory, however, that the above idea of his being both demon and angel became prevalent through the first biography published of him, by Dr. Rufus Griswold, who no doubt sought to avenge himself on the dead poet for the severe but unanswerable criticisms which the latter had passed upon his and other contemporaneous authors' writings. Later biographies, notably those of J. H. Ingram and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman, as well as published statements from his business associates, have disproved many of Griswold's damaging statements, and placed the private character of Poe in a far more favorable light before the world. He left off gambling in his youth, and the appetite for drink, which followed him to the close of his life, was no doubt inherited from his father who, before him, was a drunkard.

It is natural for admirers of Poe's genius to contemplate with regret akin to sorrow those circumstances and characteristics which made him so unhappy, and yet the serious question arises, was not that character and his unhappy life necessary to the productions of his marvelous pen? Let us suppose it was, and in charity draw the mantle of forgetfulness over his misguided ways, covering the sad picture of his personal life from view, and hang in its place the matchless portrait of his splendid genius, before which, with true American pride, we may summon all the world to stand with uncovered heads.

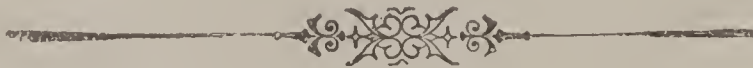
As a writer of short stories Poe had no equal in America. He is said to have been the originator of the modern detective story. The artful ingenuity with which he works up the details of his plot, and minute attention to the smallest illustrative particular, give his tales a vivid interest from which no reader can escape. His skill in analysis is as marked as his power of word painting. The scenes of gloom and terror which he loves to depict, the forms of horror to which he gives almost actual life, render his mastery over the reader most exciting and absorbing.

As a poet Poe ranks among the most original in the world. He is pre-eminently a poet of the imagination. It is useless to seek in his verses for philosophy or preaching. He brings into his poetry all the weirdness, subtlety, artistic detail and facility in coloring which give the charm to his prose stories, and to these he adds a musical flow of language which has never been equalled. To him poetry was music, and there was no poetry that was not musical. For poetic harmony he has had no equal certainly in America, if, indeed, in the world. Admirers of his poems are almost sure to read them over and over again, each time finding new forms of beauty or charm in them, and the reader abandons himself to a current of melodious fancy that soothes and charms like distant music at night, or the rippling of a nearby, but unseen, brook. The images which he creates are vague and illusive. As one of his biographers has written, "He heard in his dreams the tinkling footfalls of angels and seraphim and subordinated everything in his verse to the delicious effect of musical sound." As a literary critic Poe's capacities were of the greatest. "In that large part of the critic's perceptions," says Duyckinck, "in knowledge of the mechanism of composition, he has been unsurpassed by any writer in America."

Poe was also a fine reader and elocutionist. A writer who attended a lecture by him in Richmond says: "I never heard a voice so musical as his. It was full of the sweetest melody. No one who heard his recitation of the "Raven" will ever forget the beauty and pathos with which this recitation was rendered. The

audience was still as death, and as his weird, musical voice filled the hall its effect was simply indescribable. It seems to me that I can yet hear that long, plaintive "nevermore."

Among the labors of Poe, aside from his published volumes and contributions to miscellaneous magazines, should be mentioned his various positions from 1834 to 1848 as critic and editor on the "Literary Messenger" of Richmond, Virginia, the "Gentleman's Magazine" of Philadelphia, "Graham's Magazine" of Philadelphia, the "Evening Mirror" of New York, and the "Broadway Journal" of New York, which positions he successively held. The last he gave up in 1848 with the idea of starting a literary magazine of his own, but the project failed, perhaps on account of his death, which occurred the next year. His first volume of poems was published in 1829. In 1833 he won two prizes, one for prose and one for poetic composition, offered by the Baltimore "Saturday Visitor," his "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" being awarded the prize for prose and the poem "The Coliseum" for poetry. The latter, however, he did not receive because the judges found the same author had won them both. In 1838 Harper Brothers published his ingenious fiction, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket." In 1840 "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" were issued in Philadelphia. In 1844 he took up his residence at Fordham, New York, where his wife died in 1847, and where he continued to reside for the balance of his life. His famous poem the "Raven" was published in 1845, and during 1848 and 1849 he published "Eureka" and "Ulalume," the former being a prose poem. It is the crowning work of his life, to which he devoted the last and most matured energies of his wonderful intellect. To those who desire a further insight into the character of the man and his labors we would recommend the reading of J. H. Ingram's "Memoir" and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman's "Edgar Poe and His Critics," the latter published in 1863.





And the Raven, never flitting,
still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas
just above my
chamber
door.



Poe's last home,
Fordham Cottage, N.Y.



THE CITY IN THE SEA.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

TO! Death has rear'd himself a throne
 In a strange city lying alone
 Far down within the dim west,
 Where the good and the bad and the
 worst and the best

Have gone to their eternal rest.
 There shrines, and palaces, and towers,
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
 Resemble nothing that is ours.
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
 On the long night-time of that town;
 But light from out the lurid sea

Streams up the turrets silently—
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
 Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
 Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine
 Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie.
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air,
 While from a proud tower in the town
 Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
 Yawn level with the luminous waves;

But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol's diamond eye—
 Not the gayly-jewell'd dead
 Tempt the waters from their bed;
 For no ripples curl, alas!
 Along that wilderness of glass—
 No swellings tell that winds may be
 Upon some far-off happier sea—
 No heavings hint that winds have been
 On seas less hideously serene.
 But lo, a stir is in the air!

The wave—there is a movement there!
 As if the towers had thrust aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
 As if their tops had feebly given
 A void within the filmy heaven.
 The waves have now a redder glow—
 The hours are breathing faint and low—
 And when, amid no earthly moans,
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may
 know
 By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—
 I and my ANNABEL LEE—
 With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 So that her highborn kinsman came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre,
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea),
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
 dreams
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

TO HELEN.

The following poem was published first "To — — —," afterwards the title was changed, "To Helen." It seems to have been written by Poe to Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman whom many years afterwards he was engaged to marry. The engagement was, however, broken off. The poem was no doubt written before his acquaintance with the lady; even before his marriage or engagement to his wife, and at a time perhaps when he did not expect to be recognized as a suitor by the unknown woman who had completely captured his heart, in the chance meeting which he here so beautifully describes.

I SAW thee once—once only—years ago:
 I must not say how many—but not many.
 It was a July midnight; and from out
 A full-orbed moon that, like thine own soul,
 soaring,
 Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
 There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
 With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
 Upon the upturned faces of a thousand

Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
 Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
 Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
 That gave out, in return for the love-light,
 Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
 Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
 That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
 By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.



CLAD ALL IN WHITE, UPON A VIOLET BANK
I SAW THEE HALF RECLINING ; WHILE THE MOON
FELL ON THE UPTURNED FACES OF THE ROSES,
AND ON THINE OWN, UPTURNED—ALAS ! IN SORROW.

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ?
No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted !)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out :
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more : the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All, all expired save thee—save less than thou :
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten

Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres !
How dark a wo, yet how sublime a hope !
How silently serene a sea of pride !
How daring an ambition ! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love !

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud,
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me, they lead me through the years ;
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire—
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with beauty (which is hope),

And are far up in heaven, the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day

I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

ISRAFEL.*

IN heaven a spirit doth dwell
“Whose heart-strings are a lute;”
None sing so wildly well
As the angel ISRAFEL,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamour'd moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That ISRAFEL's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up god—

Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
ISRAFELI, who despisest
An unimpassion'd song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!
Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where ISRAFEL
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
“On! on!”—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

*“And the angel ISRAFEL, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.”

LENORE.

Mrs. Whitman, in her reminiscences of Poe, tells us the following incident which gave rise to the writing of these touching lines. While Poe was in the Academy at Richmond, Virginia,—as yet a boy of about sixteen years,—he was invited by a friend to visit his home. The mother of this friend was a singularly beautiful and withal a most kindly and sympathetic woman. Having learned that Poe was an orphan she greeted him with the motherly tenderness and affection shown toward her own son. The boy was so overcome that it is said he stood for a minute unable to speak and finally with tears he declared he had never before known his loss in the love of a true and devoted mother. From that time forward he was frequently a visitor, and the attachment between him and this kind-hearted woman continued to grow. On Poe's return from Europe when he was about twenty years of age, he learned that she had died a few days before his arrival, and was so overcome with grief that he went nightly to her grave, even when it was dark and rainy, spending hours in fancied communion with her spirit. Later he idealized in his musings the embodiment of such a spirit in a young and beautiful woman, whom he made his lover and whose untimely death he imagined and used as the inspiration of this poem.



H, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul

Floats on the Stygian river;
And, GUY DE VERE,
Hast *thou* no tear?

Weep now or never more!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier

Low lies thy love, LENORE!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral-song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young!

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health,
Ye bless'd her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young?”

Peccavimus;

But rave not thus!

And let a sabbath song

Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no
wrong!

The sweet LENORE

Hath “gone before,”

With Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild
For the dear child

That should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair
And *debonair*,

That now so lowly lies.
The life upon her yellow hair
But not within her eyes—
The life still there,
Upon her hair—
The death upon her eyes.

“Avaunt! to-night
My heart is light.

No dirge will I upraise.
But waft the angel on her flight
With a pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll!—

Lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallow'd mirth,
Should catch the note,
As it doth float—

Up from the damned earth.
To friends above, from fiends below,
The indignant ghost is riven—
From hell unto a high estate
Far up within the heaven—
From grief and groan,
To a golden throne,
Beside the King of Heaven.”

THE BELLS.

This selection is a favorite with reciters. It is an excellent piece for voice culture. The musical flow of the metre and happy selection of the words make it possible for the skilled speaker to closely imitate the sounds of the ringing bells.



HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells.

On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
 bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time.
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

This poem is generally allowed to be one of the most remarkable examples of a harmony of sentiment with rhythmical expression to be found in any language. While the poet sits musing in his study, endeavoring to win from books "surcease of sorrow for the lost Lenore," a raven—the symbol of despair—enters the room and perches upon a bust of Pallas. A colloquy follows between the poet and the bird of ill omen with its haunting croak of "Nevermore."



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
 Only this and nothing more."
 Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
 For the rare and raidant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
 Nameless here forevermore.
 And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
 Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
 repeating,
 " 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
 door,—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
 door ;
 That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger : hesitating then no
 longer,
 " Sir," said I, " or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
 implore ;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you
 came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
 chamber-door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you "—here I opened
 wide the door :
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
 wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to
 dream before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
 no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered
 word, " Lenore !"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
 word, " LENORE !"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
 me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than
 before.
 " Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my
 window-lattice ;
 Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery
 explore,—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
 explore ;—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
 flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days
 of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute
 stopped or stayed he ;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
 chamber-door,—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my cham-
 ber-door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into
 smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
 it wore,
 " Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
 said, " art sure no craven ;
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the
 nightly shore,
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plu-
 tonian shore ?"
 Quoth the raven, " Nevermore !"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
 so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
 bore ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
 being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
 chamber-door,
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
 chamber-door
 With such name as " Nevermore !"

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
 only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
 outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then
 he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other friends
 have flown before,
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have
 flown before.
 Then the bird said, " Nevermore !"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
 spoken,
 " Doubtless," said I, " what it utters is its only stock
 and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
 disaster
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one
 burden bore,
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
 bore,
 Of—' Never—nevermore !' "

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
 smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
 and bust and door,
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
 of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and omi-
 nous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking " Nevermore !"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
 She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,—by these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

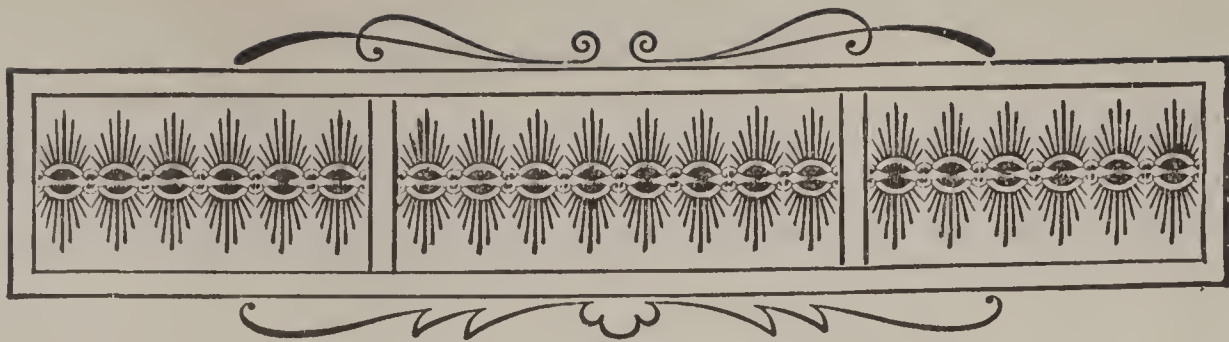
Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,—
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

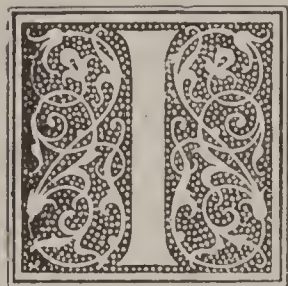




HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE.

"He who sung to one clear harp in divers tones."



IN an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea" the most famous and most widely read of all American poets was born in Portland, Maine, February 7th, 1807.

In his personality, his wide range of themes, his learning and his wonderful power of telling stories in song, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stood in his day and still stands easily in front of all other poets who have enriched American literature. Admitting that he was not rugged and elemental like Bryant and did not possess the latter's feelings for the colossal features of wild scenery, that he was not profoundly thoughtful and transcendental like Emerson, that he was not so earnestly and passionately sympathetic as Whittier, nevertheless he was our first artist in poetry. Bryant, Emerson and Whittier commanded but a few stops of the grand instrument upon which they played; Longfellow understood perfectly all its capabilities. Critics also say that "he had not the high ideality or dramatic power of Tennyson or Browning." But does he not hold something else which to the world at large is perhaps more valuable? Certainly these two great poets are inferior to him in the power to sweep the chords of daily human experiences and call forth the sweetness and beauty in common-place every day human life. It is on these themes that he tuned his harp without ever a false tone, and sang with a harmony so well nigh perfect that the universal heart responded to his music. This common-place song has found a lodgement in every household in America, "swaying the hearts of men and women whose sorrows have been soothed and whose lives raised by his gentle verse."

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Longfellow's life from the very beginning moved on even lines. Both he and William Cullen Bryant were descendants of John Alden, whom Longfellow has made famous in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The Longfellows were a family in comfortable circumstances, peaceful and honest, for many generations back.

The poet went to school with Nathaniel P. Willis and other boys who at an early age were thinking more of verse making than of pleasure. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825 with Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and others who afterwards attained to fame. Almost immediately after his graduation he was requested to take the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in his *alma mater*, which he accepted; but before entering upon his duties spent three years in Germany, France, Spain and Italy to further perfect himself in the languages and literature of those nations. At Bowdoin College Longfellow remained as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature until 1835, when he accepted a similar position in Harvard University, which he continued to occupy until 1854, when he



THE WAYSIDE INN.

Scene of Longfellow's Famous "*Tales of the Wayside Inn*."

resigned, devoting the remainder of his life to literary work and to the enjoyment of the association of such friends as Charles Sumner the statesman, Hawthorne the romancer, Louis Agassiz the great naturalist, and James Russell Lowell, the brother poet who succeeded to the chair of Longfellow in Harvard University on the latter's resignation.

The home of Longfellow was not only a delightful place to visit on account of the cordial welcome extended by the companionable poet, but for its historic associations as well; for it was none other than the old "Cragie House" which had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War, the past tradition and recent hospitality of which have been well told by G. W. Curtis in his "*Homes of American Authors*." It was here that Longfellow surrounded himself with a

magnificent library, and within these walls he composed all of his famous productions from 1839 until his death, which occurred there in 1882 at the age of seventy-five. The poet was twice married and was one of the most domestic of men. His first wife died suddenly in Europe during their sojourn in that country while Longfellow was pursuing his post graduate course of study before taking the chair in Bowdoin College. In 1843 he married Miss Frances Appleton, whom he had met in Europe and who figures in the pages of his romance "Hyperion." In 1861 she met a most tragic death by stepping on a match which set fire to her clothing, causing injuries from which she died. She was buried on the 19th anniversary of their marriage. By Longfellow's own direction she was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms commemorative of the day. The poet was so stricken with grief that for a year afterwards he did practically no work, and it is said neither in conversation nor in writing to his most intimate friends could he bear to refer to the sad event.

Longfellow was one of the most bookish men in our literature. His knowledge of others' thoughts and writings was so great that he became, instead of a creator in his poems, a painter of things already created. It is said that he never even owned a style of his own like Bryant and Poe, but assimilated what he saw or heard or read from books, reclothing it and sending it out again. This does not intimate that he was a plagiarist, but that he wrote out of the accumulated knowledge of others. "Evangeline," for instance, was given him by Hawthorne, who had heard of the young people of Acadia and kept them in mind, intending to weave them into a romance. The forcible deportation of 18,000 French people touched Hawthorne as it perhaps never could have touched Longfellow except in literature, and also as it certainly never would have touched the world had not Longfellow woven the woof of the story in the threads of his song.

"Evangeline" was brought out the same year with Tennyson's "Princess" (1847), and divided honors with the latter even in England. In this poem, and in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and other poems, the pictures of the new world are brought out with charming simplicity. Though Longfellow never visited Acadia or Louisiana, it is the real French village of Grand Pré and the real Louisiana, not a poetic dream that are described in this poem. So vivid were his descriptions that artists in Europe painted the scenes true to nature and vied with each other in painting the portrait of Evangeline, among several of which there is said to be so striking a resemblance as to suggest the idea that one had served as a copy for the others. The poem took such a hold upon the public, that both the poor man and the rich knew Longfellow as they knew not Tennyson their own poet. It was doubtless because he, though one of the most scholarly of men, always spoke so the plainest reader could understand.

In "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863), the characters were not fictions, but real persons. The *musician* was none other than the famous violinist, Ole Bull; Professor Luigi Monte, a close friend who dined every Sunday with Longfellow, was the *Sicilian*; Dr. Henry Wales was the *youth*; the *poet* was Thomas W. Parsons, and the *theologian* was his brother, Rev. S. W. Longfellow. This poem shows Longfellow at his best as a story teller, while the stories which are put into the mouth of these actual characters perhaps could have been written by no other living man, for they are from the literature of all countries, with which Longfellow was so familiar.

Thus, both "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Evangeline"—as many other of Longfellow's poems—may be called compilations or rewritten stories, rather than creations, and it was these characteristics of his writings which Poe and Margaret Fuller, and others, who considered the realm of poetry to belong purely to the imagination rather than the real world, so bitterly criticised. While they did not deny to Longfellow a poetic genius, they thought he was prostituting it by forcing it to drudge in the province of prosaic subjects; and for this reason Poe predicted that he would not live in literature.

It was but natural that Longfellow should write as he did. For thirty-five years he was an instructor in institutions of learning, and as such believed that poetry should be a thing of use as well as beauty. He could not agree with Poe that poetry was like music, only a pleasurable art. He had the triple object of stimulating to research and study, of impressing the mind with history or moral truths, and at the same time to touch and warm the heart of humanity. In all three directions he succeeded to such an extent that he has probably been read by more people than any other poet except the sacred Psalmist; and despite the predictions of his distinguished critics to the contrary, such poems as "The Psalm of Life," (which Chas. Sumner allowed, to his knowledge, had saved one man from suicide), "The Children's Hour," and many others touching the every day experiences of the multitude, will find a glad echo in the souls of humanity as long as men shall read.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

This poem has gained wide celebrity as one of Mr. Longfellow's most popular pieces, as has also the poem "Excelsior," (hereafter quoted). They strike a popular chord and do some clever preaching and it is in this their chief merit consists. They are by no means among the author's best poetic productions from a critical standpoint. Both these poems were written in early life.



ELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and GOD o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat;

He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell
 When the evening sun is low.



THEY LOVE TO SEE THE FLAMING FORGE,
 AND HEAR THE BELLWS ROAR,
 AND CATCH THE BURNING SPARKS THAT FLY
 LIKE CHAFF FROM THE THRESHING FLOOR.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
 Onward through life he goes:
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE BRIDGE.

A favorite haunt of Longfellow's was the bridge between Boston and Cambridge, over which he had to pass, almost daily. "I always stop on the bridge," he writes in his journal. "Tide waters are beautiful," and again, "We leaned for a while on the wooden rails and enjoyed the silvery reflections of the sea, making sundry comparisons." Among other thoughts, we have these cheering ones, that "The old sea was flashing with its heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are dark provinces of God; illuminous though not to us."

The following poem was the result of one of Longfellow's reflections, while standing on this bridge at midnight.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;

And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition :
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing
 The grief that must have way.

GOD'S ACRE.



LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
 The burial-ground God's acre ! It is just ;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping
 dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
 The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
 Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again

At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
 This is the field and Acre of our God !
 This is the place where human harvests grow !

EXCELSIOR.



HE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

"Try not to Pass !" the old man said ;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast !"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior !

SOUVENIR
OF

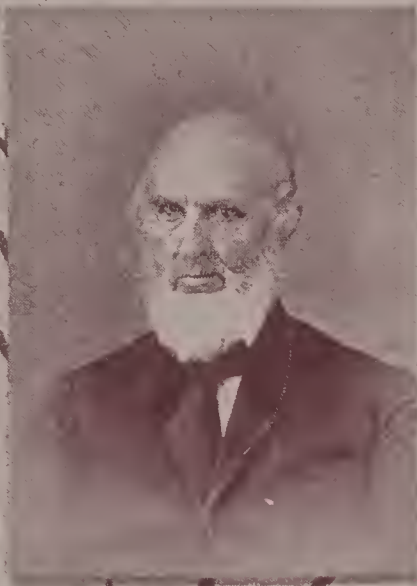


LONGFELLOW



SOUVENIR

OF



WHITTIER



"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
'This was the peasant's last Good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark dreary.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

The writing of the following poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," was occasioned by the news of a ship-wreck on the coast near Gloucester, and by the name of a reef—"Norman's Woe"—where many disasters occurred. It was written one night between twelve and three o'clock, and cost the poet, it is said, hardly an effort.

T was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies.
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.



OMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead:
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah!” when shall they all meet again?

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

The writing of this famous ballad was suggested to Mr. Longfellow by the digging up of a mail-clad skeleton at Fall-River, Massachusetts—a circumstance which the poet linked with the traditions about the Round Tower at Newport, thus giving to it the spirit of a Norse Viking song of war and of the sea. It is written in the swift leaping meter employed by Drayton in his “Ode to the Cambro Britons on their Harp.”



PEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

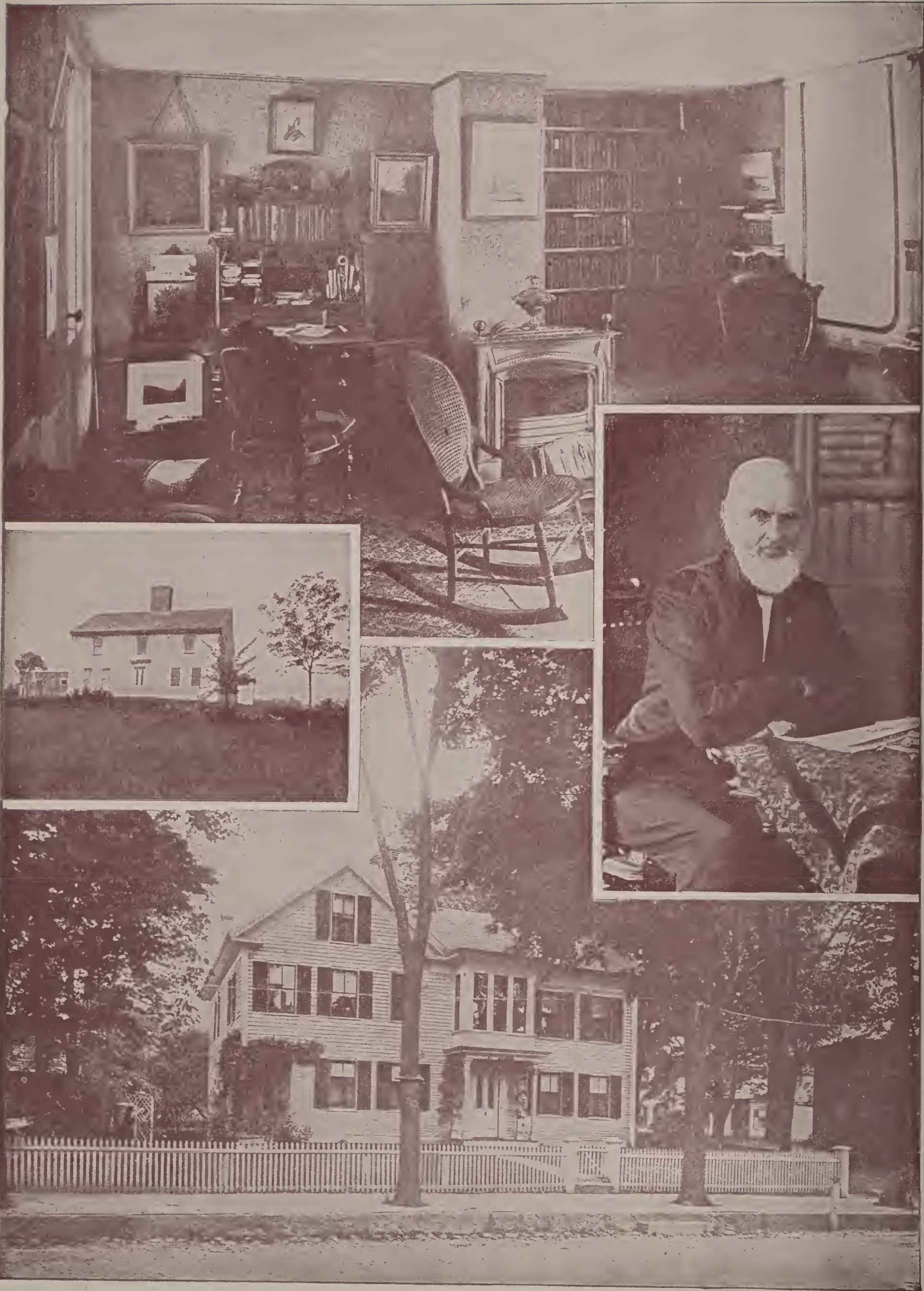
"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies:
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skål! to the Northland! *skål!*"*
—Thus the tale ended.

**Skål!* is the Swedish expression for "Your Health."



JOHN G. WHITTIER, HIS HOME AND BIRTHPLACE.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
 And drank from the golden bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
 And bade the goblet pass;
 In their beards the red wine glistened
 Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
 They drank to Christ the Lord,
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
 Of the dismal days of yore,
 And as soon as the horn was empty
 They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
 Like the murmur of many bees,
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac
 And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
 From their prison in the tower,
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney
 And the Abbot bowed his head,
 And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
 But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
 He clutched the golden bowl,
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
 The jovial monks forbore,
 For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
 We must drink to one Saint more!"

EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the
 black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the
 moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
 lous gleam of the moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
 devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of
 the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
 prayers and confessions
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
 Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
 shadows and night dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
 magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade
 of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the mea-
 sureless prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite
 numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
 heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel
 and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of
 that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
 "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
 the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my
 beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold
 thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not
 reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the
 prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood
 lands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in
 thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded
about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular cav-
erns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

LITERARY FAME.

As a specimen of Mr. Longfellow's prose style we present the following extract from his "*Hyperion*," written when the poet was comparatively a young man.

TIME has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But, as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those, whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men, must soon be as well forgotten as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this: well knowing that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales of them, so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, and their most cherished thoughts, purposes, and opinions have no longer an individual being among men; but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought.

Yes, it is better that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame; namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be, in our imperfection; impossible, perhaps, to achieve it wholly. Yet the resolute, the indomitable will of man can achieve much,—at times even this victory over himself; being persuaded that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every

possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever arrive, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And, oh! how majestically they walk in history! some like the sun, "with all his traveling glories round him;" others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils!

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons. Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much;—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them, while they sleep!

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever!



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE LIBERATOR OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.



O classify Emerson is a matter of no small difficulty. He was a philosopher, he was an essayist, he was a poet—all three so eminently that scarcely two of his friends would agree to which class he most belonged. Oliver Wendell Holmes asks:

Where in the realm of thought whose air is song
Does he the Buddha of the west belong?
He seems a winged Franklin sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secret of the skies."

But whatever he did was done with a poetic touch. Philosophy, essay or song, it was all pregnant with the spirit of poetry. Whatever else he was Emerson was pre-eminently a poet. It was with this golden key that he unlocked the chambers of original thought, that liberated American letters.

Until Emerson came, American authors had little independence. James Russell Lowell declares, "We were socially and intellectually bound to English thought, until Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue waters. He was our first optimistic writer. Before his day, Puritan theology had seen in man only a vile nature and considered his instincts for beauty and pleasure, proofs of his total depravity." Under such conditions as these, the imagination was fettered and wholesome literature was impossible. As a reaction against this Puritan austerity came Unitarianism, which aimed to establish the dignity of man, and out of this came the further growth of the idealism or transcendentalism of Emerson. It was this idea and these aspirations of the new theology that Emerson converted into literature. The indirect influence of his example on the writings of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier and Lowell, and its direct influence on Thoreau, Hawthorne, Chas. A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, G. W. Curtis and others, formed the very foundation for the beautiful structure of our representative American literature.

Emerson was profoundly a thinker who pondered the relation of man to God and to the universe. He conceived and taught the noblest ideals of virtue and a spiritual life. The profound study which Emerson devoted to his themes and his philosophic cast of mind made him a writer for scholars. He was a prophet who, without argument, announced truths which, by intuition, he seems to have perceived; but the thought is often so shadowy that the ordinary reader fails to catch it. For

this reason he will never be like Longfellow or Whittier, a favorite with the masses. Let it not be understood, however, that all of Emerson's writings are heavy or shadowy or difficult to understand. On the contrary, some of his poems are of a popular character and are easy of comprehension. For instance, "The Hymn," sung at the completion of the Concord Monument in 1836, was on every one's lips at the time of the Centennial celebration, in 1876. His optimistic spirit is also beautifully and clearly expressed in the following stanza of his "Voluntaries:—"

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

These are but two instances of many that may be cited. No author is, perhaps, more enjoyed by those who understand him. He was a master of language. He never used the wrong word. His sentences are models. But he was not a logical or methodical writer. Every sentence stands by itself. His paragraphs might be arranged almost at random without essential loss to the essays. His philosophy consists largely in an array of golden sayings full of vital suggestions to help men make the best and most of themselves. He had no compact system of philosophy.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, within "A kite-string of the birth place of Benjamin Franklin" with whom he is frequently compared. The likeness, however, consists only in the fact that they were both decidedly representative Americans of a decidedly different type. Franklin was prose, Emerson poetry; Franklin common sense, real; Emerson imaginative, ideal. In these opposite respects they both were equally representative of the highest type. Both were hopeful, kindly and shrewd. Both equally powerful in making, training and guiding the American people.

In his eighth year young Emerson was sent to a grammar school, where he made such rapid progress, that he was soon able to enter a higher department known as a Latin school. His first attempts at writing were not the dull efforts of a school boy; but original poems which he read with real taste and feeling. He completed his course and graduated from Harvard College at eighteen. It is said that he was dull in mathematics and not above the average in his class in general standing; but he was widely read in literature, which put him far in advance, perhaps, of any young man of his age. After graduating, he taught school for five years in connection with his brother; but in 1825, gave it up for the ministry. For a time he was pastor of a Unitarian Congregation in Boston; but his independent views were not in accordance with the doctrine of his church, therefore, he resigned in 1835, and retired to Concord, where he purchased a home near the spot on which the first battle of the Revolution was fought in 1775, which he commemorated in his own verse:—

"There first the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

In this city, Emerson resided until the day of his death, which occurred in Concord, April 27, 1882, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

It was in Concord that the poet and essayist, as the prophet of the advanced thought of his age, gathered around him those leading spirits who were dissatisfied with the selfishness and shallowness of existing society, and, who had been led by him to dream of an ideal condition in which all should live as one family. Out of this grew the famous "Brook Farm Community." This was not an original idea of Emerson's, however. Coleridge and Southey, of England, had thought of founding such a society in Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River. Emerson regarded this community of interests as the clear teachings of Jesus Christ; and, to put into practical operation this idea, a farm of about two hundred acres was bought at Roxbury, Mass., and a stock company was formed under the title of "The Brook Farm Institution of Agriculture and Education." About seventy members joined



HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, CONCORD, MASS.

in the enterprise. The principle of the organization was coöperative, the members sharing the profits. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of romancers, Chas. A. Dana, of the New York Sun, George W. Curtis, of Harper's Monthly, Henry D. Thoreau, the poet naturalist, Amos Bronson Alcott, the transcendental dreamer and writer of strange shadowy sayings, and Margaret Fuller, the most learned woman of her age, were prominent members who removed to live on the farm. It is said that Emerson, himself, never really lived there; but was a member and frequent visitor, as were other prominent scholars of the same school. The project was a failure. After five years of experience, some of the houses were destroyed by fire, the enterprise given up, and the membership scattered.

But the Brook Farm served its purpose in literature by bringing together some of the best intellects in America, engaging them for five years in a common course of study, and stimulating a commerce of ideas. The breaking up of the community was better, perhaps, than its success would have been. It dispersed and scattered abroad the advanced thoughts of Emerson, and the doctrine of the society into every profession. Instead of being confined to the little paper, "The Dial," (which was the organ of the society) its literature was transferred into a number of widely circulated national mediums.

Thus, it will be seen how Emerson, the "Sage of Concord," gathered around him and dominated, by his charming personality, his powerful mind, and his wholesome influence, some of the brightest minds that have figured in American literature; and how, through them, as well as his own writings, he has done so much, not only to lay the foundation of a new literature, but to mould and shape leading minds for generations to come. The Brook Farm idea was the uppermost thought in Edward Bellamy's famous novel, "Looking Backward," which created such a sensation in the reading world a few years since. The progressive thought of Emerson was father to the so-called "New Theology," or "Higher Criticism," of modern scholars and theologians. It is, perhaps, for the influence which Emerson has exerted, rather than his own works, that the literature of America is mostly indebted to him. It was through his efforts that the village of Concord has been made more famous in American letters than the city of New York.

The charm of Emerson's personality has already been referred to,—and it is not strange that it should have been so great. His manhood, no less than his genius was worthy of admiration and of reverence. His life corresponded with his brave, cheerful and steadfast teachings. He "practiced what he preached." His manners were so gentle, his nature so transparent, and his life so singularly pure and happy, that he was called, while he lived, "the good and great Emerson;" and, since his death, the memory of his life and manly example are among the cherished possessions of our literature.

The reverence of his literary associates was little less than worship. Amos Bronson Alcott,—father of the authoress, Louisa M. Alcott,—one of the Brook Farm members, though himself a profound scholar and several years Emerson's senior, declared that it would have been his great misfortune to have lived without knowing Emerson, whom he styled, "The magic minstrel and speaker! whose rhetoric, voiced as by organ stops, delivers the sentiment from his breast in cadences peculiar to himself; now hurling it forth on the ear, echoing them; then,—as his mood and matter invite it—dying like

Music of mild lutes
Or silver coated flutes.

. . . such is the rhapsodist's cunning in its structure and delivery."

Referring to his association with Emerson, the same writer acknowledges in a poem, written after the sage's death:

Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend:
By the hand thou took'st me, and did'st condescend
To bring me straightway into thy fair guild;
And life-long hath it been high compliment

By that to have been known, and thy friend styled,
 Given to rare thought and to good learning bent;
 Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
 Permit me, then, thus honored, still to be
 A scholar in thy university.

HYMN SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, 1836.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to day a votive stone,
 That memory may their deed redeem
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
 To die or leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
 The purple petals fallen in the pool
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
 Young RAPHAEL might covet such a school;
 The lively show beguiled me from my way.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why

This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
 Dear tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
 Why, thou wert there, O, rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew,
 But in my simple ignorance suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought
 you.

THE TRUE HERO.

AN EXTRACT FROM "VOLUNTARIES."

The following story is told of the manner in which the poem, "Voluntaries," obtained its title. In 1863, Mr. Emerson came to Boston and took a room in the Parker House, bringing with him the unfinished sketch of a few verses which he wished Mr. Fields, his publisher, to hear. He drew a small table to the centre of the room and read aloud the lines he proposed giving to the press. They were written on separate slips of paper which were flying loosely about the room. (Mr. Emerson frequently wrote in such independent paragraphs, that many of his poems and essays might be rearranged without doing them serious violence.) The question arose as to title of the verses read, when Mr. Fields suggested "Voluntaires," which was cordially accepted by Mr. Emerson.

WELL for the fortunate soul
 Which Music's wings unfold,
 Stealing away the memory
 Of sorrows new and old!
 Yet happier he whose inward sight,
 Stayed on his subtle thought,
 Shuts his sense on toys of time,
 To vacant bosoms brought;
 But best befriended of the God
 He who, in evil times,
 Warned by an inward voice,

Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
 Biding by his rule and choice,
 Telling only the fiery thread,
 Leading over heroic ground
 Walled with immortal terror round,
 To the aim which him allures,
 And the sweet heaven his deed secures.
 Peril around all else appalling,
 Cannon in front and leaden rain,
 Him duty through the clarion calling
 To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
 Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
 Whoever fights, whoever falls,
 Justice conquers evermore,
 Justice after as before;—
 And he who battles on her side,
 God, though he were ten times slain,
 Crowns him victor glorified,
 Victor over death and pain

Forever: but his erring foe,
 Self-assured that he prevails,
 Looks from his victim lying low,
 And sees aloft the red right arm
 Redress the eternal scales.
 He, the poor for whom angels foil,
 Blind with pride and fooled by hate,
 Writhes within the dragon coil,
 Reserved to a speechless fate.

MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel;
 And the former called the latter "Little
 Prig."

Bun replied:
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry.
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track;
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
 Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the
 fields,

Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveler stopp'd, the courier's feet
 Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.

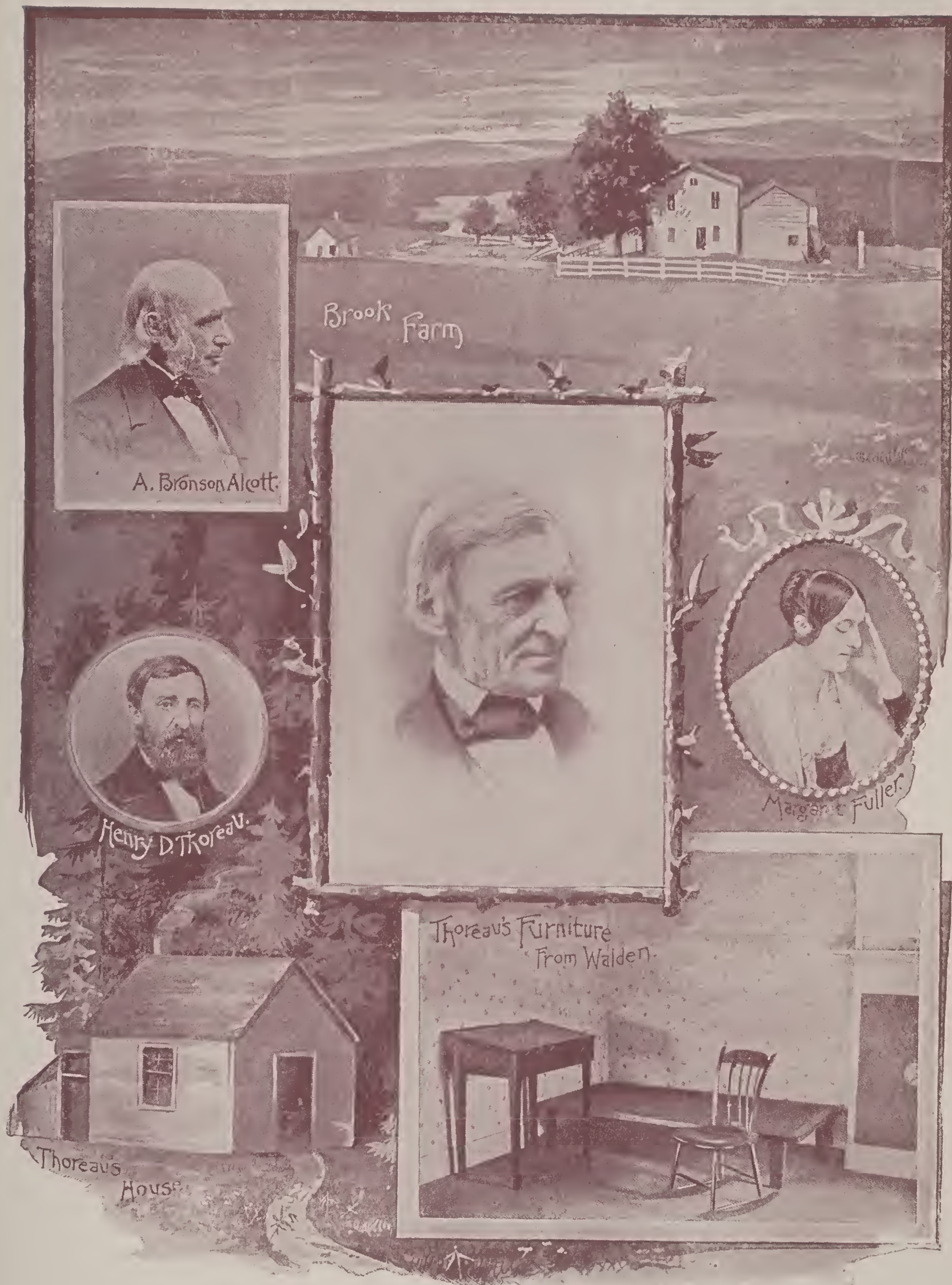
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are number'd, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE PROBLEM.

LIKE a church, I like a cowl,
 I love a prophet of the soul,
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,

Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowed churchman be.
 Why should the vest on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure?
 Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell

The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature roll'd
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and wo.
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity.
 Himself from God he could not free;



RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND HIS BROOK FARM FRIENDS.

He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's Abbeyes bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand

To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd,
And the same power that rear'd the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken,
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sybils told
In groves of oak or faues of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,—
The book itself before me lies,—
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowed portrait dear.
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

TRAVELING.



HAVE no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, and embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions; but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of traveling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intel-

lectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds, lean to and follow the past and the distant as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

THE COMPENSATION OF CALAMITY.

WE cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins, neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disap-

pointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed; breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

SELF-RELIANCE.

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have in-

structed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

FROM "NATURE."

TO go into solitude a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual pres-

ence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are!

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because,

though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural objects make kindred impression when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secrets and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains reflected all the wisdom of his best hour as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of Nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold Nature objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts—that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their land-deeds give them no title.

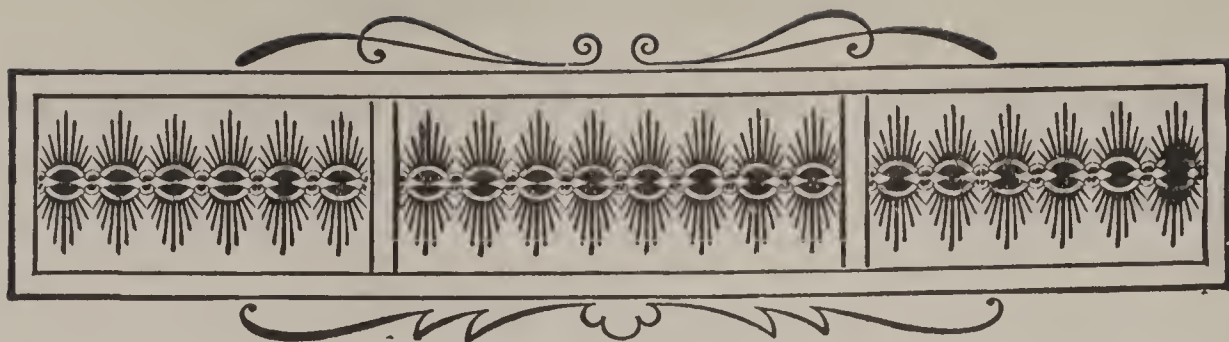
To speak truly, few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of Nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other—who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of Nature a wild delight runs through the man in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, He is my creature, and, maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun nor the summer alone, but every hour and season, yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a

setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles at twilight under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good-fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of his life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes)—which Nature cannot repair. * * * * *

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old.

It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in Nature, but in man or in the harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

“THE POET OF FREEDOM.”



IN A solitary farm house near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the valley of the Merrimac, on the 17th day of December, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. Within the same town, and Amesbury, nearby, this kind and gentle man, whom all the world delights to honor for his simple and beautiful heart-songs, spent most of his life, dying at the ripe old age of nearly eighty-five, in Danvers, Massachusetts, September 7th, 1892. The only distinguishing features about his ancestors were that Thos. Whittier settled at Haverhill in 1647, and brought with him from Newberry the first hive of bees in the settlement, that they were all sturdy Quakers, lived simply, were friendly and freedom loving. The early surroundings of the farmer boy were simple and frugal. He has pictured them for us in his masterpiece, “Snowbound.” Poverty, the necessity of laboring upon the farm, the influence of Quaker traditions, his busy life, all conspired against his liberal education and literary culture. This limitation of knowledge is, however, at once to the masses his charm, and, to scholars, his one defect. It has led him to write, as no other poet could, upon the dear simplicity of New England farm life. He has written from the heart and not from the head; he has composed popular pastorals, not hymns of culture. Only such training as the district schools afforded, with a couple of years at Haverhill Academy comprised his advantages in education.

In referring to this *alma mater* in after years, under the spell of his muse, the poet thus writes:—

“Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And black-berry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife carved initial.”

It was natural for Whittier to become the poet of that combination of which Garrison was the apostle, and Phillips and Sumner the orators. His early poems were published by Garrison in his paper, “The Free Press,” the first one when Whittier

was nineteen years of age and Garrison himself little more than a boy. The farmer lad was elated when he found the verses which he had so timidly submitted in print with a friendly comment from the editor and a request for more. Garrison even visited Whittier's parents and urged the importance of giving him a finished education. Thus he fell early under the spell of the great abolitionist and threw himself with all the ardor of his nature into the movement. His poems against slavery and disunion have a ringing zeal worthy of a Cromwell. "They are," declares one writer, "like the sound of the trumpets blown before the walls of Jericho."

As a Quaker Whittier could not have been otherwise than an abolitionist, for that denomination had long since abolished slavery within its own communion. Most prominent among his poems of freedom are "The Voice of Freedom," published in 1849, "The Panorama and Other Poems," in 1856, "In War Times," in 1863, and "Ichabod," a pathetically kind yet severely stinging rebuke to Daniel Webster for his support of the Fugitive Slave Law. Webster was right from the standpoint of law and the Constitution, but Whittier argued from the standpoint of human right and liberty. "Barbara Frietchie,"—while it is pronounced purely a fiction, as is also his poem about John Brown kissing the Negro baby on his way to the gallows,—is perhaps the most widely quoted of his famous war poems.

Whittier also wrote extensively on subjects relating to New England history, witchcraft and colonial traditions. This group includes many of his best ballads, which have done in verse for colonial romance what Hawthorne did in prose in his "Twice-Told Tales" and "Scarlet Letter." It is these poems that have entitled Whittier to be called "the greatest of American ballad writers." Among them are to be found "Mabel Martin," "The Witch of Wenham," "Marguerite" and "Skipper Ireson's Ride." But it is perhaps in the third department of his writings, namely, rural tales and idyls, that the poet is most widely known. These pastoral poems contain the very heart and soul of New England. They are faithful and loving pictures of humble life, simple and peaceful in their subject and in their style. The masterpieces of this class are "Snowbound," "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," "Among the Hills," "Telling the Bees," etc. The relation of these simple experiences of homely character has carried him to the hearts of the people and made him, next to Longfellow, the most popular of American poets. There is a pleasure and a satisfaction in the freshness of Whittier's homely words and homespun phrases, which we seek in vain in the polished art of cultivated masters. As a poet of nature he has painted the landscapes of New England as Bryant has the larger features of the continent.

Whittier was never married and aside from a few exquisite verses he has given the public no clew to the romance of his youth. His home was presided over for many years by his sister Elizabeth, a most lovely and talented woman, for whom he cherished the deepest affection, and he has written nothing more touching than his tribute to her memory in "Snowbound." The poet was shy and diffident among strangers and in formal society, but among his friends genial and delightful, with a fund of gentle and delicate humor which gave his conversation a great charm.

Aside from his work as a poet Whittier wrote considerable prose. His first volume was "Legends of New England," published in 1831, consisting of prose and verse. Subsequent prose publications consisted of contributions to the slave controversy,

biographical sketches of English and American reformers, studies of scenery and folk-lore of the Merrimac valley. Those of greatest literary interest were the "Supernaturalisms of New England," (1847,) and "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," (1852.)

In 1836 Whittier became secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and he was all his life interested in public affairs, and wrote much for newspapers and periodicals. In 1838 he began to edit the "Pennsylvania Freeman" in Philadelphia, but in the following year his press was destroyed and his office burned by a pro-slavery mob, and he returned to New England, devoting the larger part of his life, aside from his anti-slavery political writings, to embalming its history and legends in his literature, and so completely has it been done by him it has been declared: "If every other record of the early history and life of New England were lost the story could be constructed again from the pages of Whittier. Traits, habits, facts, traditions, incidents—he holds a torch to the dark places and illumines them every one."

Mr. Whittier, perhaps, is the most peculiarly American poet of any that our country has produced. The woods and waterfowl of Bryant belong as much to one land as another; and all the rest of our singers—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and their brethren—with the single exception of Joaquin Miller, might as well have been born in the land of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron as their own. But Whittier is entirely a poet of his own soil. All through his verse we see the elements that created it, and it is interesting to trace his simple life, throughout, in his verses from the time, when like that urchin with whom he asserts brotherhood, and who has won all affections, he ate his

* * * "milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude.
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtains fringed with gold
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;"

and, when a little older his fancy dwelt upon the adventures of Chalkley—as

"Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy."

In these reveries, "The Barefoot Boy" and others, thousands of his countrymen have lived over their lives again. Every thing he wrote, to the New Englander has a sweet, warm familiar life about it. To them his writings are familiar photographs, but they are also treasury houses of facts over which the future antiquarian will pour and gather all the close details of the phase of civilization that they give.

The old Whittier homestead at Amesbury is now in charge of Mrs. Pickard, a neice of the poet. She has recently made certain changes in the house; but this has been done so wisely and cautiously that if the place some day becomes a shrine—as it doubtless will—the restoration of the old estate will be a simple matter. The library is left quite undisturbed, just as it was when Whittier died.

MY PLAYMATE.



THE pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,
 Their song was soft and low;
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
 The orchard birds sang clear;
 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year,

For more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing spring,
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
 She laid her hand in mine:
 What more could ask the bashful boy
 Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
 The constant years told o'er
 The seasons with as sweet May morns,
 But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
 Of uneventful years;
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the Spring
 And reap the Autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
 Her summer roses blow;
 The dusky children of the sun
 Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
 She smooths her silken gown,—
 No more the homespun lap wherein
 I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
 The brown nuts on the hill,
 And still the May-day flowers make sweet
 The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
 The birds build in the tree,
 The dark pines sing on Ramoth Hill
 The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
 And how the old time seems,—
 If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
 Does she remember mine?
 And what to her is now the boy
 Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
 For other eyes than ours,—
 That other hands with nuts are filled,
 And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
 Our mossy seat is green,
 Its fringing violets blossom yet,
 The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
 A sweeter memory blow;
 And there in spring the veeries sing
 The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are moaning like the sea.—
 The moaning of the sea of change
 Between myself and thee!

THE CHANGELING.



FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
 They needed not to search,
 Who saw young Anna Favor
 Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
 At set of harvest-day,
 The frolic of the blackbirds,
 The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
 The saddest two-years bride,
 She scowls in the face of her husband
 And spurns her child aside.

“ Rake out the red coals, goodman,
 For there the child shall lie,
 Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
 And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"O, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and ringlets of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, Goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the Goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother,
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary,
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of its mother,
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin;
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Now mount and ride, my Goodman
As lovest thine own soul!
Woe's me if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black woodland;
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newburg town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice,
Upon whose soul be peace!
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goody Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail:
And Goody Cole at cock crow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;

They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man,
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,

How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy

Waited on the barefoot boy!
Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER.



MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

MEMORIES.



BEAUTIFUL and happy girl
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh young lip and brow of pearl
Shadow'd by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair:

A seeming child in every thing
Save thoughtful brow, and ripening
 charms,
As nature wears the smile of spring
When sinking into summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
 Which melted through its graceful bower,
 Leaf after leaf serenely bright
 And stainless in its holy white
 Unfolding like a morning flower:
 A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute
 With every breath of feeling woke,
 And, even when the tongue was mute,
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
 Of memory at the thought of thee!—
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
 Old dreams come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me;
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,
 As when I lean'd to hear thee speak,
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
 I feel thy arm within my own,
 And timidly again arise
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes
 With soft brown tresses overblown.
 Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
 Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled
 My picture of thy youth to see,
 When half a woman, half a child,
 Thy very artlessness beguiled,
 And folly's self seem'd wise in thee.
 I too can smile, when o'er that hour
 The lights of memory backward stream,
 Yet feel the while that manhood's power
 Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have pass'd on, and left their trace
 Of graver care and deeper thought;
 And unto me the calm, cold face
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought,
 On life's rough blasts for blame or praise
 The schoolboy's name has widely flown;
 Thine in the green and quiet ways
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
 Our still diverging thoughts incline,
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need
 The Yorkshire peasant's simple line.
 For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
 And holy day and solemn psalm,
 For me the silent reverence where
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
 An impress time has not worn out,
 And something of myself in thee,
 A shadow from the past, I see
 Lingering even yet thy way about;
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn
 That lesson of its better hours,
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eye
 The clouds about the present part,
 And, smiling through them, round us lie
 Soft hues of memory's morning sky—
 The Indian summer of the heart,
 In secret sympathies of mind,
 In founts of feeling which retain
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

LOOK on him—through his dungeon-grate,
 Feebly and cold, the morning light
 Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
 As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
 His hand upholds his drooping head—
 His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
 Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
 And o'er his bony fingers flow
 His long, dishevell'd locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—
 And yet the winter's breath is chill:

And o'er his half-clad person goes
 The frequent ague-thrill!
 Silent—save ever and anon,
 A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,
 Forces apart the painful grip
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
 O, sad and crushing is the fate
 Of old age chain'd and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
 A murderer shares his prison-bed,
 Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
 Gleam on him fierce and red;

And the rude oath and heartless jeer
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep
 Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep,
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
 Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
 Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
 Not so: his crime's a fouler one:

God made the old man poor!
 For this he shares a felon's cell—
 The fittest earthly type of hell!
 For this—the boon for which he pour'd
 His young blood on the invader's sword,
 And counted light the fearful cost—
 His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
 Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain
 On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
 And Saratoga's plain?
 Look forth, thou man of many sears,
 Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
 It must be joy, in sooth, to see
 Yon monument uprear'd to thee—
 Piled granite and a prison cell—
 The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banner out;

Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle-shout:
 Let boasted eloquence declaim
 Of honor, liberty, and fame;
 Still let the poet's strain be heard,
 With "glory" for each second word,
 And everything with breath agree
 To praise, "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
 That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
 And through its grates the stripes and stars
 Rise on the wind, and fall—
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
 Rejoices in the general cheer!
 Think ye his dim and failing eye
 Is kindled at your pageantry?
 Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
 What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
 Unworthy freemen, let it find
 No refuge from the withering curse
 Of God and human kind!
 Open the prisoner's living tomb,
 And usher from its brooding gloom
 The victims of your savage code,
 To the free sun and air of God!
 No longer dare as crime to brand,
 The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

THE STORM.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

Snow-bound is regarded as Whittier's master-piece, as a descriptive and reminiscent poem. It is a New England Fireside Idyl, which in its faithfulness recalls, "The Winter Evening," of Cowper, and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night"; but in sweetness and animation, it is superior to either of these. Snow-bound is a faithful description of a winter scene, familiar in the country surrounding Whittier's home in Connecticut. The complete poem is published in illustrated form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whose permission this extract is here inserted.



UNWARNED by any sunset light
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag wavering to and fro
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
 And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
 The morning broke without a sun;
 In tiny spherule traced with lines

Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake, and pellicle,
 All day the hoary meteor fell;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.
 Around the glistening wonder bent
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below,—
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sight of ours
 Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy

Count such a summons less than joy?)
 Our buskins on our feet we drew;
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
 We cut the solid whiteness through,
 And, where the drift was deepest, made
 A tunnel walled and overlaid
 With dazzling crystal: we had read
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
 And to our own his name we gave,
 With many a wish the luck were ours
 To test his lamp's supernal powers.

ICHABOD.

The following poem was written on hearing of Daniel Webster's course in supporting the "Compromise Measure," including the "Fugitive Slave Law". This speech was delivered in the United States Senate on the 7th of March, 1850, and greatly incensed the Abolitionists. Mr. Whittier, in common with many New Englanders, regarded it as the certain downfall of Mr. Webster. The lines are full of tender regret, deep grief and touching pathos.



O fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
 Which once he wore!
 The glory from his gray hairs gone
 For evermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
 A snare for all!
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
 Befit his fall.

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might
 Have lighted up and led his age
 Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
 A bright soul driven,
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
 From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
 Insult him now,

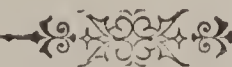
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
 Dishonor'd brow.

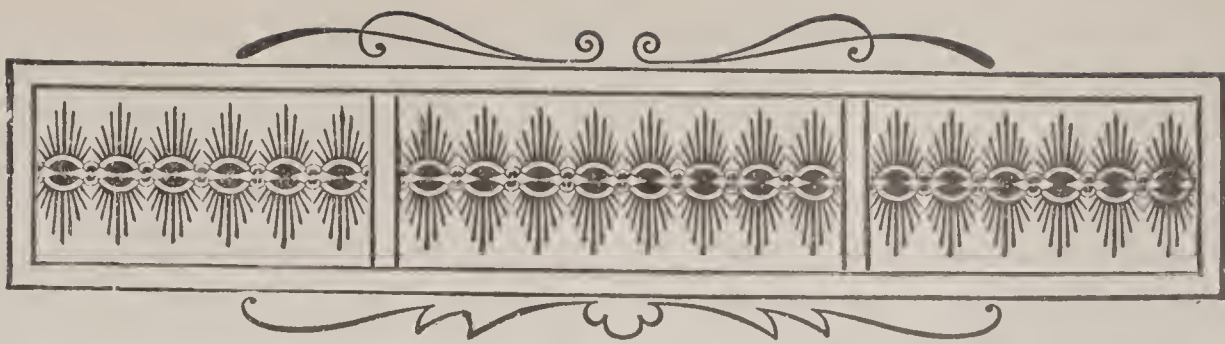
But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, nought
 Save power remains,—
 A fallen angel's pride of thought
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled:
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame!





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

POET, ESSAYIST AND HUMORIST.



HIS distinguished author, known and admired throughout the English speaking world for the rich vein of philosophy, good fellowship and pungent humor that runs through his poetry and prose, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29th, 1809, and died in Boston, October 27th 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-five—the “last leaf on the tree” of that famous group, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Poe, Willis, Hawthorne, Richard Henry Dana, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller and others who laid the foundation of our national literature, and with all of whom he was on intimate terms as a co-laborer at one time or another.

Holmes graduated at Harvard College in 1829. His genial disposition made him a favorite with his fellows, to whom some of his best early poems are dedicated. One of his classmates said of him:—“He made you feel like you were the best fellow in the world and he was the next best.” Benjamin Pierce, the astronomer, and Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of our National Hymn, were his class-mates and have been wittily described in his poem “The Boys.” Dr. Holmes once humorously said that he supposed “the three people whose poems were best known were himself, one Smith and one Brown. As for himself, everybody knew who he was; the one Brown was author of ‘I love to Steal a While Away,’ and the one Smith was author of ‘My Country ’Tis of Thee.’”

After graduation Holmes studied medicine in the schools of Europe, but returned to finish his course and take his degree at Harvard. For nine years he was Professor of Physiology and Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and in 1847 he accepted a similar position in Harvard University, to which his subsequent professional labors were devoted. He also published several works on medicine, the last being a volume of medical essays, issued in 1883.

Holmes’ first poetic publication was a small volume published in 1836, including three poems which still remain favorites, namely, “My Aunt,” “The height of the Ridiculous” and “The Last Leaf on the Tree.” Other volumes of his poems were issued in 1846, 1850, 1861, 1875 and 1880.

Dr. Holmes is popularly known as the poet of society, this title attaching because most of his productions were called forth by special occasions. About one hundred of them were prepared for his Harvard class re-unions and his fraternity (Phi Beta Kappa) social and anniversary entertainments. The poems which will preserve his fame, however, are those of a general interest, like “The Deacon’s Masterpiece,”

in which the Yankee spirit speaks out, "The Voiceless," "The Living Temple," "The Chambered Nautilus," in which we find a truly exalted treatment of a lofty theme; "The Last Leaf on the Tree," which is a remarkable combination of pathos and humor; "The Spectre Pig" and "The Ballad of an Oysterman," showing to what extent he can play in real fun. In fact, Dr. Holmes was a many-sided man, and equally presentable on all sides. It has been truthfully said of him, "No other American versifier has rhymed so easily and so gracefully. We might further add, no other in his personality, has been more universally esteemed and beloved by those who knew him.

As a prose writer Holmes was equally famous. His "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," "Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "Poet at the Breakfast Table," published respectively in 1858, 1859 and 1873, are everywhere known, and not to have read them is to have neglected something important in literature. The "Autocrat" is especially a masterpiece. An American boarding house with its typical characters forms the scene. The Autocrat is the hero, or rather leader, of the sparkling conversations which make up the threads of the book. Humor, satire and scholarship are skilfully mingled in its graceful literary formation. In this work will also be found "The Wonderful One Horse Shay" and "The Chambered Nautilus," two of the author's best poems.

Holmes wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," which in their romance rival the weirdness of Hawthorne and show his genius in this line of literature. "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" (1871), is a scholarly essay on the function of the brain. As a biographer Dr. Holmes has also given us excellent memoirs of John Lothrop Motley, the historian, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among his later products may be mentioned "A Mortal Antipathy," which appeared in 1885, and "One Hundred Days in Europe" (1887).

Holmes was one of the projectors of "The Atlantic Monthly," which was started in 1857, in conjunction with Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson, Lowell being its editor. It was to this periodical that the "Autocrat" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" were contributed. These papers did much to secure the permanent fame of this magazine. It is said that its name was suggested by Holmes, and he is also credited with first attributing to Boston the distinction of being the "Hub of the solar system," which he, with a mingling of humor and local pride, declared was "located exactly at the Boston State House."

Unlike other authors, the subject of this sketch was very much himself at all times and under all conditions. Holmes the man, Holmes the professor of physiology, the poet, philosopher, and essayist, were all one and the same genial soul. His was the most companionable of men, whose warm flow of fellowship and good cheer the winters of four score years and five could not chill,—"The last Leaf on the Tree," whose greenness the frost could not destroy. He passed away at the age of eighty-five still verdantly young in spirit, and the world will smile for many generations good naturedly because he lived. Such lives are a benediction to the race.

Finally, to know Holmes' writings well, is to be made acquainted with a singularly lovable nature. The charms of his personality are irresistible. Among the poor, among the literary, and among the society notables, he was ever the most welcome of guests. His geniality, humor, frank, hearty manliness, generosity and readiness

to amuse and be amused, together with an endless store of anecdotes, his tact and union of sympathy and originality, make him the best of companions for an hour or for a lifetime. His friendship is generous and enduring. All of these qualities of mind and heart are felt as the reader runs through his poems or his prose writings. We feel that Holmes has lived widely and found life good. It is precisely for this reason that the reading of his writings is a good tonic. It sends the blood more courageously through the veins. After reading Holmes, we feel that life is easier and simpler and a finer affair altogether and more worth living for than we had been wont to regard it.

The following paragraph published in a current periodical shortly after the death of Mr. Holmes throws further light upon the personality of this distinguished author :

“Holmes himself must have harked back to forgotten ancestors for his brightness. His father was a dry as dust Congregational preacher, of whom some one said that he fed his people sawdust out of a spoon. But from his childhood Holmes was bright and popular. One of his college friends said of him at Harvard, that ‘he made you think you were the best fellow in the world, and he was the next best.’”

Dr. Holmes was first and foremost a conversationalist. He talked even on paper. There was never the dullness of the written word. His sentences whether in prose or verse were so full of color that they bore the charm of speech.

One of his most quoted poems “Dorothy Q,” is full of this sparkle, and carries a suggestion of his favorite theme :

Grandmother's mother : her age I guess
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair ;
Lips that lover has never kissed ;
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;
So they painted the little maid.

* * * * *

What if a hundred years ago
Those close shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that looked so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me ?

BILL AND JOE.



OME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Prond as a cockerel's rainbow tail :
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL.D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !—
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe ;
You've taught your name to half the globe ;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
You've made the dead past live again ;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
" See those old buffers, bent and gray ;
They talk like fellows in their teens !
Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it means "—
And shake their heads ; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar ! what is fame ?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show —
Till all at once his pulses thrill :
'Tis poor old Joe's " God bless you, Bill ! "

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe ?

No matter ; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear ;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

UNION AND LIBERTY.



LAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thun-
der and flame,
Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star !
Empire unsceptred ! What foe shall assail thee
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van ?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man !
Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,

Then with the arms to thy million united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law !

Lord of the universe ! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun !
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?

Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE !

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

OLD IRON SIDES.

The following poem has become a National Lyric. It was first printed in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," when the Frigate "Constitution" lay in the navy-yard at Charlestown. The department had resolved upon breaking her up; but she was preserved from this fate by the following verses, which ran through the newspapers with universal applause; and, according to "Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine," of January, 1837, it was printed in the form of hand-bills, and circulated in the city of Washington.

AY, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar:
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquer'd knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,—
 The lightning and the gale!

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
 Long years have o'er her flown;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone;
 I know it hurts her,—though she looks
 As cheerful as she can:
 Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
 Her hair is almost gray;
 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way?
 How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens,
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
 This erring lip its smiles—
 Vow'd she would make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles.
 He sent her to a stylish school;
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;
 And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall;
 They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinch'd her feet, they singed her hair
 They screw'd it up with pins,—
 Oh, never mortal suffer'd more
 In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track);
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 "What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade
 Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all-accomplish'd maid.
 For her how happy had it been!
 And Heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungather'd rose
 On my ancestral tree.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laugh'd as I would die;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I call'd my servant, and he came :
 How kind it was of him,
 To mind a slender man like me,
 He of the mighty limb !

"These to the printer," I exclaim'd,
 And, in my humorous way,
 I added (as a trifling jest),
 "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watch'd,
 And saw him peep within ;
 At the first line he read, his face
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad
 And shot from ear to ear ;
 He read the third ; a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
 The fifth, his waistband split ;
 The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watch'd that wretched man,
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.



THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadow'd main.—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled
 wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
 hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wreck'd is the ship of pearl !
 And every chamber'd cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies reveal'd,—
 Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old
 no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

OLD AGE AND THE PROFESSOR.

Mr. Holmes is as famous for his prose as for his poetry. The following sketches are characteristic of his happy and varied style.



OLD AGE, this is Mr. Professor ; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together ?

Professor (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell

me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger ?

Old Age.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years*.

Professor.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that ?



BIRTHPLACE. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



HOLMES IN HIS STUDY



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Old Age.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor.—Where?

Old Age.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—“Old Age, his mark.” Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign manual; that’s the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age.—*Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six—sometimes ten—years or more. At last, if they don’t let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again,—Come, let us walk down the street together,—and offered me a cane,—an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of overshoes.—No, much obliged to you, said I. I don’t want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

THE BRAIN.

QUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

ICAN’T say just how many walks she and I had taken before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps. * * *

The schoolmistress had tried life. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,—Will you take the long path with me? Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure. Think,—I said,—before you answer:

if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the

Gingko-tree. Pray, sit down,—I said. No, no,—she answered softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—“Good-morning, my dears!”

A RANDOM CONVERSATION

ON OLD MAXIMS, BOSTON AND OTHER TOWNS.

(From “*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*”)

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

I think Sir,—said the divinity student,—you must intend that for one of the sayings of the Seven Wise men of Boston you were speaking of the other day.

I thank you, my young friend,—was the reply,—but I must say something better than that, before I could pretend to fill out the number.

The schoolmistress wanted to know how many of these sayings there were on record, and what, and by whom said.

Why, let us see,—there is that one of Benjamin Franklin, “the great Bostonian,” after whom this land was named. To be sure, he said a great many wise things,—and I don’t feel sure he didn’t borrow this,—he speaks as if it were old. But then he applied it so neatly!—

“He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.”

Then there is that glorious Epicurean paradox, uttered by my friend, the Historian, in one of his flashing moments:—

“Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities.”

To these must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men:—

“Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.”

The divinity student looked grave at her, but said nothing.

The schoolmistress spoke out, and said she didn’t think the wit meant any irreverence. It was only another way of saying, Paris is a heavenly place after New York or Boston.

A jaunty looking person, who had come in with the young fellow they call John,—evidently a stranger,—said there was one more wise man’s saying that he had heard; it was about our place, but he didn’t know who said it.—A civil curiosity was manifested by the company to hear the fourth wise saying. I heard him distinctly whispering to the young fellow who brought him to dinner, *Shall I tell it?* To which the answer was, *Go ahead!*—Well,—he said,—this was what I heard:—

“Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn’t pry that out of a Boston man, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar.”

Sir,—said I,—I am gratified with your remark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dullness. The satire of the remark is essentially true of Boston,—and of all other considerable—and inconsiderable—places with which I have had the privilege of being acquainted. Cockneys think London is the only place in the world. Frenchmen—you remember the line about Paris, the Court, the World, etc.—I recollect well, by the way, a sign in that city which ran thus: “Hotel de l’Univers et des États Unis;” and as Paris is the universe to a Frenchman, of course the United States are outside of it. “See Naples and then die.” It is quite as bad with smaller places. I have been about lecturing, you know, and have found the following propositions to hold true of all of them.

1. The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each and every town or city.

2. If more than fifty years have passed since its foundation, it is affectionately styled by the inhabi-

tants the “*good old town of —————*” (whatever its name may happen to be).

3. Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a “remarkably intelligent audience.”

4. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

5. It contains several persons of vast talent little known to the world. (One or two of them, you may perhaps chance to remember, sent short pieces to the “*Pactolian*” some time since, which were “respectfully declined.”)

Boston is just like other places of its size—only, perhaps, considering its excellent fish-market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities. I’ll tell you, though, if you want to know it, what is the real offense of Boston. It drains a large water-shed of its intellect, and will not itself be drained. If it would only send away its first-rate men instead of its second-rate ones (no offense to the well-known exceptions, of which we are always proud), we should be spared such epigrammatic remarks as that the gentleman has quoted. There can never be a real metropolis in this country until the biggest centre can drain the lesser ones of their talent and wealth. I have observed, by the way, that the people who really live in two great cities are by no means so jealous of each other, as are those of smaller cities situated within the intellectual basin, or *suction* range, of one large one, of the pretensions of any other. Don’t you see why? Because their promising young author and rising lawyer and large capitalist have been drained off to the neighboring big city,—their prettiest girls have exported to the same market; all their ambition points there, and all their thin gilding of glory comes from there. I hate little, toad-eating cities.

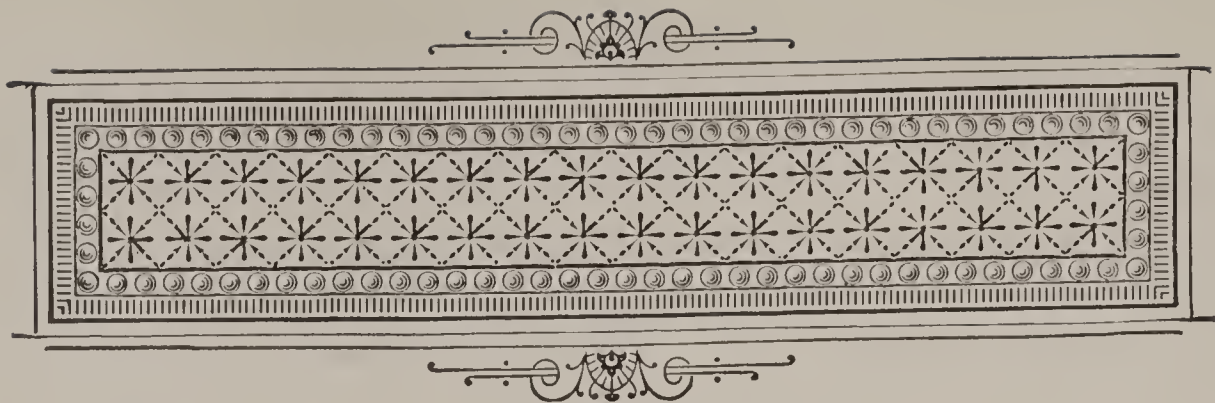
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Would I be so good as to specify any particular example?—Oh,—an example? Did you ever see a bear trap? Never? Well, shouldn’t you like to see me put my foot into one? With sentiments of the highest consideration I must beg leave to be excused.

Besides, some of the smaller cities are charming. If they have an old church or two, a few stately mansions of former grandees, here and there an old dwelling with the second story projecting (for the convenience of shooting the Indians knocking at the front-door with their tomahawks)—if they have, scattered about, those mighty square houses built something more than half a century ago, and standing like architectural boulders dropped by the former diluvium of wealth, whose reflux wave has left them as its monument,—if they have gardens with elbowed apple-trees that push their branches over the high board-fence and drop their fruit on the sidewalk,—if they have a little grass in their side-streets, enough to betoken quiet without proclaiming decay,—I think I could go to pieces, after my life’s tranquil places, as sweetly as in any cradle that an old man may be rocked to sleep in. I visit such spots always with infinite delight. My friend, the Poet, says, that rapidly growing towns are most unfavorable to the imaginative and reflective faculties. Let a man live in one of these old quiet places, he says, and the wine of his soul, which is kept thick and turbid by the rattle of busy streets, settles, and as you hold it up, you may see the sun through it by day and the stars by night.

Do I think that the little villages have the conceit of the great towns? I don’t believe there is much difference. You know how they read Pope’s line in the smallest town in our State of Massachusetts? Well, they read it,—

“All are but parts of one stupendous *Hull!*”



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

POET, CRITIC, AND ESSAYIST.



WHILE the popularity of Lowell has not been so great as that of Whittier, Longfellow or Holmes, his poetry expresses a deeper thought and a truer culture than that of any one of these; or, indeed, of any other American poet, unless the exception be the "transcendental philosopher," Emerson. As an anti-slavery poet, he was second only to Whittier.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, and died in the same city on August 12, 1891, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Charles Lowell, an eminent Congregational clergyman, and was descended from the English settlers of 1639. He entered Harvard in his seventeenth year and graduated in 1838, before he was twenty. He began to write verses early. In his junior year in college he wrote the anniversary poem, and, in his senior year, was editor of the college magazine. Subsequently, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1840; but, it seems, never entered upon the practice of his profession. If he did it is doubtful if he ever had even that *first client* whom he afterwards described in a humorous sketch.

His first appearance in literature was the publication, in 1839, of the class poem which he had written, but was not permitted to recite on account of his temporary suspension from College for neglect of certain studies in the curriculum for which he had a distaste. In this poem he satirized the Abolitionists, and the transcendental school of writers, of which Emerson was the prophet and leader. This poem, while faulty, contained much sharp wit and an occasional burst of feeling which portended future prominence for its author.

Two years later, in 1841, the first volume of Lowell's verse appeared, entitled "A Year's Life." This production was so different from that referred to above that critics would have regarded it as emanating from an entirely different mind had not the same name been attached to both. It illustrated entirely different feelings, thoughts and habits, evinced a complete change of heart and an entire revolution in his mode of thinking. His observing and suggestive imagination had caught the tone and spirit of the new and mystical philosophy, which his first publication had ridiculed. Henceforth, he aimed to make Nature the representative and minister of his feelings and desires. Lowell was not alone, however, in showing how capricious a young author's character may be. A notable parallel is found in the great

Englishman, Carlyle whose "Life of Schiller" and his "Sator Resartus," are equally as unlike himself as were Lowell's first two publications. In 1844, came another volume of poems, manifesting a still further mark of advancement. The longest in this collection—"The Legend of Brittany"—is, in imagination and artistic finish, one of his best and secured the first general consent for the author's admission into the company of men of genius.

During this same year (1844) Mr. Lowell married the poetess, Maria White, an ardent Abolitionist, whose anti-slavery convictions influenced his after career. Two of Mrs. Lowell's poems, "The Alpine Sheep" and the "Morning Glory" are especially popular. Lowell was devotedly attached to his singularly beautiful and



HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

sympathetic poet wife and made her the subject of some of his most exquisite verses. They were both contributors to the "Liberty Bell" and "Anti-slavery Standard," thus enjoying companionship in their labors.

In 1845, appeared Lowell's "Conversation on Some Old Poets," consisting of a series of criticisms, and discussions which evince a careful and delicate study. This was the beginning of the critical work in which he afterward became so famous, that he was styled "The First Critic of America."

Lowell was also a humorist by nature. His irrepressible perception of the comical and the funny find expression everywhere, both in his poetry and prose. His

"Fable for Critics" was a delight to those whom he both satirized and criticised in a good-natured manner. Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne and Whittier, each are made to pass in procession for their share of criticism—which is as excellent as amusing—and Carlyle and Emerson are contrasted admirably. This poem, however, is faulty in execution and does not do its author justice. His masterpiece in humor is the famous "Biglow Papers." These have been issued in two parts; the first being inspired by the Mexican War, and the latter by the Civil War between the states. Hosea Biglow, the country Yankee philosopher and supposed author of the papers, and the Rev. Homer Wilber, his learned commentator and pastor of the first church at Jaalem, reproduce the Yankee dialect, and portray the Yankee character as faithfully as they are amusing and funny to the reader.

In 1853, Mrs. Lowell died, on the same night in which a daughter was born to the poet Longfellow, who was a neighbor and a close friend to Lowell. The coincident inspired Longfellow to write a beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," which he sent to Mr. Lowell with his expression of sympathy:

" 'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Uttered a word that had a sound like death.

" Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And slowly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

" Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave, they pass no threshold o'er:
Who then would wish, or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

Quite in contrast with Lowell, the humorist, is Lowell, the serious and dignified author. His patriotic poems display a courage and manliness in adhering to the right and cover a wide range in history. But it is in his descriptions of nature that his imagination manifests its greatest range of subtilty and power. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is, perhaps, more remarkable for its descriptions of the months of June and December than for the beautiful story it tells of the search for the "Holy Grail" (the cup) which held the wine which Christ and the Apostles drank at the last supper.

Lowell's prose writings consist of his contributions to magazines, which were afterwards gathered in book form, and his public addresses and his political essays. He was naturally a poet, and his prose writings were the outgrowth of his daily labors, rather than a work of choice. As a professor of modern languages in Harvard College (in which position he succeeded the poet Longfellow); as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," on which duty he entered at the beginning of that magazine, in 1857, his editorial work on the "North American Review" from 1863 to 1872, together with his political ministry in Spain and England, gave him, he says, "quite enough prosaic work to do."

It was to magazines that he first contributed "Fireside Travels," "Among My Books," and "My Study Window," which have been since published in book form. These publications cover a wide field of literature and impress the reader with a spirit of inspiration and enthusiasm. Lowell, like Emerson and Longfellow, was an optimist of the most pronounced type. In none of his writings does he express a syllable of discontent or despair. His "Pictures from Appledore" and "Under the Willows" are not more sympathetic and spontaneous than his faith in mankind, his healthful nature, and his rosy and joyful hope of the future.

In 1877, Mr. Lowell was appointed minister to Spain by President Hayes, and, in 1880, was transferred, in the same capacity to London. This position he resigned in 1885 and returned to America to resume his lectures in Harvard University. While in England, Mr. Lowell was lionized as no other minister at that time had been and was in great demand as a public lecturer and speaker. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus writes of his popularity with the "British Cousins:"

By what enchantment, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
* * * * * *
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
But that he did it, all must needs confess."

He delivered a memorial address at the unveiling of the bust of the poet Coleridge in Westminster Abbey. On his return to America, this oration was included with others in his volume entitled "Democracy and Other Addresses." (1887).

As a public man, a representative of the United States Government, in foreign ports, he upheld the noblest ideals of the republic. He taught the purest lessons of patriotism—ever preferring his country to his party—and has criticised, with energy, and indignation, political evils and selfishness in public service, regarding these as the most dangerous elements threatening the dignity and honor of American citizenship.

Among scholars, Lowell, next to Emerson, is regarded the profoundest of American poets; and, as the public becomes more generally educated, it is certain that he will grow in popular favor. To those who understand and catch the spirit of the man, noticeable characteristics of his writings are its richness and variety. He is at once, a humorist, a philosopher, and a dialectic verse writer, an essayist, a critic, and a masterful singer of songs of freedom as well as of the most majestic memorial odes.

Unlike Longfellow and Holmes, Lowell never wrote a novel; but his insight into character and ability to delineate it would have made it entirely possible for him to assay, successfully, this branch of literature. This power is seen especially in his "Biglow Papers" as well as in other of his character sketches. The last of Lowell's works published was "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses," issued in 1892, after his death.

THE GOTHIC GENIUS.

FROM "THE CATHEDRAL."



SEEM to have heard it said by learned folk,
 Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
 The faucet to let loose a wash of words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
 But, being convinced by much experiment
 How little inventiveness there is in man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire
 My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please—
 Nobly I mean, nor renegade to art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty world—
 For ever finished, though the barbarous pit,
 Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
 As if a miracle could be encored.

But ah! this other, this that never ends,
 Still climbing, luring Fancy still to climb,
 As full of morals half divined as life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever-new surprise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please;
 Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone!
 With one long sigh of infinite release
 From pedantries past, present, or to come,
 I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
 Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
 Builders of aspiration incomplete,
 So more consummate, souls self-confident,
 Who felt your own thought worthy of record
 In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
 Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
 After long exile, to the mother tongue.

THE ROSE.

I.



IN his tower sat the poet
 Gazing on the roaring sea,
 "Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
 Where there's none that loveth me.
 On the rock the billow bursteth,
 And sinks back into the seas,
 But in vain my spirit thirsteth
 So to burst and be at ease.

Take, O sea! the tender blossom
 That hath lain against my breast;
 On thy black and angry bosom
 It will find a surer rest,
 Life is vain, and love is hollow,
 Ugly death stands there behind,
 Hate, and scorn, and hunger follow
 Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,
 And with bitter smile did mark
 How the surly tempest whirled it
 Swift into the hungry dark.
 Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
 And the gale, with dreary moan,
 Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
 Through the breaking, all alone.

II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
 Musing by the wave-beat strand,

Half in hope, and half in sorrow
 Tracing words upon the sand:
 "Shall I ever then behold him
 Who hath been my life so long,—
 Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
 Be the spirit of his song?

"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
 I have traced upon thy shore,
 Spare his name whose spirit fetters
 Mine with love forever more!"
 Swells the tide and overflows it,
 But with omen pure and meet,
 Brings a little rose and throws it
 Humbly at the maiden's feet.

Full of bliss she takes the token,
 And, upon her snowy breast,
 Soothes the ruffled petals broken
 With the ocean's fierce unrest.
 "Love is thine, O heart! and surely
 Peace shall also be thine own,
 For the heart that trusteth purely
 Never long can pine alone."

III.

In his tower sits the poet,
 Bliss new, and strange to him
 Fill his heart and overflow it
 With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth
 With a whisper of delight,
 And the moon in silence glideth
 Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
 Flows a maiden's golden hair,
 Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
 Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.
 "Life is joy, and love is power,
 Death all fetters doth unbind,

Strength and wisdom only flower
 When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth, the future giveth
 More than present takes away,
 And the soul forever liveth
 Nearer God from day to day."
 Not a word the maiden muttered,
 Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
 But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
 Down upon the poet's cheek.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft, white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy chair;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,

Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labor sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learn'd of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-fill'd past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

ACT FOR TRUTH.



THE busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task mark'd
out

Shall die and leave his errand unfulfill'd.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds ;
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had fell'd
The goodly framework of a fairer state ;
The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
Are seldom wielded by the selfsame hand ;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil.
From the choice spirits of the after-time.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate,
quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change ;
Then let it come : I have no dread of what

Is call'd for by the instinct of mankind ;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour :
Her mirror is turn'd forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies ;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever : better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain : there is more force in names
Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us all call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall ;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.



THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, " Father, who makes it snow ?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.


I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

I.

 UR fathers fought for liberty,
 They struggled long and well,
 History of their deeds can tell—
 But did they leave us free?

II.

Are we free from vanity,
 Free from pride, and free from self,
 Free from love of power and pelf,
 From everything that's beggarly?

III.

Are we free from stubborn will,
 From low hate and malice small,
 From opinion's tyrant thrall?
 Are none of us our own slaves still?

IV.

Are we free to speak our thought,
 To be happy, and be poor,
 Free to enter Heaven's door,
 To live and labor as we ought?


V.

Are we then made free at last
 From the fear of what men say,
 Free to reverence To-day,
 Free from the slavery of the Past?

VI.

Our fathers fought for liberty,
 They struggled long and well,
 History of their deeds can tell—
 But *ourselves* must set us free.

THE DANDELION.

 EAR common flower, that grow'st beside the
 way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at GOD's value, but pass by
 The offer'd wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tint,
 His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move
 My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with
 thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he did bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of GOD's book.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

It is proper, in connection with the writings of Lowell, to insert the following poem by his wife, Mary White Lowell, a singularly accomplished and beautiful woman, born July 8, 1821, married to the poet Lowell in 1844, died on the 22d of October, 1853. In 1855 her husband had a volume of her poetry privately printed, the character of which may be judged from the following touching lines addressed to a friend after the loss of a child.



WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory well'd,
Which once had quench'd my bitter
thirst,

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherds calls and sings,
And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go:
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

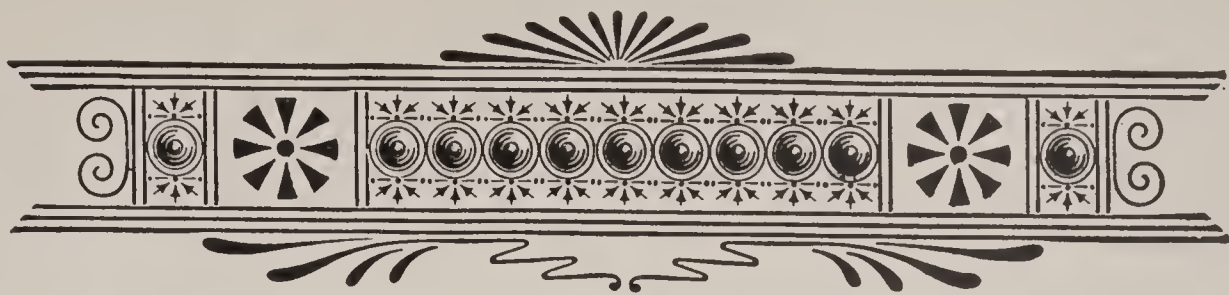
And in these pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."





BAYARD TAYLOR.

RENOWNED POET, TRAVELER AND JOURNALIST.



THE subject of this sketch began life as a farmer boy. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. After a few years study in country schools he was apprenticed to a West Chester printer, with whom he remained until he learned that trade. In his boyhood he wrote verses, and before he was twenty years of age published his first book entitled, "Ximena and other Poems."

Through this book he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Griswold, editor of "Graham's Magazine," Philadelphia, who gave him letters of recommendation to New York, where he received encouragement from N. P. Willis and Horace Greeley, the latter agreeing to publish his letters from abroad in the event of his making a journey, contemplated, to the old world.

Thus encouraged he set out to make a tour of Europe, having less than one hundred and fifty dollars to defray expenses. He was absent two years, during which time he traveled over Europe on foot, supporting himself entirely by stopping now and then in Germany to work at the printer's trade and by his literary correspondence, for which he received only \$500.00. He was fully repaid for this hardship, however, by the proceeds of his book (which he published on his return in 1846), "Views Afoot, or Europe as Seen with Knapsack and Staff." This was regarded as one of the most delightful books of travel that had appeared up to that time, and six editions of it were sold within one year. It is still one of the most popular of the series of eleven books of travel written during the course of his life. In 1848 he further immortalized this journey and added to his fame by publishing "Rhymes of Travel," a volume of verse.

Taylor was an insatiable nomad, visiting in his travels the remotest regions. "His wandering feet pressed the soil of all the continents, and his observing eyes saw the strange and beautiful things of the world from the equator to the frozen North and South;" and wherever he went the world saw through his eyes and heard through his ears the things he saw and heard. Europe, India, Japan, Central Africa, the Soudan, Egypt, Palestine, Iceland and California contributed their quota to the ready pen of this incessant traveler and rapid worker. He was a man of buoyant nature with an eager appetite for new experiences, a remarkable memory, and a talent for learning languages. His poetry is full of glow and picturesqueness, in style suggestive of both Tennyson and Shelly. His famous "Bedouin Song" is strongly imitative of Shelly's "Lines to an Indian Air." He was an admirable

parodist and translator. His translation of "Faust" so closely adheres to Goethe's original metre that it is considered one of the proudest accomplishments in American letters. Taylor is generally considered first among our poets succeeding the generation of Poe, Longfellow and Lowell.

The novels of the traveler, of which he wrote only four, the scenes being laid in Pennsylvania and New York, possess the same eloquent profusion manifest in his verse, and give the reader the impression of having been written with the ease and dash which characterize his stories of travel. In fact, his busy life was too much hurried to allow the spending of much time on anything. His literary life occupied only thirty-four years and in that time he wrote thirty-seven volumes. He entered almost every department of literature and always displayed high literary ability. Besides his volumes of travel and the four novels referred to he was a constant newspaper correspondent, and then came the greatest labor of all, poetry. This he regarded as his realm, and it was his hope of fame. Voluminous as were the works of travel and fiction and herculean the efforts necessary to do the prose writing he turned off, it was, after all, but the antechamber to his real labors. It was to poetry that he devoted most thought and most time.

In 1877 Bayard Taylor was appointed minister to Berlin by President Hayes, and died December 19th, 1878, while serving his country in that capacity.

THE BISON-TRACK.



STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a
cloud has ribb'd the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the
westward, far and wan;

Prime afresh the trusty rifle—sharpen well the hunt-
ing-spear—

For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs
I hear!

Fiercely stamp the tether'd horses, as they snuff the
morning's fire,

And their flashing heads are tossing, with a neigh of
keen desire;

Strike the tent—the saddles wait us! let the bridle-
reins be slack,

For the prairie's distant thunder has betray'd the
bison's track!

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the onward-
surging roar,

Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall
of shore!

Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the fore-
most of the van.

And the stubborn horns are striking, through the
crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us—let the madden'd
horses go!

We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred
leagues it blow!

Though the surgy manes should thicken, and the red
eyes' angry glare

Lighen round us as we gallop through the sand and
rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resist-
less race,

And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the
desert space:

Yet the rein may not be tighten'd, nor the rider's eye
look back—

Death to him whose speed should slacken on the
madden'd bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase
is close and warm

For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the
storm:

Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless—swing your rifles
as we run!

Ha! the dust is red behind him; shout, my brothers,
he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers—'tis the last shot he
will need;

More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the bold
stampede—

Ere we stem the swarthy breakers—while the wolves,
a hungry pack,

Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody
bison-track!

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow,
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

There lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something on the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldier! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!*

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,

And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!*

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!*

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;
Next to the fearless Nedjidee,

Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;
Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a King, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright
And leaves of beryl and malachite.

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase:

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

LIFE ON THE NILE.

———"The life thou seek'st
Thou'lt find beside the eternal Nile."
—*Moore's Alciphron.*

THE Nile is the Paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveler's restless life could reach—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home; but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a *jubilate*, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

Other travelers undoubtedly make other experiences and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament, which in our case has not

been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling *desagrémens*, inseparable from life in Egypt, which some would consider a source of annoyance; but, as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby. * * *

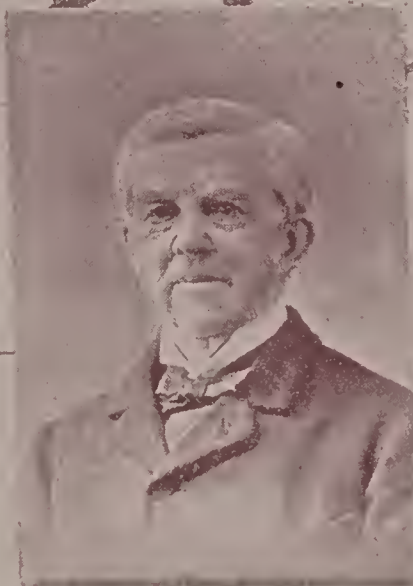
Our manner of life is simple, and might even be called monotonous; but we have never found the greatest variety of landscape and incident so thoroughly enjoyable. The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day, in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand blown out from the desert. The villages are all the same agglomerations of mud walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbor in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan Mountains, now sweeping so far into the foreground

SOUVENIR
OF



LOWELL

SOUVENIR
OF



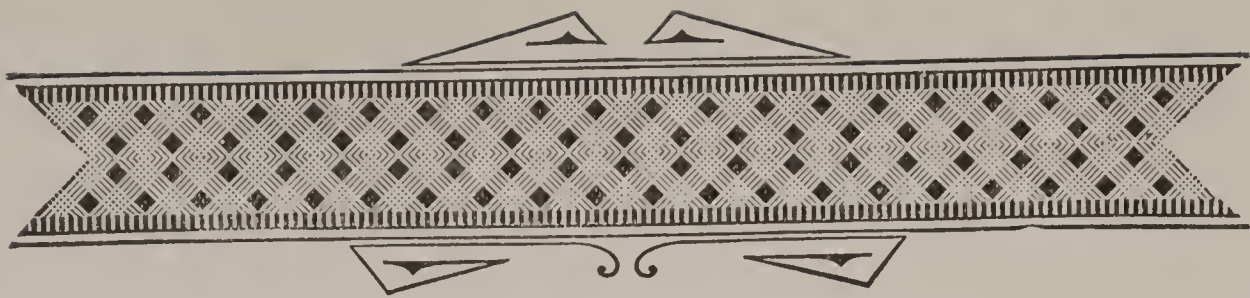
HOLMES

that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon, exhibit little difference of height, hue, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterized by the most perfect harmony. These slight yet ever-renewing changes are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays, of that grace and harmony which bathes every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain-walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and calm,—each of these is enough to content us, and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. We meet contrary winds, calms, and sand-banks, without losing our patience; and even our excitement in the swiftness and grace with which our vessel scuds before the north wind, is mingled with a regret that our

journey is drawing so much the more swiftly to its close. A portion of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused into our natures; and lately, when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I perceived in its features something of the patience and resignation of the sphinx. * * *

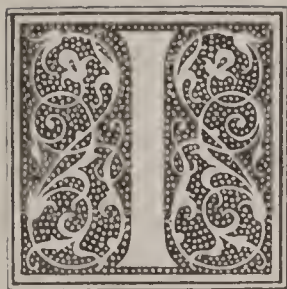
My friend, the Howadji, in whose "Nile Notes" the Egyptian atmosphere is so perfectly reproduced, says that "conscience falls asleep on the Nile." If by this he means that artificial quality which bigots and sectarians call conscience, I quite agree with him, and do not blame the Nile for its soporific powers. But that simple faculty of the soul, native to all men, which acts best when it acts unconsciously, and leads our passions and desires into right paths without seeming to lead them, is vastly strengthened by this quiet and healthy life. There is a cathedral-like solemnity in the air of Egypt; one feels the presence of the altar, and is a better man without his will. To those rendered misanthropic by disappointed ambition, mistrustful by betrayed confidence, despairing by unassuageable sorrow, let me repeat the motto which heads this chapter.





NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

POET, AND THE MOST NOTED MAGAZINIST OF HIS DAY.



It is perhaps unfortunate for Willis that he was such a devotee of fashion and form as to attain a reputation for "foppishness." Almost all men of genius have some habit or besetting sin which renders them personally more or less unpopular and sometimes even odious to the public eye. The noted poet, Coleridge, of England, had the opium habit, and many people who know this cannot divest their minds of a certain loathing for the man when they come to read his poems. The drink habit of Edgar Allen Poe and other unfortunate facts in his personal life have created a popular prejudice also against this brilliant but erratic genius. A like prejudice exists against the poet naturalist, Thoreau, whose isolation from men and attempt to live on a mere pittance has prejudiced many minds against the reading of his profitable productions; for it has been said that no man ever lived closer to the heart of nature than did this friend of the birds, the insects, animals, flowers, mountains and rivers. It is doubtful if any man in literature has lived a purer life or possessed in his sphere a more exalted genius, given us so close an insight into nature, or awakened a more enthusiastic study of the subject.

Therefore let us look with a deserving charity upon the personal pride, or "foppishness," if we may call it such, of the poet, Willis. He certainly deserves more general reputation as a poet than modern critics are disposed to accord him. Many of his pieces are of an extraordinary grade of merit, signifying a most analytical and poetic mind, and evincing a marked talent and facility for versification and prose writing executed in a style of peculiar grace and beauty.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, January 20th 1806. The family traces its ancestry back to the fifteenth century in England, and for more than two hundred years prior to his birth both his paternal and maternal ancestors had lived in New England. The poet's father was for several years publisher and editor of the Easton "Argus," a political paper established at Portland, Maine, in 1803. He founded a religious paper, the Boston "Recorder," in 1816, which he conducted for twenty years, and he was also the founder of the first child's newspaper in the world, which is the now famous and widely circulated "Youth's Companion." Willis was six years old when his father removed to Boston. He had the best educational facilities from private tutors and select schools, completing his course at Yale College, where he graduated in 1827. While in college he published several religious poems under the signature of "Roy," gaining in one instance a prize of

fifty dollars for the best poem. After his graduation Willis became the editor of a series of volumes published by S. G. Goodrich, entitled "The Legendary." He next established the "American Monthly Magazine" which he merged after two years into the New York "Mirror," to which paper his "Pencilings by the Way" were contributed during a four year's tour in Europe, on which journey he was attached to the American legation at Paris, and with a diplomatic passport visited the various capitals of Europe and the East. During this sojourn, in 1835, he married Miss Mary Stace, daughter of a Waterloo officer.

After his marriage Mr. Willis returned to this country with his wife and established a home on the Susquehanna River, which he called Glenmary, the latter part of the word being in honor of his wife. Here he hoped to spend the remainder of his days quietly in such literary work as pleased his taste, but the resources from which his support came were swept away in a financial disaster and he was forced to return to active life. He disposed of his country seat, removed to New York, and in connection with Dr. Porter established the "Corsair," a weekly journal. In the interest of this publication Mr. Willis made a second journey to England, engaging Mr. Thackeray and other well-known writers as contributors. While absent he published a miscellany of his magazine stories with the title of "Loiterings of Travel" and also two of his plays. On returning to New York he found that Dr. Porter had suddenly abandoned their project in discouragement and he formed a new connection with the "Evening Mirror." Soon after this the death of his wife occurred, his own health failed, and he went abroad determining to spend his life in Germany. On reaching Berlin he was attached to the American legation, but went away on a leave of absence to place his daughter in school in England. In the meantime his health grew so precarious that instead of returning to Berlin he sailed for America, where he spent the remainder of his life in contributing to various magazines. He established a home, "Idlewild," in the highlands of the Hudson beyond West Point, where he died in 1867 on his sixty-first birthday.

Throughout his life Mr. Willis was an untiring worker and his days were no doubt ended much earlier than if he had taken proper rest. "The poetry of Mr. Willis," says Duyckinck, "is musical and original. His religious poems belong to a class of composition which critics might object to did not experience show them to be pleasing and profitable interpreters to many minds. The versification of these poems is of remarkable smoothness. Indeed they have gained the author's reputation where his nicer poems would have failed to be appreciated. On the other hand his novel in rhyme, 'Lady Jane,' is one of the very choicest of the numerous poems cast in the model of 'Don Juan;' while his dramas are delicate creations of sentiment and passion with a relic of the old poetic Elizabethan stage." As a traveler Mr. Willis has no superior in representing the humors and experiences of the world. He is sympathetic, witty, observant, and at the same time inventive. That his labors were pursued through broken health with unremitting diligence is another claim to consideration which the public should be prompt to acknowledge.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.



HE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung
low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy,
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured
In agony that would not be controlled
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled

With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The King stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

“Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb;
My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet ‘*My father*,’ from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

“The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

“And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

“And now farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:

And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned: and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

“I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th’ eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—Oh, God! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow;
Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

“Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! Oh, God! if I might only live!
My phial——Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.

“Aye,—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

“This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—
To live, Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
And death——Aha! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o’er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!——God of heaven! I die!”

’Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th’ expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out.
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th’ alembic’s rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master’s will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.



ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is buildd well,
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.

I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast.
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet, unstirred,

Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast;
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart up-fold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares, and calmly breathe
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.





RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

POET AND JOURNALIST.



WITH no commanding antecedents to support him, Richard Henry Stoddard has, step by step, fought his way to a position which is alike creditable to his indomitable energy and his genius. Stoddard was born July 2, 1825, at Hingham, Mass. His father was a sea-captain, who, while the poet was yet in his early youth, sailed for Sweden. Tidings of his vessel never came back,—this was in 1835. The mother removed, the same year, with her son to New York, where he attended the public schools of the city. Necessity compelled the widow, as soon as his age permitted, to put young Stoddard to work, and he was placed in an iron foundry to learn this trade. “Here he worked for some years,” says one of his biographers, “dreaming in the intervals of his toil, and even then moulding his thoughts into the symmetry of verse while he moulded the molten metal into shapes of grace.” At the same time he pursued a course of private reading and study, and began to write poems and sketches for his own pleasure.

It was in 1847 that the earliest blossoms of his genius appeared in the “Union Magazine,” which gave evidence that his mind as well as his body was toiling. In 1848 he issued a small volume of poems entitled, “Footprints,” which contained some pieces of merit; but he afterwards suppressed the entire edition. About this time his health failed and, to recuperate, he gave up, temporarily, his mechanical vocation; but literature took such possession of him that he never returned to the foundry.

In 1852 he issued his second volume entitled, “Poems,” and became a regular contributor to the magazines. In 1860 he was made literary editor of the “New York World,” which position he retained until 1870, and since 1880 he has held a similar position on the “New York Mail and Express.” He, also, from 1853 to 1873 held a government position in the Custom House of New York. During this time Mr. Stoddard also edited a number of works with prefaces and introductions by himself, among which may be mentioned the “Bric-a-Brac Series.” Prominent titles of the author’s own books are “Songs of Summer,” which appeared in 1856; “The King’s Bell,” a series of most delicate suggestive pictures, (1862); “Abraham Lincoln, A Horatian Ode,” (1865); “The Book of the East,” poems, (1871); a collective edition entitled, “Poems,” (1880), and “The Lion’s Cub,” poems, (1890).

One of our most eminent literary critics declares: “Mr. Stoddard’s mind is essen-

tially poetical. All his works are stamped with earnestness. His style is characterized by purity and grace of expression. He is a master of rythmical melody and his mode of treating a subject is sometimes exquisitely subtle. In his poems there is no rude writing. All is finished and highly glazed. The coloring is warm, the costumes harmonious, the grouping symmetrical. His poetry always possesses a spiritual meaning. Every sound and sight in nature is to him a symbol which strikes some spiritual chord. The trees that wave at his window, and the moon that silvers his roof are to him things that play an intimate part in his existence. Thus in all his poems will be found an echo from an internal to an external nature, the harmony resulting from the intimate union of both."

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, the wife of the author, has shared heartily in the literary labors of her husband, assisting him in his compilations, and is, herself, author of numerous contributions to the magazines and a number of pleasing poems. She has also written several novels.

A dinner was given to Mr. Stoddard by the Author's Club at the Hotel Savoy on March 25th, 1897, at which more than one hundred and fifty persons gathered to do honor to the venerable poet. Mr. E. C. Stedman, the poet, presided, and good talk abounded. It is impossible in this space to give any extended note of the addresses. Letters of regret were received from many friends of Mr. Stoddard who were unable to be present, including Bishop Potter, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Dr. Andrew D. White, William Allen Butler, Donald G. Mitchell, James Whitcomb Riley and others.

The admirable letter of Donald G. Mitchell (the famous Ik Marvel), closed in these words:

"There is not one of you who has a truer relish for the charming ways in which that favorite poet can twist our good mother-English into resonant shapes of verse. I pray you to tell him so, and that only the weakness of age—quickenened by this wintry March—keeps me from putting in an "Adsum," at the roll-call of your guests."

The "Hoosier Poet" sent these lines to represent him:

O princely poet! kingly heir
Of gifts divinely sent—
Your own—nor envy anywhere,
Nor voice of discontent.

Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,
And frail and weak of wing,
Your height is ours—your ecstasy,
Your glory, where you sing.

Most favored of the gods and great
In gifts beyond our store,
We covet not your rich estate,
But prize our own the more.

The gods give as but gods may do;
We count our riches thus—
They gave their richest gifts to you,
And then gave you to us.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Mr. Stoddard responded to Mr. Riley and others in the poem quoted below, which shows the vigor of mind and spirit enjoyed by this venerable poet of three score years and ten and five, on whom the snows of three-quarters of a century have fallen so lightly that they seem but to have mellowed rather than weakened his powers.

A CURTAIN CALL.

GENTLEMEN: If I have any right
 To come before you here to-night
 It is conferred on me by you,
 And more for what I tried to do
 Than anything that I have done.
 A start, perhaps, a race not won!
 But 'tis not wholly lost, I see,
 For you, at least, believe in me.
 Comrades, nay, fellows, let me say,
 Since life at most is but a play,
 And we are players, one and all,
 And this is but a curtain call,
 If I were merely player here,
 And this assumption of his part,
 I might pretend to drop a tear,
 And lay my hand upon my heart
 And say I could not speak, because
 I felt so deeply your applause!
 I cannot do this, if I would;
 I can but thank you, as I should,
 And take the honors you bestow—
 A largess, not a lawful claim;
 My share thereof is small, I know,
 But from your hands to-night is fame—
 A precious crown in these pert days
 Of purchased or of self-made bays;
 You give it—I receive it, then,
 Though rather for your sake than mine.
 A long and honorable line
 Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,
 Founded when this old world was young,
 And need was to preserve for men

(Lost else) what had been said and sung,
 Tales our forgotten fathers told,
 Dimly remembered from of old,
 Sonorous canticles and prayers,
 Service of elder gods than theirs
 Which they knew not; the epic strain
 Wherein dead peoples lived again!
 A long, unbroken line is ours;
 It has outlived whole lines of kings,
 Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
 And nations pass away like flowers—
 Ruin and darkness cover all!
 Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
 The endless ebb and flow of things,
 The rush of Time's resistless wings!
 Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
 One thing remains: Letters remain!
 Your art and mine, yours more than mine,
 Good fellows of the lettered line,
 To whom I owe this Curtain Call,
 I thank you all, I greet you all.
 Noblesse oblige! But while I may,
 Another word, my last, maybe:
 When this life-play of mine is ended,
 And the black curtain has descended,
 Think kindly as you can of me,
 And say, for you may truly say,
 "This dead player, living, loved his part,
 And made it noble as he could,
 Not for his own poor personal good,
 But for the glory of his art!"

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

MY heart is full of tenderness and tears,
 And tears are in mine eyes. I know not why;
 With all my grief, content to live for years,
 Or even this hour to die.
 My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
 My love is dead, or worse than dead
 can be;

My friends drop off like blossoms from a
 bough,
 But nothing troubles me,
 Only the golden flush of sunset lies
 Within my heart like fire, like dew within
 my eyes!

Spirit of Beauty! whatsoe'er thou art,
 I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power;
 It is thy presence fills this charmed hour,
 And fills my charmed heart;
 Nor mine alone, but myriads feel thee now,
 That know not what they feel, nor why they bow;
 Thou canst not be forgot,
 For all men worship thee, and know it not;
 Nor men alone, but babes with wondrous eyes,
 New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!

We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
 The gift and heirloom of a former state,
 And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
 Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
 Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
 And up and down the skies,
 With winged sandals shod,
 The angels come, and go, the messengers of God!
 Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart,—
 It is the childish heart;
 We walk as heretofore,
 Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore!
 Not Heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
 Groping our way along the downward slope of years!

From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
 With childish feet I trod thy temple aisle;
 Not knowing tears, I worshipped thee with smiles,
 Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!
 By day, and night, on land, and sea, and air,—
 I saw thee everywhere!
 A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
 The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
 The birds did sing to lap me in content,
 The rivers wove their charms,
 And every little daisy in the grass
 Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
 Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
 We feel a growing want we cannot name,
 And long for something sweet, but undefined;
 The wants of Beauty other wants create,
 Which overflow on others soon or late;

For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
 By Love, or Song, or Art:
 Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
 Her thin white cheek forever leaned on thine;
 And Music leads her sister Poesy,
 In exultation shouting songs divine!
 But on thy breast Love lies,—immortal child!—
 Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild:
 The more we worship him, the more we grow
 Into thy perfect image here below;
 For here below, as in the spheres above,
 All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty, Love!

Not from the things around us do we draw
 Thy light within; within the light is born;
 The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
 And added canons of eternal law.
 The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
 The sculptor's statue, never saw the Day;
 Not shaped and moulded after aught of clay,
 Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrong;
 Hue after hue divinest pictures grow,
 Line after line immortal songs arise,
 And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
 The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes!
 And in the master's mind
 Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
 That echoes through a range of ocean caves,
 And straight is gone to weave its spell upon the
 waves!
 The mystery is thine,
 For thine the more mysterious human heart,
 The temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
 The oracle of Art!

Earth is thine outer court, and Life a breath;
 Why should we fear to die, and leave the earth?
 Not thine alone the lesser key of Birth,—
 But all the keys of Death;
 And all the worlds, with all that they contain
 Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone;
 The universe is girdled with a chain,
 And hung below the throne
 Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless,—
 Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal loveliness!

A DIRGE.



FEW frail summers had touched thee,
 As they touch the fruit;
 Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
 Not so sweet as thy voice the lute.
 Hushed the voice, shorn the hair, all is over:
 An urn of white ashes remains;
 Nothing else save the tears in our eyes,

And our bitterest, bitterest pains!
 We garland the urn with white roses,
 Burn incense and gums on the shrine,
 Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
 Dear tunes that were thine!
 But in vain, all in vain;
 Thou art gone—we remain!

THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.



YOU were very charming, Madam,
 In your silks and satins fine ;
 And you made your lovers drunken,
 But it was not with your wine !
 There were court gallants in dozens,
 There were princes of the land,
 And they would have perished for you
 As they knelt and kissed your hand—
*For they saw no stain upon it,
 It was such a snowy hand !*

But for me—I knew you better,
 And, while you were flaunting there,
 I remembered some one lying,
 With the blood on his white hair !
 He was pleading for you, Madam,
 Where the shriven spirits stand ;
 But the Book of Life was darkened,
 By the Shadow of a Hand !
*It was tracing your perdition,
 For the blood upon your hand !*

A SERENADE.

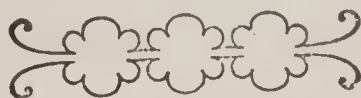


THE moon is muffled in a cloud,
 That folds the lover's star,
 But still beneath thy balcony
 I touch my soft guitar.

If thou art waking, Lady dear,
 The fairest in the land,
 Unbar thy wreathed lattice now,
 And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not ; her spirit lies
 In trances mute and deep ;—
 But Music turns the golden key
 Within the gate of Sleep !

Then let her sleep, and if I fail
 To set her spirit free !
 My song shall mingle in her dream
 And she will dream of me !





WALT WHITMAN.

AUTHOR OF "LEAVES OF GRASS."



PERHAPS the estimates of critics differ more widely respecting the merits or demerits of Whitman's verse than on that of any other American or English poet. Certain European critics regard him as the greatest of all modern poets. Others, both in this country and abroad, declare that his so called poems are not poems at all, but simply a bad variety of prose. One class characterizes him the "poet of democracy; the spokesman of the future; full of brotherliness and hope, loving the warm, gregarious pressure of the crowd and the touch of his comrade's elbow in the ranks." The other side, with equal assurance, assert that the Whitman *culte* is the passing fad of a few literary men, and especially of a number of foreign critics like Rosetti, Swinburne and Buchanan, who were determined to find something unmistakably American—that is, different from anything else—and Whitman met this demand both in his personality and his verse. They further declared that his poetry was superlatively egotistical, his principal aim being always to laud himself. This criticism they prove by one of his own poems entitled "Walt Whitman," in which he boldly preaches his claim to the love of the masses by declaring himself a "typical average man" and therefore "not individual" but "universal."

Perhaps it is better in the scope of this article to leave Walt Whitman between the fires of his laudators on one side and of his decriers on the other. Certainly the canons of poetic art will never consent to the introduction of some things that he has written into the treasure-house of the muses. For instance,—

"And (I) remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;
He stayed with me a week before he was recuperated and passed North."

These worse than prosaic lines do not require a critic to declare them devoid of any element of poetry. But on the other hand, that Whitman had genius is undeniable. His stalwart verse was often beautifully rhythmic and the style which he employed was nobly grand. Time will sift the wheat from the chaff, consuming the latter and preserving the golden grains of true poetry to enrich the future garner of our great American literature. No one of the many tributes to Lincoln, not even Lowell's noble eulogy, is more deeply charged with exalted feeling than is Whitman's dirge for Abraham Lincoln written after the death of the President, in which the refrain "O Captain, my Captain," is truly beautiful. Whitman was no mean master in ordinary blank verse, to which he often reverted in his most inspiring passages.

One of the chief charms of Whitman's poetry consists in the fact that the author seems to feel, himself, always happy and cheerful, and he writes with an ease and abandon that is pleasant to follow. Like one strolling about aimlessly amid pleasing surroundings, he lets his fancy and his senses play and records just what they see or dictate. This characteristic, perhaps, accounts for the fact that his single expressions are often unsurpassed for descriptive beauty and truth, such as the reference to the prairies, "where herds of buffalo make a crawling spread of the square miles." Whoever used a more original and striking figure? Many of his poems strikingly remind one in their constructions (but not in religious fervor) to the Psalms of David. There is also often a depth of passion and an intoxication in his rhythmic chant that is found perhaps in no other writer, as this specimen, personifying night, will illustrate:

"Press close, bare-bosomed night! Press close, magnetic, nourishing night!

Night of the South wind! Night of the few larger stars! still, nodding night! Mad, naked, summer night!"

Again, Whitman was always hopeful. Like Emerson, he renounced all allegiance to the past, and looked confidently to the future. And this reminds us that Emerson wrote the introductory to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," which suggests that that writer may have exerted no small influence in forming Whitman's style, for the vagueness of his figures, his disconnected sentences, and occasionally his verbiage, are not unlike those of the "Concord Prophet." Again, the question arises, did he not seek, like Emerson, to be the founder of a school of authorship? His friendliness toward young authors and his treatment of them indicate this, and the following he has raised up attests the success he attained, whether sought or unsought. But the old adage, "like king like people," has a deal of truth in it; and as Whitman was inferior to Emerson in the exaltation of his ideals, and the unselfishness and sincerity of his nature, so his followers must fall short of the accomplishments of those who sat at the feet of "the good and great Emerson."

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819, and was educated at the public schools of Brooklyn and New York. Subsequently he followed various occupations, among which were those of printer, teacher, carpenter, journalist, making in the meantime extended tours in Canada and the United States. During the Civil War he served as a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals, and at the close was appointed as government clerk at Washington. In 1873 he had a severe paralytic attack, which was followed by others, and he took up his residence in Camden, New Jersey, where he died in 1892. He was never married.

Mr. Whitman's principal publications are "Leaves of Grass," issued first in 1855, but he continued to add to and revise it, the "finished edition," as he called it, appearing in 1881. Succeeding this came "Drum Taps," "Two Rivulets," "Specimen Days and Collect," "November Boughs," "Sands at Seventy." "Democratic Vista" was a prose work appearing in 1870. "Good-Bye, My Fancy," was his last book, prepared between 1890 and his death. His complete poems and prose have also been collected in one volume.

Two recent biographies of the poet have been published: one by John Burroughs, entitled "Walt Whitman, a Study;" the other, "Walt Whitman, the Man," by Thomas Donaldson. The titles indicate the difference in the two treatments. Both biographers are great admirers of Whitman.

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL.

The following poems are from "Leaves of Grass" and are published by special permission of Mr Horace L. Trauble, Mr. Whitman's literary executor.



DAREST thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown
region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor
any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are
in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,

All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds
bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them
to fulfil, O soul.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!



O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip
is done,

The ship has weather'd every rack, the
prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

IN ALL, MYSELF.

FROM "SONG OF MYSELF."

The following lines have been commented upon as presenting a strange and erratic combination of the most commonplace prose with passionate and sublime poetic sentiment.



I AM the poet of the Body and I am the
poet of the Soul,

The pleasures of heaven are with me and
the pains of hell are with me;

The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter
I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a
man,

And I say there is nothing greater than the mother
of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every-
one, and still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing
night,

I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.

Press close bare-blossom'd night—press close magnetic
nourishing night!

Night of the South winds—night of the large few
stars!

Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of the departed sunset—earth of the moun-
tain misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just
tinged with blue!
Earth of the shine and dark mottling the tide of the
river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and
clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd
earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you
give love!
O unspeakable, passionate love.

OLD IRELAND.

FAR hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrow-
ful mother,

Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd
seated on the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her
shoulders,

At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her shrouded
hope and heir,

Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow be-
cause most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,

You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground
with forehead between your knees;
O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white hair
so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave;
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead;
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again, young and
strong, in another country,
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by
the grave,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the
grave;
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it;
And now, with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

PÆAN OF JOY.

FROM "THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER."

Reference has been made to the similarity in style manifested in some of Whitman's poems to the style of the Psalmist. Certain parts of "In all, myself," and the following justify the criticism.

NOW trumpeter for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing
faith and hope,

Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the
future,

Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!

A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,

Marches of victory—man disenthral'd—the conqueror
at last,

Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all
joy!

A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and health—
all joy!

Riotous, laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged
—nothing but joy left!

The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the
ecstasy of life!

Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!



JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

POET AND SCIENTIST.



URING the past forty years Indiana has been prolific in producing prominent men. General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller and Maurice Thompson are among the prominent men of letters who are natives of the "Hoosier State."

Maurice Thompson is claimed as belonging to both the North and South, and his record, perhaps, justifies this double claim. He was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9th, 1844, but his parents removed to Kentucky during his childhood and subsequently to Northern Georgia. He grew up in the latter state, and was so thoroughly Southern in sentiment that he enlisted and fought in the Confederate Army. At the end of the war, however, he returned to Indiana, where he engaged with a Railway Surveying Party in which he proved himself so efficient that he was raised from a subordinate to the head position in that work, which he followed for some years. After a course of study in law, he began his practice in Crawfordsville, Indiana, the same town in which General Lew Wallace lived. It was from this section that he was elected to the legislature in 1879.

Maurice Thompson is not only a man of letters, but is a scientist of considerable ability. In 1885, he was appointed chief of the State Geological Survey. He was also a Naturalist devoting much attention to ornithology. Many of his poems and most delightful prose sketches are descriptive of bird life.

Mr. Thompson has traveled much in the United States, and his writings in various periodicals as well as his books have attracted wide attention for their original observation and extensive information while they are excelled by few modern writers for poetic richness and diction.

The first book published by this author was entitled "Hoosier Mosaics" which appeared in 1875. Since then he has issued quite a number of volumes among which are "The Witchery of Archey;" "The Tallahassee Girl;" "His Second Campaign;" "Songs of Fair Weather;" "At Loves Extremes;" "By Ways and Bird Notes;" "The Boy's Book of Sports;" "A Banker of Bankersville;" "Sylvan Secrets;" "The Story of Louisiana;" "A Fortnight of Folly."

In 1890 Mr. Thompson published "Bankers of Boonville" and the same year became a staff writer for the New York Independent.



N. P. WILLIS



WALT WHITMAN



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



RICHARD WATSON GILDER



COL. JOHN HAY



WELL KNOWN AMERICAN POETS



CERES.*

(THE GODDESS OF GRAIN.)

THE wheat was flowing ankle-deep
 Across the field from side to side;
 And dipping in the emerald waves,
 The swallows flew in circles wide.

The sun, a moment flaring red,
 Shot level rays athwart the world,
 Then quenched his fire behind the hills,
 With rosy vapors o'er him curled.

A sweet, insinuating calm,—
 A calm just one remove from sleep,
 Such as a tranquil watcher feels,
 Seeing mild stars at midnight sweep

Through splendid purple deeps, and swing
 Their old, ripe clusters down the west

To where, on undiscovered hills,
 The gods have gathered them to rest,—

A calm like that hung over all
 The dusky groves, and, filtered through
 The thorny hedges, touched the wheat
 Till every blade was bright with dew.

Was it a dream? We call things dreams
 When we must needs do so, or own
 Belief in old, exploded myths,
 Whose very smoke has long since flown.

Was it a dream? Mine own eyes saw,
 And Ceres came across the wheat
 That, like bright water, dimpled round
 The golden sandals of her feet.

DIANA.*

(THE GODDESS OF THE CHASE.)

SHE had a bow of yellow horn
 Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows strong and good,
 Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
 Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
 Lest her bow-string should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
 And hair pure gold blown hoyden-wise.

Across her face like shining mist
 That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs! how matched and round and fine!
 How free like song! how strong like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
 How swift her silver-sandalled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
 Wind-like she wandered through the land.

No man (or king or lord or churl)
 Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

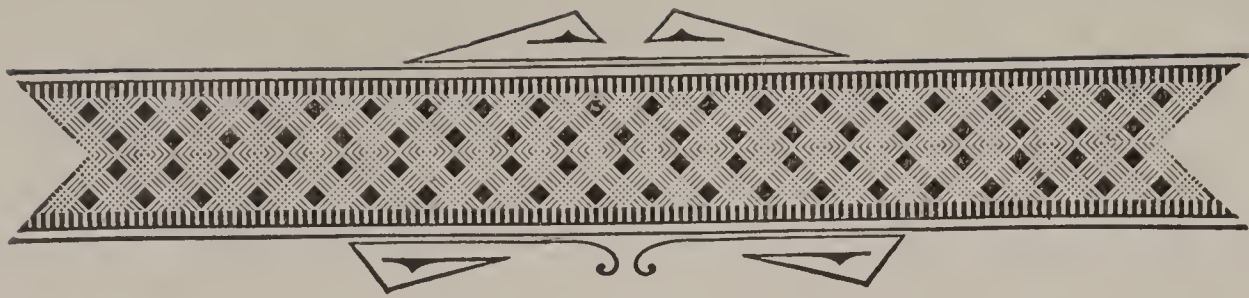
And woe to him who came upon
 Her nude, at bath, like Acteon!

So dire his fate, that one who heard
 The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
 Felt sudden quickening of his blood;

Cast one swift look, then ran away
 Far through the green, thick groves of May!

Afraid, lest down the wind of spring
 He'd hear an arrow whispering!



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



WITHOUT the rich imagination of Stoddard, or the versatility of Stedman, Mr. Aldrich surpasses them both in delicate and artistic skill. His jewelled lines, exquisitely pointed, express a single mood or a dainty epigram with a pungent and tasteful beauty that places him easily at the head of our modern lyrical writers.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836. In childhood he was taken to Louisiana, where he remained a number of years, his father being a merchant at New Orleans. After returning to Portsmouth, he was preparing for college when his father suddenly died, making it necessary for him to relinquish this design, to take a position of immediate remuneration, which he found in his uncle's counting house in New York. This pursuit he found so far removed from the bent of his mind, however, that he gave it up after three years to take a situation as a reader in a New York publishing house. During his mercantile career he contributed to the current press, and afterwards became attached to various periodicals as contributor or in an editorial capacity. Among others, he worked on N. P. Willis' "Home Journal," the "Illustrated News," and the "New York Evening Mirror." During the Civil War he was for a time with the Army of the Potomac, as a newspaper correspondent. In 1865, he married, and removed to Boston, where he edited "The Weekly Journal" every Saturday. He remained with this paper until 1874. In 1881 he succeeded William Dean Howells as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." This position he resigned in 1890 in order to devote himself to personal literary work and travel. The degree of A. M. was conferred upon him in 1883 by Yale, and in 1896 by Harvard University.

Mr. Aldrich had published one volume of verse, "The Bells" (1854), a collection of juvenile verses, before the "Ballad of Baby Bell and Other Poems" appeared in 1858, and made his reputation as a poet. Other volumes of his poetry issued at the following dates are entitled: "Pampinea and Other Poems" (1861), "Cloth of Gold and Other Poems" (1873), "Flower and Thorn" (1876), "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" (1881), "Mercedes and Later Lyrics" (1883), "Wyndham Towers" (1889), "Judith and Holofernes, a Poem" (1896).

Among the prose works of the author we mention "Out of His Head, a Romance" (1862), "The Story of a Bad Boy" (1869),—which became at once a favorite by its naturalness and purity of spirit,—"Majorie Daw and Other People" (1873), "Prudence Palfrey" (1874), "The Queen of Sheba" (1877), "The Stillwater Tragedy" (1880), "From Ponkapog to Pesth" (1883), "The Sisters Tragedy" (1890),

“An Old Town by the Sea;” and “Two Bites at a Cherry and other Tales” (1893), “Unguarded Gates” (1895). “Complete Works,” in eight volumes, were published in 1897. Mr. Aldrich is said to be a man of the world as well as a man of letters and his personal popularity equals his literary reputation. We cannot better illustrate his companionable nature and close this sketch than by presenting the following pen picture of an incident, clipped from a recent magazine:

“During a visit to England, upon one occasion, Mr. Aldrich was the guest of William Black, with a number of other well known people. An English journalist of some distinction, who had no time to keep in touch with the personality of



THOMAS B. ALDRICH'S STUDY.

poets, met Mr. Aldrich, and they became excellent friends. They went on long shooting expeditions together, and found each other more than good companions. The last night of their stay came, and after dinner Mr. Black made a little speech, in which he spoke of Mr. Aldrich's poetry in a graceful fashion. The London journalist gave a gasp, and looked at Mr. Aldrich, who rose to make a response, as if he had never seen him before. As the poet sat down he leaned over him, and said:—

“Say, Aldrich, are you the man who writes books?”

“Yes,” Mr. Aldrich said. “I am glad you don't know, for I am sure you liked me for myself.”

ALEC YEATON'S SON.*

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720.



HE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!"

"For me—my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may:
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

"But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in thy hand!"

"For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one!—
Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, steady, helm! Right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light:
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!"—
They knew it, though 't was but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God His strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown
And the little child go free!

ON LYNN TERRACE.*



ALL day to watch the blue wave curl and
break,
All night to hear it plunging on the
shore—
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I
take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave softly bears me back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

Once more I halt in Andalusian Pass,
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;
Below, against the dull esparto grass,
The almonds glimmer white.

Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays and browns
Invite my fancy, and I wander through
The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
The world's first sailors knew.

Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
Venice salutes my eyes.

Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
And catch, through slits of windows here and there,
Blue glimpses of the Rhine.

Again I pass Norwegian fjord and fjeld,
And through bleak wastes to where the sunset's fires

*By special permission of the Author.

Light up the white-walled Russian citadel,
The Kremlin's domes and spires.

And now I linger in green English lanes,
By garden plots of rose and heliotrope;
And now I face the sudden pelting rains
On some lone Alpine slope.

Now at Tangier, among the packed bazars,
I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like stars,
And curved knives of the Moors;

Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;

What would Howadji—silver, gold, or stone?
Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the gates
The camels make their moan.

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow caves of night.

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH AT "THE PLAYERS."

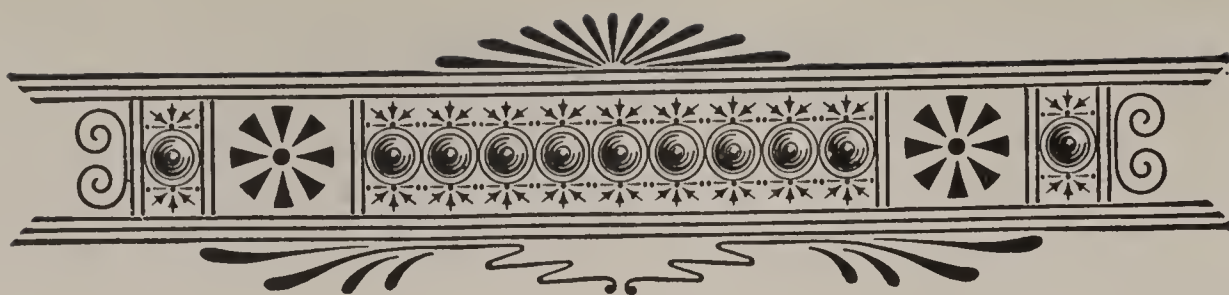
By Permission of the Author.



HAT face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple * that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;

With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 't is the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

* The club-house in Gramercy Park, New York, was the gift of Mr. Booth to the association founded by him and named "The Players."



RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

“POET, EDITOR AND REFORMER.”



AMONG the current poets of America, few, perhaps, deserve more favorable mention than the subject of this sketch. His poetry is notable for its purity of sentiment and delicacy of expression. The story of his life also is one to stimulate the ambition of youth, who, in this cultured age, have not enjoyed the benefits of that college training which has come to be regarded as one of the necessary preliminaries to literary aspiration. This perhaps is properly so, that the public may not be too far imposed upon by incompetent writers. And while it makes the way very hard for him who attempts to scale the walls and force his passage into the world of letters—having not this passport through the gateway—it is the more indicative of the “real genius” that he should assay the task in an heroic effort; and, if he succeeds in surmounting them, the honor is all the greater, and the laurel wreath is placed with more genuine enthusiasm upon the victor’s brow by an applauding public.

Richard Watson Gilder does not enjoy the distinction of being a college graduate. He received his education principally in Bellevue Seminary, Bordentown, New Jersey (where he was born February 8, 1844), under the tutelage of his father, Rev. Wm. H. Gilder. Mr. Gilder’s intention was to become a lawyer and began to study for that profession in Philadelphia; but the death of his father, in 1864, made it necessary for him to abandon law to take up something that would bring immediate remuneration. This opportunity was found on the staff of the Newark, New Jersey, “Daily Advertiser,” with which he remained until 1868, when he resigned and founded the “Newark Morning Register,” with Newton Crane as joint editor. The next year, Mr. Gilder, then twenty-five years of age, was called to New York as editor of “Hours at Home,” a monthly journal.

His editorials in “Hours at Home” attracted public attention, and some of his poems were recognized as possessing superior merit. Dr. G. Holland, editor of “Scribner’s Monthly,” was especially drawn to the rising young poet and when, in 1870, it became the “Century Magazine,” Dr. Holland chose Mr. Gilder as his associate editor. On the death of Dr. Holland, in 1881, Mr. Gilder became editor-in-chief. Under his able management of its columns the popularity of the “Century” has steadily advanced, the contribution of his pen and especially his occasional poems adding no small modicum to its high literary standing. His poetic compositions have been issued from time to time in book form and comprised several volumes of

poems, among which are "The New Day;" "The Poet and His Master"; "Lyrics;" and "The Celestial Passion."

Aside from his literary works, Mr. Gilder has been, in a sense, a politician and reformer. By the word politician we do not mean the "spoils-hunting partisan class," but, like Bryant, from patriotic motives he has been an independent champion of those principles which he regards to be the interest of his country and mankind at large. He comes by his disposition to mix thus in public affairs honestly. His father, before him, was an editor and writer as well as a clergyman. Thus "he was born," as the saying goes, "with printer's ink in his veins." When sixteen years of age (1860) he set up and printed a little paper in New Jersey, which became the organ of the Bell and Everett party in that section. Since that date he has manifested a lively interest in all public matters, where he considered the public good at stake. It was this disposition which forced him to the front in the movement for the betterment of the condition of tenement-houses in New York. He was pressed into the presidency of the Tenement-House Commission in 1894, and through his zeal a thorough inspection was made—running over a period of eight months—vastly improving the comfort and health of those who dwell in the crowded tenements of New York City. The influence of the movement has done much good also in other cities.

Mr. Gilder also takes a deep interest in education, and our colleges have no stauncher friend than he. His address on "Public Opinion" has been delivered by invitation before Yale, Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities. We quote a paragraph from this address which clearly sets forth his conception of public duty as it should be taught by our institutions of learning:—

"Who will lift high the standard of a disinterested and righteous public opinion if it is not the institutions of learning, great and small, private and public, that are scattered throughout our country? They are the responsible press, and the unsensational but fearless pulpit—it is these that must discriminate; that must set the standard of good taste and good morals, personal and public. They together must cultivate fearless leaders, and they must educate and inspire the following that makes leadership effectual and saving."

As appears from the above Mr. Gilder is a man of exalted ideals. He despises sham, hypocrisy and all "wickedness in high places." He regards no man with so much scorn as he who uses his office or position to defend or shield law-breakers and enemies of the public. In his own words,—

"He, only, is the despicable one
Who lightly sells his honor as a shield
For fawning knaves, to hide them from the sun.
Too nice for crime yet, coward, he doth yield
For crime a shelter. Swift to Paradise
The contrite thief, not Judas with his price!"

SONNET.

(AFTER THE ITALIAN.)

From the "Five Books of Song." (1894.) The Century Co.

I KNOW not if I love her overmuch;
 But this I know, that when unto her face
 She lifts her hand, which rests there, still,
 a space,
 Then slowly falls—'tis I who feel that touch.
 And when she sudden shakes her head, with such
 A look, I soon her secret meaning trace.
 So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.

Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
 I am if she is gone; and when she goes,
 I know not why, for that is a strange art—
 As if myself should from myself depart.
 I know not if I love her more than those
 Who long her light have known; but for the rose
 She covers in her hair, I'd give my heart.

THE LIFE MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From "For the Country." (1897.) The Century Co.

HIS bronze doth keep the very form and
 mold
 Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this
 is he:
 That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
 That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that
 hold
 Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
 That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea

For storms to beat on; the lone agony
 Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
 Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
 As might some prophet of the elder day—
 Brooding above the tempest and the fray
 With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
 A power was his beyond the touch of art
 Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

SHERIDAN.

From "For the Country." (1897.) The Century Co.

QUIETLY, like a child
 That sinks in slumber mild,
 No pain or troubled thought his well-earned
 peace to mar,
 Sank into endless rest our thunder-bolt of war.

Though his the power to smite
 Quick as the lightning's light,—
 His single arm an army, and his name a host,—
 Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

But in the battle's flame
 How glorious he came!—
 Even like a white-combed wave that breaks and
 tears the shore,
 While wreck lies strewn behind, and terror flies before.

'Twas he,—his voice, his might,—
 Could stay the panic flight,
 Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat,
 And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.

He was our modern Mars;
 Yet firm his faith that wars
 Ere long would cease to vex the sad, ensanguined earth,
 And peace forever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

Blest land, in whose dark hour
 Arise to loftiest power
 No dazzlers of the sword to play the tyrant's part,
 But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

Of such our chief of all;
 And he who broke the wall
 Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend;
 And he who hath this day made Death his faithful
 friend.

And now above his tomb
 From out the eternal gloom
 "Welcome!" his chieftain's voice sounds o'er the
 cannon's knell;
 And of the three one only stays to say "Farewell!"

SUNSET FROM THE TRAIN.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

BUT then the sunset smiled,
 Smiled once and turned toward dark,
 Above the distant, wavering line of trees
 that filed
 Along the horizon's edge;
 Like hooded monks that hark
 Through evening air
 The call to prayer;—
 Smiled once, and faded slow, slow, slow away;
 When, like a changing dream, the long cloud-
 wedge,
 Brown-gray,
 Grew saffron underneath and, ere I knew,
 The interspace, green-blue—

The whole, illimitable, western, skyey shore,
 The tender, human, silent sunset smiled once more.

 Thee, absent loved one, did I think on now,
 Wondering if thy deep brow
 In dreams of me were lifted to the skies,
 Where, by our far sea-home, the sunlight dies;
 If thou didst stand alone,
 Watching the day pass slowly, slow, as here,
 But closer and more dear,
 Beyond the meadow and the long, familiar line
 Of blackening pine;
 When lo! that second smile;—dear heart, it was
 thine own.

"O SILVER RIVER FLOWING TO THE SEA."*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

OSILVER river flowing to the sea,
 Strong, calm, and solemn as thy moun-
 tains be!
 Poets have sung thy ever-living power,
 Thy wintry day, and summer sunset hour;
 Have told how rich thou art, how broad, how deep,
 What commerce thine, how many myriads reap
 The harvest of thy waters. They have sung
 Thy moony nights, when every shadow flung
 From cliff or pine is peopled with dim ghosts
 Of settlers, old-world fairies, or the hosts
 Of savage warriors that once plowed thy waves—
 Now hurrying to the dance from hidden graves;
 The waving outline of thy wooded mountains,

Thy populous towns that stretch from forest fountains
 On either side, far to the salty main,
 Like golden coins alternate on a chain.
 Thou pathway of the empire of the North,
 Thy praises through the earth have traveled forth!
 I hear thee praised as one who hears the shout
 That follows when a hero from the rout
 Of battle issues, "Lo, how brave is he,
 How noble, proud, and beautiful!" But she
 Who knows him best—"How tender!" So thou art
 The river of love to me!

—Heart of my heart,
 Dear love and bride—is it not so indeed?—
 Among your treasures keep this new-plucked reed.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

THERE is nothing new under the sun;
 There is no new hope or despair;
 The agony just begun
 Is as old as the earth and the air.
 My secret soul of bliss
 Is one with the singing stars,
 And the ancient mountains miss
 No hurt that my being mars.

 I know as I know my life,
 I know as I know my pain,

That there is no lonely strife,
 That he is mad who would gain
 A separate balm for his woe,
 A single pity and cover;
 The one great God I know
 Hears the same prayer over and over.

I know it because at the portal
 Of Heaven I bowed and cried,
 And I said: "Was ever a mortal
 Thus crowned and crucified!"

My praise thou hast made my blame;
 My best thou hast made my worst;
 My good thou hast turned to shame;
 My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
 Ere from that place I turned;

I trembled, I hung my head,
 My cheek, shame-smitten, burned;
 For there where I bowed down
 In my boastful agony,
 I thought of thy cross and crown—
 O Christ! I remembered thee.

MEMORIAL DAY.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

SHE saw the bayonets flashing in the sun,
 The flags that proudly waved; she heard
 the bugles calling;
 She saw the tattered banners falling
 About the broken staffs, as one by one
 The remnant of the mighty army passed;
 And at the last
 Flowers for the graves of those whose fight was done.

She heard the tramping of ten thousand feet
 As the long line swept round the crowded square;
 She heard the incessant hum

That filled the warm and blossom-scented air—
 The shrilling fife, the roll and throb of drum,
 The happy laugh, the cheer. Oh glorious and meet
 To honor thus the dead,
 Who chose the better part,
 Who for their country bled!
 —The dead! Great God! she stood there in the
 street,
 Living, yet dead in soul and mind and heart—
 While far away
 His grave was decked with flowers by strangers' hands
 to-day.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.*

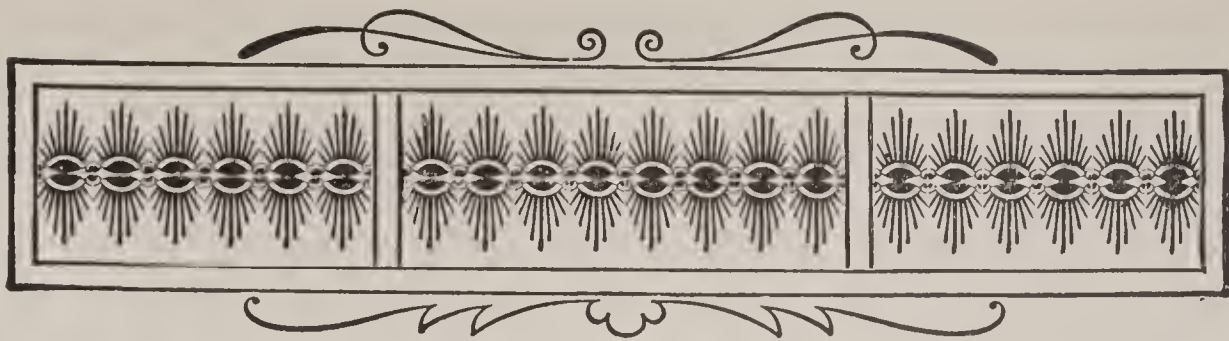
From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

I AM a woman—therefore I may not
 Call him, cry to him,
 Fly to him,
 Bid him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit quiet;
 Still as a stone—
 All silent and cold.
 If my heart riot—
 Crush and defy it!
 Should I grow bold,
 Say one dear thing to him,
 All my life fling to him,
 Cling to him—
 What to atone
 Is enough for my sinning!
 This were the cost to me,
 This were my winning—
 That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
 At last if he part from me,
 Tearing my heart from me,
 Hurt beyond cure—
 Calm and demure
 Then must I hold me,
 In myself fold me,
 Lest he discover;
 Showing no sign to him
 By look of mine to him
 What he has been to me—
 How my heart turns to him,
 Follows him, yearns to him,
 Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me,
 Thou God above me!



JOHN HAY.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BREECHES."



SIDE from General Lew Wallace and Edmund Clarence Stedman few business men or politicians have made a brighter mark in literature than the subject of this sketch.

John Hay was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8th, 1838. He was graduated at Brown's University at the age of twenty, studied law and began to practice at Springfield, Illinois, in 1861. Soon after this he was made private secretary of President Lincoln, which position he filled throughout the latter's administration. He also acted as Lincoln's adjutant and aid-de-camp, and it was in consequence of this that he was brevetted colonel. He also saw service under Generals Hunter and Gilmore as major and assistant adjutant general. After the close of the war Mr. Hay was appointed United States Secretary of Legation at Paris, serving in this capacity from 1865 to 1867, when he was appointed *charge d'affaires*, where he served for two years, being removed to take a position as Secretary of Legation at Madrid, where he remained until 1870, at which time he returned to the United States and accepted an editorial position on the "New York Tribune." This he resigned and removed to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1875, where he entered politics, taking an active part in the presidential campaigns of 1876, 1880 and 1884. Under President Hayes he was appointed as first assistant Secretary of State, which position he filled for nearly three years, and has made his home at Washington since that date. On March 17th, Mr. Hay was appointed by President McKinley as ambassador to Great Britain, where he was accorded the usual hearty welcome tendered by the British to American ambassadors, many of whom during the past fifty years having been men of high literary attainment. Shortly after Mr. Hay's arrival he was called upon to deliver an address at the unveiling of the Walter Scott monument, in which he did his country credit and maintained his own reputation as an orator and a man of letters.

As an author Mr. Hay's first published works were the "Pike County Ballads and Other Pieces" (1871), "Castilian Days" (1871), "Poems" (1890), and, (in conjunction with Mr. Nicolay), "Abraham Lincoln: a History," which is regarded as the authoritative biography of Mr. Lincoln. This was first published in serial form in the "Century Magazine" from 1887 to 1889. Colonel Hay has also been a frequent contributor to high class periodicals, and to him has been ascribed the authorship of the anonymous novel "The Bread Winners," which caused such agitation in labor circles a few years ago.

Like many authors, Mr. Hay came into popularity almost by accident. Certainly he had no expectation of becoming prominent when he wrote his poem "Little Breeches;" yet that poem caused him to be remembered by a wider class of readers, perhaps, than anything else he has contributed to literature. The following account of how this poem came to be written was published after Mr. Hay's appointment to the Court of St. James in 1897. The statement is given as made by Mr. A. L. Williams, an acquaintance of Mr. Hay, who lives in Topeka, Kansas, and knows the circumstances. "The fact is," says Mr. Williams, "the poem 'Little Breeches' and its reception by the American people make it one of the most humorous features of this day. It was written as a burlesque, and for no other purpose. Bret Harte had inaugurated a maudlin literature at a time when the 'litory' people of the United States were affected with hysteria. Under the inspiration of his genius, to be good was commonplace, to be virtuous was stupid—only gamblers, murderers and women of ill fame were heroic. Crime had reached its apotheosis. John Hay believed that ridicule would help cure this hysteria, and thus believing, wrote the burlesque, 'Little Breeches.' Wanting to make the burlesque so broad that the commonest intellect could grasp it, he took for his hero an unspeakably wretched brat whom no angel would touch unless to drop over the walls into Tophet, and made him the object of a special angelic miracle.

"Well, John sprung his 'Little Breeches' and then sat back with his mouth wide open to join in the laugh which he thought it would evoke from his readers. To his intense astonishment, people took it seriously, and instead of laughing Bret Harte out of the field, immediately made John Hay a formidable rival to that gentleman."

Next to "Little Breeches" the poem "Jim Bludso," perhaps, contributed most to Mr. Hay's reputation. Both of these selections will be found in the succeeding pages.

LITTLE BREECHES.



DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.

I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd learnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.

They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie;
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot—dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I jest flopped down on my marrowbones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night,
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white ;
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 An' that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar ? Angels.
 He could never have walked in that storm ;
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 An' fotching him to his own,
 Is a derved sight better business
 Than loafing around the Throne.

JIM BLUDSO.*

OF "THE PRAIRIE BELLE."



ALL, no ; I can't tell you whar he lives,
 Because he don't live, you see ;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
 And another one here, in Pike ;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never flunked, and he never lied—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
 To treat his engine well ;
 Never be passed on the river ;
 To mind the pilot's bell ;
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
 A thousand times he swore,
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last—
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she wouldn't be passed,

And so she come tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

A fire burst out as she cl'ared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin', and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word,
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint ; but at judgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty—a dead-sure thing—
 And went for it thar and then ;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

HOW IT HAPPENED.*



PRAY your pardon, Elsie,
 And smile that frown away
 That dims the light of your lovely face
 As a thunder-cloud the day,

I really could not help it,—
 Before I thought, it was done,—
 And those great grey eyes flashed bright and cold,
 Like an icicle in the sun.

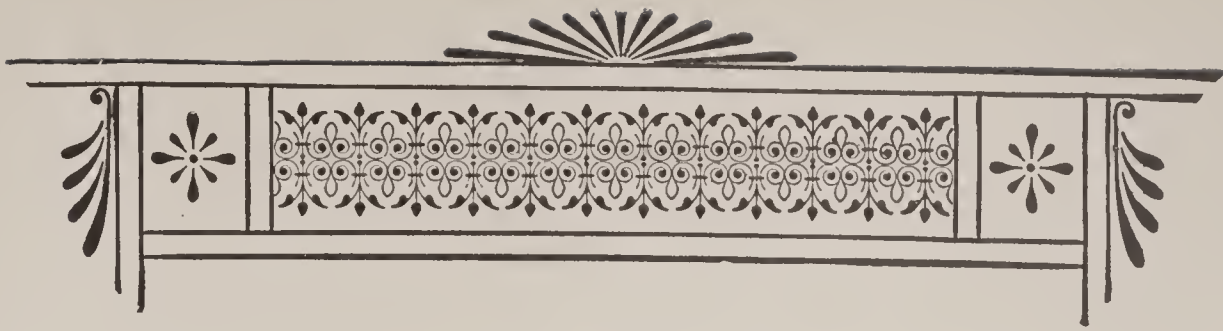
I was thinking of the summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay wind romped with her curls.
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not so much to pardon,—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant South.

And where after all is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away,
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In memory's magic shrine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
And kindle your heart to flame.





JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

“THE HOOSIER POET.”



O poet of the modern times has obtained a greater popularity with the masses than the Indianian, James Whitcomb Riley, who has recently obtained the rank of a National Poet, and whose temporary hold upon the people equals, if it does not exceed, that of any living verse writer. The productions of this author have crystallized certain features of life that will grow in value as time goes by. In reading “The Old Swimmin’ Hole,” one almost feels the cool refreshing water touch the thirsty skin. And such poems as “Griggsby’s Station,” “Airly Days,” “When the Frost is on the Punkin,” “That Old Sweetheart of Mine,” and others, go straight to the heart of the reader with a mixture of pleasant recollections, tenderness, humor, and sincerity, that is most delightful in its effect.

Mr. Riley is particularly a poet of the country people. Though he was not raised on a farm himself, he had so completely imbibed its atmosphere that his readers would scarcely believe he was not the veritable Benjamin F. Johnston, the simple-hearted Boone County farmer, whom he honored with the authorship of his early poems. To every man who has been a country boy and “played hookey” on the school-master to go swimming or fishing or bird-nesting or stealing water-melons, or simply to lie on the orchard grass, many of Riley’s poems come as an echo from his own experiences, bringing a vivid and pleasingly melodious retrospect of the past.

Mr. Riley’s “Child Verses” are equally as famous. There is an artless catching sing-song in his verses, not unlike the jingle of the “Mother Goose Melodies.” Especially fine in their faithfulness to child-life, and in easy rythm, are the pieces describing “Little Orphant Annie” and “The Raggedy Man.”

An’ Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An’ the lampwick sputters, an’ the wind goes woo-oo!
An’ you hear the crickets quit, an’ the moon is gray,
An’ the lightnin’-bug in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents and yer teacher fond an’ dear,
An’ cherish them ’at loves you and dry the orphant’s tear,
An’ he’p the poor an’ needy ones ’at cluster all about,
Er the gobble-uns ’ll git you
Ef you—don’t—*watch*—out.

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. His father was a Quaker, and a leading attorney of that place, and desired to make a lawyer

of his son; but Mr. Riley tells us, "Whenever I picked up 'Blackstone' or 'Greenleaf,' my wits went to wool-gathering, and my father was soon convinced that his hopes of my achieving greatness at the bar were doomed to disappointment." Referring to his education, the poet further says, "I never had much schooling, and what I did get, I believe did me little good. I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and juiceless thing to me; but I always was fond of reading in a random way, and took naturally to the theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme almost as soon as I could talk."

Riley's first occupation was as a sign painter for a patent-medicine man, with whom he traveled for a year. On leaving this employment he organized a company of sign painters, with whom he traveled over the country giving musical entertainments and painting signs. In referring to this he says, "All the members of the company were good musicians as well as painters, and we used to drum up trade with our music. We kept at it for three or four years, made plenty of money, had lots of fun, and did no harm to ourselves or any one else. Of course, during this sign painting period, I was writing verses all the time, and finally after the Graphic Company's last trip I secured a position on the weekly paper at Anderson." For many years Riley endeavored to have his verses published in various magazines, "sending them from one to another," he says, "to get them promptly back again." Finally, he sent some verses to the poet Longfellow, who congratulated him warmly, as did also Mr. Lowell, to whose "New England Dialectic Poems" Mr. Riley's "Hoosier Rhymes" bore a striking resemblance. From this time forward his success was assured, and, instead of hunting publishers, he has been kept more than busy in supplying their eager demands upon his pen.

Mr. Riley's methods of work are peculiar to himself. His poems are composed as he travels or goes about the streets, and, once they are thought out, he immediately stops and transfers them to paper. But he must work as the mood or muse moves him. He cannot be driven. On this point he says of himself, "It is almost impossible for me to do good work on orders. If I have agreed to complete a poem at a certain time, I cannot do it at all; but when I can write without considering the future, I get along much better." He further says, with reference to writing dialect, that it is not his preference to do so. He prefers the recognized poetic form; "but," he adds, "dialectic verse is natural and gains added charm from its very commonplaceness. If truth and depiction of nature are wanted, and dialect is a touch of nature, then it should not be disregarded. I follow nature as closely as I can, and try to make my people think and speak as they do in real life, and such success as I have achieved is due to this."

The first published work of the author was "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "'Leven More Poems," which appeared in 1883. Since that date he published a number of volumes. Among the most popular may be mentioned, "Armazindy," which contains some of his best dialect and serious verses, including the famous Poe Poem, "Leonainie," written and published in early life as one of the lost poems of Poe, and on which he deceived even Poe's biographers, so accurate was he in mimicking the style of the author of the "Raven;" "Neighborly Poems;" "Sketches in Prose," originally published as "The Boss Girl and Other Stories;" "After-whiles," comprising sixty-two poems and sonnets, serious, pathetic, humorous and



EUGENE FIELD.



BRET HARTE.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



JOAQUIN MILLER.
(CINNATUS HEINE.)



WILL CARLETON.

dialectic; "Pipes O' Pan," containing five sketches and fifty poems; "Rhymes of Childhood;" "Flying Islands of the Night," a weird and grotesque drama in verse; "Green Fields and Running Brooks," comprising one hundred and two poems and sonnets, dialectic, humorous and serious.

The poet has never married. He makes his home in Indianapolis, Indiana, with his sister, where his surroundings are of the most pleasant nature; and he is scarcely less a favorite with the children of the neighborhood than was the renowned child poet, Eugene Field, at his home. The devotion of Mr. Riley to his aged parents, whose last days he made the happiest and brightest of their lives, has been repeatedly commented upon in the current notices of the poet. Mr. Riley has personally met more of the American people, perhaps, than any other living poet. He is constantly "on the wing." For about eight months out of every twelve for the past several years he has been on the lecture platform, and there are few of the more intelligent class of people in the leading cities of America, who have not availed themselves, at one time or another, to the treat of listening to his inimitable recitation of his poems. His short vacation in the summer—"his loafing days," as he calls them—are spent with his relatives, and it is on these occasions that the genial poet is found at his best.

A BOY'S MOTHER.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

MY mother she's so' good to me,
Ef I wuz good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, *sir*!—
Can't *any* boy be good as *her*!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see

Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We *both* cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt'-nigh much as Ma.

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE WAR.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

WAS for Union—you, ag'in' it.
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at now and all 'at 's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes' set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather,
Or somepin' fittin'.

The war, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'int's o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes' splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still ockipies the'r old positions.
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

* By Permission of the Century Co.

Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal
 Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin'
 And git back home to the eternal
 Ca'm we're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
 When women does my cookin' for me,
 Ther' was n't overly much pie et
 Durin' the army.

OUR HIRED GIRL.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."



OUR hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
 An' she can cook best things to eat!
 She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
 An' pours in somepin' 'at 's good an'
 sweet;
 An' nen she salts it all on top
 With cinnamon; an' nen she 'll stop
 An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
 In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't wont slop
 An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
 It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!
 An' nen she 'll say,
 "Clear out o' my way!
 They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
 Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
 Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,
 An' says folks got to walk the chalk
 When *she's* around, er wisht they had!
 I play out on our porch an' talk
 To th' Raggedy Man 't mows our lawn;
 An' he says, "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on
 His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,

An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swawn!
 Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
 It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
 An' nen *he* 'll say,
 "Clear out o' my way!
 They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
 Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
 Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
 Got the supper, an' we all et,
 An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
 An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
 An' nen when we come home, an' see
 A light in the kitchen-door, an' we
 Heerd a maccordeun, Pa says, "Lan'-
 O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
 An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
 Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!
 Better say,
 "Clear out o' the way!
 They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
 Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
 Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

THE RAGGEDY MAN.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."



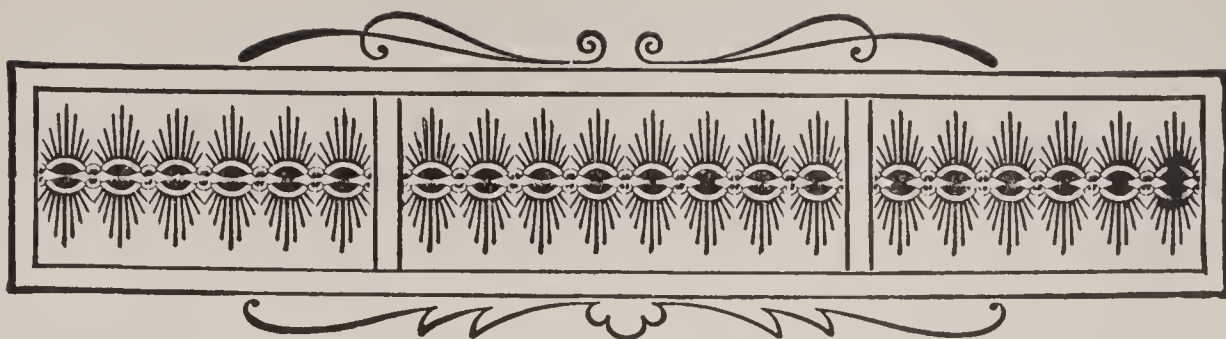
THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
 An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
 He comes to our house every day,
 An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
 An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
 When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
 An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
 He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
 Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good,
 He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
 An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
 An' does most things 't *boys* can't do.—
 He clumbed clean up in our big tree
 An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
 An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
 An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—
 Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
 An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
 Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
 An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers themselves!
 An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
 He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
 'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
 Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
 Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
 Wuz makin' a little bow'-n'-orry fer me,
 Says, "When you 're big like your Pa is,
 Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—
 An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
 Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"
 An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
 An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
 I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

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FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

THE POET OF THE MINING CAMP AND THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS.



HE turbulent mining camps of California, with their vicious hangers-on, have been embalmed for future generations by the unerring genius of Bret Harte, who sought to reveal the remnants of honor in man, and loveliness in woman, despite the sins and vices of the mining towns of our Western frontier thirty or forty years ago. His writings have been regarded with disfavor by a religious class of readers because of the frequent occurrence of rough phrases and even profanity which he employs in his descriptions. It should be remembered, however, that a faithful portrait of the conditions and people which he described could hardly have been presented in more polite language than that employed.

Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, in 1839. His father was a scholar of ripe culture, and a teacher in the Albany Female Seminary. He died poor when Bret was quite young, consequently the education of his son was confined to the common schools of the city. When only seventeen years of age, young Harte, with his widowed mother, emigrated to California. Arriving in San Francisco he walked to the mines of Sonora and there opened a school which he taught for a short time. Thus began his self-education in the mining life which furnished the material for his early literature. After leaving his school he became a miner, and at odd times learned to set type in the office of one of the frontier papers. He wrote sketches of the strange life around him, set them up in type himself, and offered the proofs to the editor, believing that in this shape they would be more certain of acceptance. His aptitude with his pen secured him a position on the paper, and in the absence of the editor he once controlled the journal and incurred popular wrath for censuring a little massacre of Indians by the leading citizens of the locality, which came near bringing a mob upon him.

The young adventurer,—for he was little else at this time,—also served as mounted messenger of an express company and as express agent in several mountain towns, which gave him a full knowledge of the picturesque features of mining life. In 1857 he returned to San Francisco and secured a position as compositor on a weekly literary journal. Here again he repeated his former trick of setting up and submitting several spirited sketches of mining life in type. These were accepted and soon earned him an editorial position on the "Golden Era." After this he made many contributions to the daily papers and his tales of Western life began to attract attention in the East. In 1858, he married, which put an end to his wanderings.

He attempted to publish a newspaper of his own, "The Californian," which was bright and worthy to live, but failed for want of proper business management.

In 1864 Mr. Harte was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, and during his six years of service in this position found leisure to write some of his popular poems, such as "John Burns, of Gettysburg," "How Are You, Sanitary?" and others, which were generally printed in the daily newspapers. He also became editor of the "Overland Monthly" when it was founded in 1868, and soon made this magazine as great a favorite on the Atlantic as on the Pacific Coast, by his contribution to its columns of a series of sketches of California life which have won a permanent place in literature. Among these sketches are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," telling how a baby came to rule the hearts of a rough, dissolute gang of miners. It is said that this masterpiece, however, narrowly escaped the waste-basket at the hands of the proofreader, a woman, who, without noticing its origin, regarded it as utter trash. "The Outcast of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "An Idyl of Red Gulch," and many other stories which revealed the spark of humanity remaining in brutalized men and women, followed in rapid succession.

Bret Harte was a man of the most humane nature, and sympathized deeply with the Indian and the Chinaman in the rough treatment they received at the hands of the early settlers, and his literature, no doubt, did much to soften and mollify the actions of those who read them—and it may be safely said that almost every one did, as he was about the only author at that time on the Pacific Slope and very popular. His poem, "The Heathen Chinees," generally called "Plain Language from Truthful James," was a masterly satire against the hue and cry that the Chinese were shiftless and weak-minded settlers. This poem appeared in 1870 and was wonderfully popular.

In the spring of 1871 the professorship of recent literature in the University of California was offered to Mr. Harte, on his resignation of the editorship of the "Overland Monthly," but he declined the proffer to try his literary fortunes in the more cultured East. He endeavored to found a magazine in Chicago, but his efforts failed, and he went to Boston to accept a position on the "Atlantic Monthly," since which time his pen has been constantly employed by an increasing demand from various magazines and literary journals. Mr. Harte has issued many volumes of prose and poetry, and it is difficult to say in which field he has won greater distinction. Both as a prose writer and as a poet he has treated similar subjects with equal facility. His reputation was made, and his claim to fame rests upon his intuitive insight into the heart of our common humanity. A number of his sketches have been translated into French and German, and of late years he has lived much abroad, where he is, if any difference, more lionized than he was in his native country.

From 1878 to 1885 Mr. Harte was United States Consul successively to Crefield and Glasgow. Ferdinand Freiligrath, one of his German translators, and himself a poet, pays this tribute to his peculiar excellence:

"Nevertheless he remains what he is—the Californian and the gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers—not the gold in veins of mountains; it is the gold of love, of goodness, of

fidelity, of humanity, which even in rude and wild hearts—even under the rubbish of vices and sins—remains forever uneradicated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold, that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world—that is his greatness and his merit.”

His works as published from 1867 to 1890 include “Condensed Novels,” “Poems,” “The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches,” “East and West Poems,” “Poetical Works,” “Mrs. Skaggs’ Husbands,” “Echoes of the Foothills,” “Tales of the Argonauts,” “Gabriel Conroy,” “Two Men of Sandy Bar,” “Thankful Blossom,” “Story of a Mine,” “Drift from Two Shores,” “The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories,” “In the Carquinez Woods,” “On the Frontier,” “By Shore and Ledge,” “Snowbound at Eagles,” “The Crusade of the Excelsior,” “A Phyllis of the Sierras.” One of Mr. Harte’s most popular late novels, entitled “Three Partners; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill,” was published as a serial in 1897. Though written while the author was in Europe, the vividness of the description and the accurate delineations of the miner character are as strikingly real as if it had been produced by the author while residing in the mining country of his former Western home.

SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.



RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name
is Truthful James;

I am not up to sniall deceit or any sinful
games;

And I'll tell in simple language what I
know about the row

That broke up our Society upon the Stan-
islow.

But first, I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to “put a head” on
him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same
Society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of
Jones.

Then Brown, he read a paper, and he reconstructed
there,

From those same bones, an animal that was extremely
rare;

And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of
the rules,

Till he could prove that those same bones was one of
his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, an' said he was
at fault,

It seems he had been trespassing on Jones's family
vault;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order,
when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the
abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up
on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no
more;

For, in less time than I write it, every member did
engage

In a warfare with the remnants of the palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils, in their anger,
was a sin,

'Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head
of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truth-
ful James;

And I've told in simple language what I knew about
the row

That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

DICKENS IN CAMP.



BOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below ;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth

'Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
 To hear the tale anew.

And then, while shadows 'round them gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
 Was the youngest of them all,—
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp with "Nell" on English
 meadows
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
 As by some spell divine,
 Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
 And he who wrought that spell ;
 Ah ! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense, all the pensive glory
 That thrills the Kentish hills ;

And on that grave, where English oak and holly,
 And laurel-wreaths entwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
 This spray of Western pine !





EUGENE FIELD.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND POET.



ON the fourth day of November, 1895, there was many a sad home in the city of Chicago and throughout America. It was on that day that Eugene Field, the most congenial friend young children ever had among the literary men of America, died at the early age of forty-five. The expressions of regard and regret called out on all sides by this untimely death, made it clear that the character in which the public at large knew and loved Mr. Field best was that of the "Poet of Child Life." What gives his poems their unequalled hold on the popular heart is their simplicity, warmth and genuineness. This quality they owe to the fact that Mr. Field almost lived in the closest and fondest intimacy with children. He had troops of them for his friends and it is said he wrote his child-poems directly under their suggestions and inspiration.

We might fill far more space than is at our command in this volume relating incidents which go to show his fondness for little ones. It is said that on the day of his marriage, he delayed the ceremony to settle a quarrel between some urchins who were playing marbles in the street. So long did he remain to argue the question with them that all might be satisfied, the time for the wedding actually passed and when sent for, he was found squatted down among them acting as peace-maker. It is also said that on one occasion he was invited by the noted divine, Dr. Gunsaulus, to visit his home. The children of the family had been reading Field's poems and looked forward with eagerness to his coming. When he arrived, the first question he asked the children, after being introduced to them, was, "Where is the kitchen?" and expressed his desire to see it. Child-like, and to the embarrassment of the mother, they led him straight to the cookery where he seized upon the remains of a turkey which had been left from the meal, carried it into the dining-room, seated himself and made a feast with his little friends, telling them quaint stories all the while. After this impromptu supper, he spent the remainder of the evening singing them lullabies and reciting his verses. Naturally before he went away, the children had given him their whole hearts and this was the way with all children with whom he came into contact.

The devotion so unfailing in his relation to children would naturally show itself in other relations. His devotion to his wife was most pronounced. In all the world she was the only woman he loved and he never wished to be away from her. Often

she accompanied him on his reading tours, the last journey they made together being in the summer of '95 to the home of Mrs. Field's girlhood. While his wife was in the company of her old associates, instead of joining them as they expected, he took advantage of her temporary absence, hired a carriage and visited all of the old scenes of their early associations during the happy time of their love-making.

His association with his fellow-workers was equally congenial. No man who had ever known him felt the slightest hesitancy in approaching him. He had the happy faculty of making them always feel welcome. It was a common happening in the Chicago newspaper office for some tramp of a fellow, who had known him in the days gone by, to walk boldly in and blurt out, as if confident in the power of the name he spoke—"Is 'Gene Field here? I knew 'Gene Field in Denver, or I worked with 'Gene Field on the 'Kansas City Times.'" These were sufficient passwords and never failed to call forth the cheery voice from Field's room—"That's all right, show him in here, he's a friend of mine."

One of Field's peculiarities with his own children was to nickname them. When his first daughter was born he called her "Trotty," and, although she is a grown-up woman now, her friends still call her "Trotty." The second daughter is called "Pinny" after the child opera "Pinafore," which was in vogue at the time she was born. Another, a son, came into the world when everybody was singing "Oh My! Ain't She a Daisy." Naturally this fellow still goes by the name of "Daisy." Two other of Mr. Field's children are known as "Googhy" and "Posy."

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850. Part of his early life was passed in Vermont and Massachusetts. He was educated in a university in Missouri. From 1873 to 1883 he was connected with various newspapers in Missouri and Colorado. He joined the staff of the Chicago "Daily News" in 1883 and removed to Chicago, where he continued to reside until his death, twelve years later. Of Mr. Field's books, "The Denver Tribune Primer" was issued in 1882; "Culture Garden" (1887); "Little Book of Western Friends" (1889); and "Little Book of Profitable Tales" (1889).

Mr. Field was not only a writer of child verses, but wrote some first-class Western dialectic verse, did some translating, was an excellent newspaper correspondent, and a critic of no mean ability; but he was too kind-hearted and liberal to chastise a brother severely who did not come up to the highest literary standard. He was a hard worker, contributing daily, during his later years, from one to three columns to the "Chicago News," besides writing more or less for the "Syndicate Press" and various periodicals. In addition to this, he was frequently traveling, and lectured or read from his own writings. Since his death, his oldest daughter, Miss Mary French Field ("Trotty"), has visited the leading cities throughout the country, delivering readings from her father's works. The announcement of her appearance to read selections from the writings of her genial father is always liberally responded to by an appreciative public.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.*

TS two wuz boys when we fell out—
 Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
 Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
 Some small diff'rence, I'll allow,
 Lived next neighbors twenty years,
 A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Grew up together, 'nd wouldn't speak,
 Courted sisters, and marr'd 'em, too
 'Tended same meetin' house oncet a week,
 A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through.
 But when Abe Linkern asked the West
 F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Down in Tennessee one night,
 Ther was sound uv firin' fur away,
 'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
 With the Johnnie Rebs some time next day;

'Nd as I was thinkin' of Lizzie 'nd home,
 Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
 Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
 Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
 But never a word from me or Jim!
 He went his way, and I went mine,
 'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
 I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
 'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
 But I haint forgot that last, last night
 When waitin' f'r orders, us two men
 Made up and shuck hands, afore the fight;
 'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
 That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

LULLABY.*

FAIR is the castle up on the hill—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!
 The night is fair and the waves are still,
 And the wind is singing to you and me
 In this lowly home beside the sea—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!
 And revellers drink to a little one's health;
 But you and I bide night and day
 For the other love that has sailed away—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
 Ghostlike, O my own!
 Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;

Oh, see them not and make no cry,
 'Till the angels of death have passed us by—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!
 In our lonely home beside the sea;
 They seek the castle up on the hill,
 And there they will do their ghostly will—
 Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea, a mother croons
 "Hushaby, sweet my own;"
 In yonder castle a mother swoons
 While the angels go down to the misty deep,
 Bearing a little one fast asleep—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

A DUTCH LULLABY.*

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
 Sailed on a river of misty light
 Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
 The old moon asked the three.
 "We have to come to fish for the herring-fish
 That live in this beautiful sea:

Nets of silver and gold have we,
 Said Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
 And they rocked in the wooden shoe,
 And the wind that sped them all night long
 Ruffled the waves of dew;
 The little stars were the herring-fish
 That lived in the beautiful sea;
 "Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
 But never afeared are we"—
 So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 For the fish in the twinkling foam,
 Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
 Bringing the fishermen home.

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be;
 And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea.
 But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock in the misty sea,
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

THE NORSE LULLABY.*

FROM "A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE" (1889).



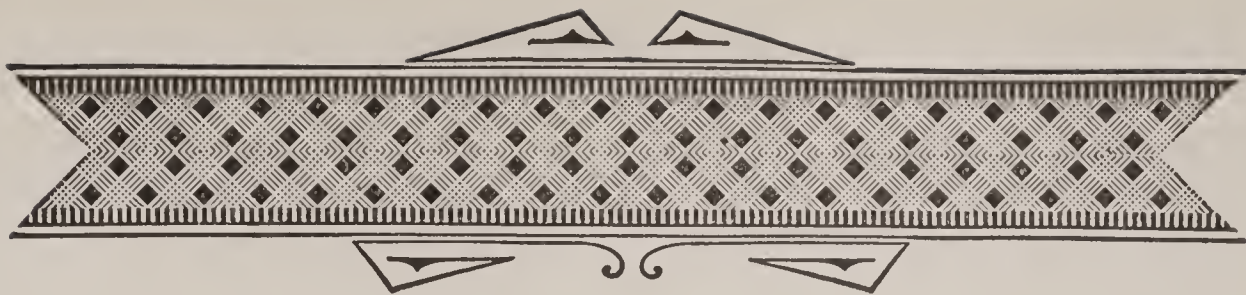
HE sky is dark and the hills are white
 As the storm-king speeds from the north
 to-night,
 And this is the song the storm-king sings,
 As over the world his cloak he flings:
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep!"
 He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
 "Sleep, little one, sleep!"

On yonder mountain-side a vine
 Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
 The tree bends over the trembling thing

And only the vine can hear her sing:
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
 What shall you fear when I am here?
 Sleep, little one, sleep."

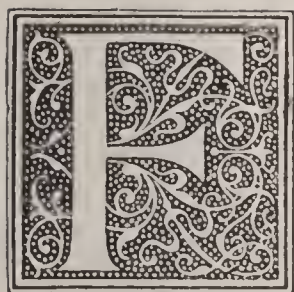
The king may sing in his bitter flight,
 The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
 But the little snowflake at my breast
 Liketh the song I sing the best:
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
 Weary thou art, anext my heart,
 Sleep, little one, sleep."

* Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.



WILL CARLETON.

AUTHOR OF "BETSY AND I ARE OUT."



FEW writers of homely verse have been more esteemed than Will Carleton. His poems are to be found in almost every book of selections for popular reading. They are well adapted to recitation and are favorites with general audiences. With few exceptions they are portraitures of the humorous side of rural life and frontier scenes; but they are executed with a vividness and truth to nature that does credit to the author and insures their preservation as faithful portraits of social conditions and frontier scenes and provincialisms which the advance of education is fast relegating to the past.

Will Carleton was born in Hudson, Michigan, October 21, 1845. His father was a pioneer settler who came from New Hampshire. Young Carleton remained at home on the farm until he was sixteen years of age, attending the district school in the winters and working on the farm during the summers. At the age of sixteen he became a teacher in a country school and for the next four years divided his time between teaching, attending school and working as a farm-hand, during which time he also contributed articles in both prose and verse to local papers. In 1865 he entered Hillsdale College, Michigan, from which he graduated in 1869. Since 1870 he has been engaged in journalistic and literary work and has also lectured frequently in the West. It was during his early experiences as a teacher in "boarding round" that he doubtless gathered the incidents which are so graphically detailed in his poems.

There is a homely pathos seldom equalled in the two selections "Betsy and I Are Out" and "How Betsy and I Made Up" that have gained for them a permanent place in the affections of the reading public. In other of his poems, like "Makin' an Editor Outen Him," "A Lightning Rod Dispenser," "The Christmas Baby," etc., there is a rich vein of humor that has given them an enduring popularity. "The First Settler's Story" is a most graphic picture of pioneer life, portraying the hardships which early settlers frequently endured and in which the depressing homesickness often felt for the scenes of their childhood and the far-away East is pathetically told.

Mr. Carleton's first volume of poems appeared in 1871, and was printed for private distribution. "Betsy and I Are Out" appeared in 1872 in the "Toledo Blade." It was copied in "Harper's Weekly," and illustrated. This was really the author's first recognition in literary circles. In 1873 appeared a collection of his

poems entitled "Farm Ballads," including the now famous selections, "Out of the Old House, Nancy," "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," "Gone With a Handsomer Man," and "How Betsy and I Made Up." Other well-known volumes by the same author are entitled "Farm Legends," "Young Folk's Centennial Rhymes," "Farm Festivals," and "City Ballads."

In his preface to the first volume of his poems Mr. Carleton modestly apologizes for whatever imperfections they may possess in a manner which gives us some insight into his literary methods. "These poems," he writes, "have been written under various, and in some cases difficult, conditions: in the open air, with team afield; in the student's den, with ghosts of unfinished lessons hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of railroad travel, which trains of thought are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, where the dainty feet of the muses do not often deign to tread."

But Mr. Carleton does not need to apologize. He has the true poetic instinct. His descriptions are vivid, and as a narrative versifier he has been excelled by few, if indeed any depicter of Western farm life.

Will Carleton has also written considerable prose, which has been collected and published in book form, but it is his poetical works which have entitled him to public esteem, and it is for these that he will be longest remembered in literature.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.*



RAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em
good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and
Betsy and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as
man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our
nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan it's hard to
tell!

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very
well;

I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked
with me;

And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible
crime;

We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a
time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two
apart;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of
her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our
creed;

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the
thing at tea—

And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we
couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a
cow;

She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question
was only—How?

I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us
was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke
a bowl;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any
soul.

* From "Farm Ballads." Copyright 1873, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;
 Always somethin' to ar'ge and something sharp to say,—
 And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
 And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.
 And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
 When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak ;
 And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
 If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me ;
 And we have agreed together that we can never agree ;
 And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine ;
 And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
 Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half ;
 For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,
 And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead ; a man can thrive and roam,
 But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
 And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
 That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'able pay,
 A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
 Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
 Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much ;
 Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such ;
 True and fair I married her, when she was blythe and young,
 And Betsy was always good to me exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
 For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
 And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
 And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
 I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
 Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight ;
 She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
 Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
 And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
 Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer ; and I'll go home to-night,
 And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;
 And then in the morning I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
 And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur ;
 That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
 And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
 When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me ;
 And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree :
 And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
 If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.*

(FROM "FARM BALLADS.")

JOHN.



'VE worked in the field all day, a plowin'
 the "stony streak ;"
 I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse ;
 I've tramped till my legs are weak ;

I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane
 fibs,)
 When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the handles
 punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their
sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin'
feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a
meal.

Well said! the door is locked! out here she's left the
key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off
pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will
tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've
been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man
than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much
to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every
day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the
han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never
find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed to
scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my
heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's
blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll some time rue
this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two
can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was
born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down
to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time
when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man
than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with
two.
And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes
grow dim,

And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly
count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she
has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in
her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left
behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—
but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have
it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or
other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't
last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em
in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter
worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my
curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I
can,—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that
han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes
blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her
week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't
take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her
"dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise
here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a
spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two
apart.
You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a lovin'
heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn
to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run away.
And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven
to bear,

And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half-hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things
all around!

Come, what's the matter now? and what have you
lost or found?

And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer
man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old
John.

Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has
crossed your track?

I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to take
it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter
cream!

It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me
so queer,

I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they
didn't hear!

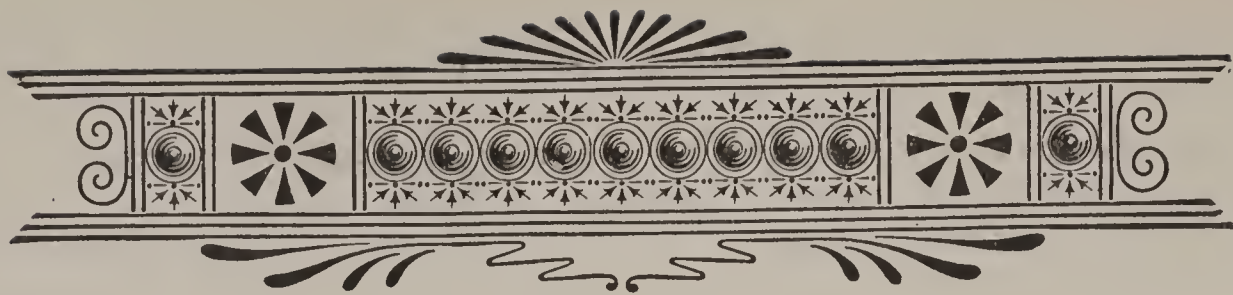
'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd
understand!

But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the
land.

But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven
well,

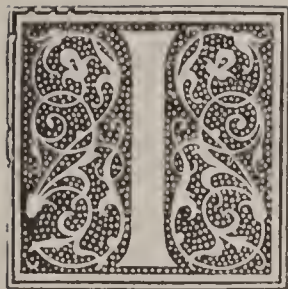
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of
hell.





JOAQUIN MILLER.

“THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.”

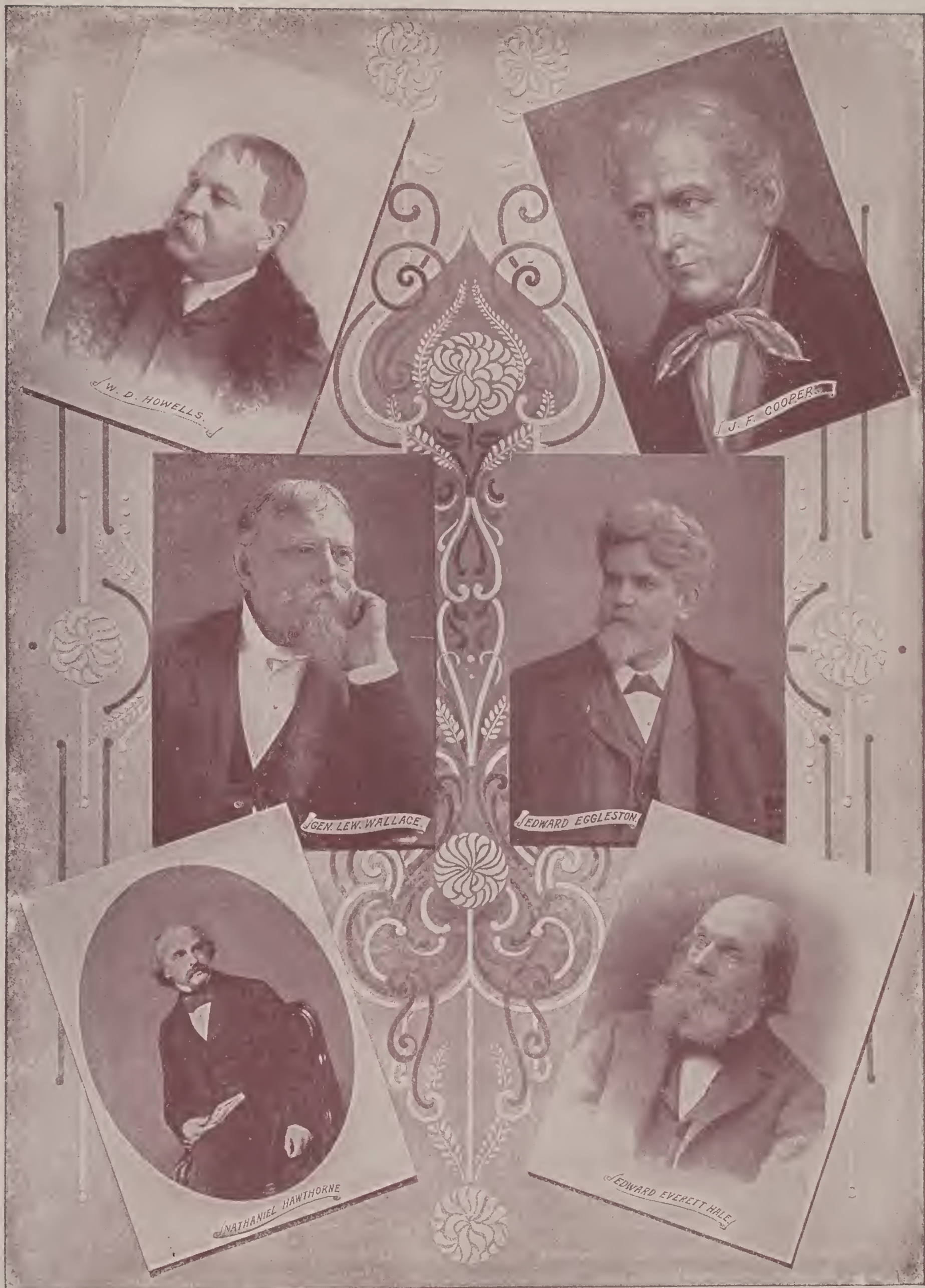


IN the year 1851, a farmer moved from the Wabash district in Indiana to the wilder regions of Oregon. In his family was a rude, untaught boy of ten or twelve years, bearing the unusual name of Cincinnati Hiner Miller. This boy worked with his father on the farm until he was about fifteen years of age, when he abandoned the family log-cabin in the Willamette Valley of his Oregon home to try this fortune as a gold miner.

A more daring attempt was seldom if ever undertaken by a fifteen year old youth. It was during the most desperate period of Western history, just after the report of the discovery of gold had caused the greatest rush to the Pacific slope. A miscellaneous and turbulent population swarmed over the country; and, “armed to the teeth” prospected upon streams and mountains. The lawless, reckless life of these gold-hunters—millionaires to-day and beggars to-morrow—deeming it a virtue rather than a crime to have taken life in a brawl—was, at once, novel, picturesque and dramatic.—Such conditions furnished great possibilities for a poet or novelist.—It was an era as replete with a reality of thrilling excitement as that furnished by the history and mythology of ancient Greece to the earlier Greek poets.

It was into this whirlpool that the young, untaught—but observant and daring—farmer lad threw himself, and when its whirl was not giddy and fast enough for him, or palled upon his more exacting taste for excitement and daring adventure, he left it after a few months, and sought deeper and more desperate wilds. With Walker he became a filibuster and went into Nicaragua.—He became in turn an astrologer, a Spanish *vaquero*, and, joining the wild Indians, was made a Sachem.

For five years he followed these adventurous wanderings; then as suddenly as he had entered the life he deserted it, and, in 1860 the prodigal returned home to his father’s cabin in Oregon. In his right arm he carried a bullet, in his right thigh another, and on many parts of his body were the scars left by Indian arrows. Shortly after returning home he began the study of law and was admitted to practice within a few months in Lane County, Oregon; but the gold fever or spirit of adventure took possession of him again and in 1861 we find him in the gold mines of Idaho; but the yellow metal did not come into his “Pan” sufficiently fast and he gave it up to become an express messenger in the mining district. A few months later he was back in Oregon where he started a Democratic Newspaper



SIX TYPICAL AMERICAN NOVELISTS

at Eugene City which he ran long enough to get acquainted with a poetical contributor, Miss Minnie Myrtle, whom he married in 1862—in his usual short-order way of doing things—after an acquaintance of three days. Where “Joaquin” Miller—for he was now called “Joaquin” after a Spanish brigand whom he had defended—got his education is a mystery; but through the years of wandering, even in boyhood, he was a rhymester and his verses now began to come fast in the columns of his paper.

In 1862, after his marriage he resumed the practice of law, and, in 1866, at the age of twenty-five, was elected Judge of Grant County. This position he held for



JOAQUIN MILLER'S STUDY, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

four years during which time he wrote much poetry. One day with his usual “suddenness” he abandoned his wife and his country and sailed for London to seek a publisher. At first he was unsuccessful, and had to print a small volume privately. This introduced him to the friendship of English writers and his “Songs of the Sierras” was issued in 1871. Naturally these poems were faulty in style and called forth strong adverse criticism; but the tales they told were glowing and passionate, and the wild and adventurous life they described was a new revelation in the world of song, and, verily, whatever the austere critic said, “The common people heard him gladly” and his success became certain. Thus encouraged Miller returned to California, visited the tropics and collected material for another work which he published

in London in 1873 entitled "Sunland Songs." Succeeding, the "Songs of the Desert" appeared in 1875; "Songs of Italy" 1878; Songs of the Mexican Seas 1887. Later he has published "With Walker in Nicaragua" and he is also author of a play called "The Danites," and of several prose works relating to life in the West among which are "The Danites in the Sierras," "Shadows of Shasta" and '49, or "The Gold-seekers of the Sierras."

The chief excellencies of Miller's works are his gorgeous pictures of the gigantic scenery of the Western mountains. In this sense he is a true poet. As compared with Bret Harte, while Miller has the finer poetic perception of the two, he does not possess the dramatic power nor the literary skill of Harte; nor does he seem to recognize the native generosity and noble qualities which lie hidden beneath the vicious lives of outlaws, as the latter reveals it in his writings. After all the question arises which is the nearer the truth? Harte is about the same age as Miller, lived among the camps at about the same time, but he was not, to use a rough expression, "one of the gang," was not so pronouncedly "on the inside" as was his brother poet. He never dug in the mines, he was not a filibuster, nor an Indian Sachem. All these and more Miller was, and perhaps he is nearer the plumb line of truth in his delineations after all.

Mr. Miller's home is on the bluffs overlooking the San Francisco Bay in sight of the Golden Gate. In July, 1897, he joined the gold seekers in the Klondike regions of Alaska.

THOUGHTS OF MY WESTERN HOME.

WRITTEN IN ATHENS.



SIERRAS, and eternal tents
Of snow that flashed o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done

All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marveled at thy matchless grace,

With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains—clouded Hood,
Saint Helen's in its sea of wood—
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
White storms are in the feathered fir.

MOUNT SHASTA.



TO lord all Godland! lift the brow
Familiar to the noon,—to top
The universal world,—to prop
The hollow heavens up,—to vow
Stern constancy with stars,—to keep
Eternal ward while cons sleep;
To tower calmly up and touch
God's purple garment—hems that sweep
The cold blue north! Oh, this were much!

Where storm-born shadows hide and hunt
I knew thee in my glorious youth,
I loved thy vast face, white as truth,
I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan-fashioned front,
And heard rent mountains rock and roll.
I saw thy lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write on heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.



UN? Now you bet you; -I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché
boy, whoa!

No, you wouldn't think so to look at his
eyes,

But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise;—

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.

"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,

Forty full miles if a foot and the devils

Of red Camanches are hot on the track

When once they strike it. Let the sun go down

Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels

As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,

Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,

And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,

And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the
ground,—

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,

While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,

His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,

And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed,—

"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,

And speed, if ever for life you would speed;

And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,

For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,

And feet of wild horses, hard flying before

I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore;

While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,

Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three

As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,

Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over
again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,

Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,

Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,

And gold-mounted Colts, true companions for years,

Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath

And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the
horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,

Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call

Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain

So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,

With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,

Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and
nose,

Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind
blows,

Yet we spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,

There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow
earth rang

And the foam from the flank and the croup and the
neck

Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.

Twenty miles! thirty miles—a dim distant speck—

Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight.

And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.

I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,

But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder

And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping

Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping

Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder

Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,

In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair.

With their beards to the dust and black tails in the
air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame

Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching
higher,

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,

The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire

Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud

And unearthly and up through its lowering cloud

Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,

While his keen crooked horns through the storm of
his mane

Like black lances lifted and lifted again;

And I looked but this once, for the fire licked
through,

And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder

Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;

And up through the black blowing veil of her hair

Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes

With a longing and love, yet look of despair,

And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,

And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.

Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell

To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell

Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.

Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his
head

With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,

Was her father's and once at the South Santafee

Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down

In a race where the world came to run for the crown;

And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—

My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
 And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe,—
 She brought me this steed to the border the night
 She met Revels and me in her perilous flight,
 From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos
 side;

And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
 As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
 The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
 I should surely escape without other ado
 Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
 And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
 Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
 And swift she would join me, and all would be well
 Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
 From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
 The last that I saw was a look of delight
 That I should escape,—a love,—a desire,—
 Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,—
 Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay
 heel

One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
 And the howling of beast like the sound of thunder.—
 Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over.
 As the passionate flame reached around them and
 wove her
 Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—

Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
 As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone,
 And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
 All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
 And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
 Then just as the terrible sea came in
 And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
 Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream
 brimmed
 In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

“Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister! look
 here!

You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
 Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,”
 For the ways they were rough and Comanches were
 near;

“But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too
 small

For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
 Do you book-men believe, get no tum-tum at all?
 Sell Paché! You buy him! a bag full of gold!
 You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
 Why he bore me through fire, and is blind and is
 old!

. . . Now pack up your papers, and get up
 and spin

To them cities you tell of. . . Blast you and
 your tin!”

JOAQUIN MILLER'S ALASKA LETTER.

As a specimen of this author's prose writing and style, we present the following extract from a syndicate letter clipped from the “Philadelphia Inquirer.”

Head of Lake Bennett, Alaska, August 2, 1897.

WRITE by the bank of what is already a
 big river, and at the fountain head of the
 mighty Yukon, the second if not the first
 of American rivers. We have crossed the summit,
 passed the terrible Chilkoot Pass and Crater Lake
 and Long Lake and Lideman Lake, and now I sit
 down to tell the story of the past, while the man who
 is to take me up the river six hundred miles to the
 Klondike rows his big scow, full of cattle, brought
 from Seattle.

* * * * *

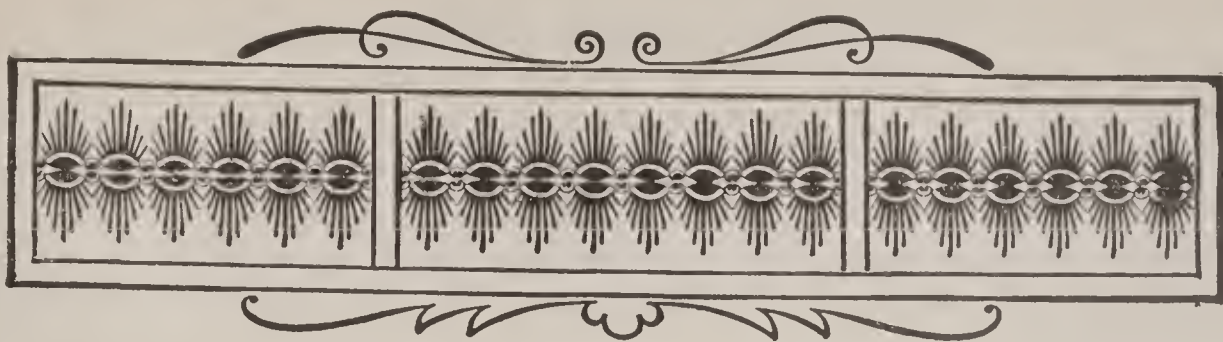
THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF CHILKOOT PASS.

All the pictures that had been painted by word,
 all on easel, or even in imagination of Napoleon and
 his men climbing up the Alps, are but childish play-
 things in comparison with the grandeur of Chilkoot
 Pass. Starting up the steep ascent, we raised a
 shout and it ran the long, steep and tortuous line that
 reached from a bluff above us, and over and up till
 it lost itself in the clouds. And down to us from the

clouds, the shout and cry of exultation of those brave
 conquerors came back, and only died away when the
 distance made it possible to be heard no longer. And
 now we began to ascend.

It was not so hard as it seemed. The stupendous
 granite mountain, the home of the avalanche and the
 father of glaciers, melted away before us as we
 ascended, and in a single hour of brisk climbing we
 stood against the summit or rather between the big
 granite blocks that marked the summit. As I said
 before, the path is not so formidable as it looked, and
 it is not half so formidable as represented, but mark you,
 it is no boy's play, no man's play. It is a man's and
 a big strong man's honest work, and takes strength of
 body and nerve of soul.

Right in the path and within ten feet of a snow
 bank that has not perished for a thousand years, I
 picked and ate a little strawberry, and as I rested and
 roamed about a bit, looking down into the brightly
 blue lake that made the head waters of the Yukon,
 I gathered a little sun flower, a wild hyacinth and a
 wild tea blossom for my buttonhole.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE WALTER SCOTT OF AMERICA.



OUR first American novelist, and to the present time perhaps the only American novelist whose fame is permanently established among foreigners, is James Fenimore Cooper. While Washington Irving, our first writer of short stories, several years Cooper's senior, was so strikingly popular in England and America, Cooper's "Spy" and "Pilot" and the "Last of the Mohicans" went beyond the bounds of the English language, and the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian and others had placed him beside their own classics and were dividing honors between him and Sir Walter Scott; and it was they who first called him the Walter Scott of America. Nor was this judgment altogether wrong. For six or seven years Scott's Waverly Novels had been appearing, and his "Ivanhoe," which was first published in 1820—the first historical novel of the world—had given the clue to Cooper for "The Spy," which appeared in 1821, the first historical novel of America. Both books were translated into foreign languages by the same translators, and made for their respective authors quick and lasting fame.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789—the same year that George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. His father owned many thousand acres of wild land on the head waters of the Susquehanna River in New York, and while James was an infant removed thither and built a stately mansion on Otsego Lake, near the point where the little river issues forth on its journey to the sea. Around Otsego Hall, as it was called, the village of Cooperstown grew up. In this wilderness young Cooper passed his childhood, a hundred miles beyond the advancing lines of civilization. Along the shores of the beautiful lake, shut in by untouched forests, or in the woods themselves, which rose and fell unbroken—except here and there by a pioneer's hut or a trapper's camp—he passed his boyhood days and slept at night among the solemn silence of nature's primeval grandeur. All the delicate arts of the forest, the craft of the woodsman, the trick of the trapper, the stratagem of the Indian fighter, the wiley shrewdness of the tawny savage, the hardships and dangers of pioneer life were as familiar to Cooper as were the legends of North Britain and the stirring ballads of the highlands and the lowlands to Walter Scott. But for this experience we should never have had the famous Leather Stocking Tales.

From this wilderness the boy was sent at the age of thirteen to Yale College, where he remained three years, but was too restless and adventurous to devote himself

diligently to study and was dismissed in disgrace at sixteen. For one year he shipped before the mast as a common sailor and for the next five years served as a midshipman in the United States Navy, making himself master of that knowledge and detail of nautical life which he afterwards employed to so much advantage in his romances of the sea.

In 1811 Cooper resigned his post as midshipman, and married Miss Delancey, with whom he lived happily for forty years. The first few years of his married life were spent in quiet retirement. For some months he resided in Westchester County, the scene of his book "The Spy." Then he removed to his old home at Cooperstown and took possession of the family mansion, to which he had fallen heir through the death of his father. Here he prepared to spend his life as a quiet country gentleman, and did so until a mere accident called him into authorship. Up to that date he seems never to have touched a pen or even thought of one except to write an ordinary letter. He was, however, fond of reading, and often read aloud to his wife. One day while reading a British novel he looked up and playfully said: "I could write a better book than that myself." "Suppose you try," replied his wife, and retiring to his library he wrote a chapter which he read to Mrs. Cooper. She was pleased with it and suggested that he continue, which he did, and published the book, under the title of "Precaution," in 1820.

No one at that time had thought of writing a novel with the scene laid in America, and "Precaution," which had an English setting, was so thoroughly English that it was reviewed in London with no suspicion of its American authorship. The success which it met, while not great, impressed Cooper that as he had not failed with a novel describing British life, of which he knew little, he might succeed with one on American life, of which he knew much. It was a happy thought. Scott's "Ivanhoe" had just been read by him and it suggested an American historical theme, and he wrote the story of "The Spy," which he published in 1821. It was a tale of the Revolution, in which the central figure, Harvey Birch, the spy, is one of the most interesting and effective characters in the realm of romantic literature. It quickly followed Scott's "Ivanhoe" into many languages.

Encouraged by the plaudits from both sides of the Atlantic Cooper wrote another story, "The Pioneers" (1823), which was the first attempt to put into fiction the life of the frontier and the character of the backwoodsman. Here Cooper was in his element, on firm ground, familiar to him from his infancy, but the book was a revelation to the outside world. It is in this work that one of the greatest characters in fiction, the old backwoodsman Natty Bumppo—the famous Leather-Stocking—appeared and gave his name to a series of tales, comprised, in five volumes, which was not finally completed for twenty years. Strange to say, this famous series of books was not written in regular order. To follow the story logically the reader is recommended to read first the "Deerslayer," next the "Last of the Mohicans," followed by "The Pathfinder," then "The Pioneers," and last "The Prairie," which ends with the death of Leather-Stocking.

The sea tales of Cooper were also suggested by Walter Scott, who published the "Pirate" in 1821. This book was being discussed by Cooper and some friends. The latter took the position that Scott could not have been its author since he was a lawyer and therefore could not have the knowledge of sea life which the book dis-

played. Cooper, being himself a mariner, declared that it could not have been written by a man familiar with the sea. He argued that it lacked that detail of information which no mariner would have failed to exhibit. To prove this point he determined to write a sea tale, and in 1823 his book "The Pilot" appeared, which was the first genuine salt-water novel ever written and to this day is one of the best. Tom Coffin, the hero of this novel, is the only one of all Cooper's characters worthy to take a place beside Leather-Stocking, and the two books were published within two years of each other. In 1829 appeared "The Red Rover," which is wholly a tale of the ocean, as "The Last of the Mohicans" is wholly a tale of the forest. In all, Cooper wrote ten sea tales, which with his land stories established the fact that he was equally at home whether on the green billows or under the green trees.

In 1839 Cooper published his "History of the United States Navy," which is to this day the only authority on the subject for the period of which it treats. He also wrote many other novels on American subjects and some eight or ten like "Bravo," "The Headsman" and others on European themes; but it is by "The Spy," the five Leather-Stocking tales, and four or five of his sea tales that his fame has been secured and will be maintained.

In 1822, after "The Spy" had made Cooper famous, he removed to New York, where he lived for a period of four years, one of the most popular men in the metropolis. His force of character, big-heartedness, and genial, companionable nature—notwithstanding the fact that he was contentious and frequently got into the most heated discussions—made him unusually popular with those who knew him. He had many friends, and his friends were the best citizens of New York. He founded the "Bread and Cheese Lunch," to which belonged Chancellor Kent, the poets Fitzgreen Halleck and Wm. Cullen Bryant, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and many other representatives of science, literature, and the learned professions. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, in various parts of which he resided for a period of six years. Before his departure he was tendered a dinner in New York, which was attended by many of the most prominent men of the nation. Washington Irving had gone to the Old World eleven years before and traveled throughout Great Britain and over the Continent, but Cooper's works, though it was but six years since his first volume was published, were at this time more widely known than those of Irving; and with the author of the "Sketchbook" he divided the honors which the Old World so generously showered upon those two brilliant representatives of the New.

Many pleasant pages might be filled with the records of Cooper's six years in Europe, during which time he enjoyed the association and respect of the greatest literary personages of the Old World. It would be interesting to tell how Sir Walter Scott sought him out in Paris and renewed the acquaintance again in London; how he lived in friendship and intimacy with General Lafayette at the French capital; to tell of his associations with Wordsworth and Rogers in London; his intimate friendship with the great Italian Greenough, and his fondness for Italy, which country he preferred above all others outside of America; of the delightful little villa where he lived in Florence, where he said he could look out upon green leaves and write to the music of the birds; to picture him settled for a summer in Naples; living in Tasso's villa at Sarento, writing his stories in the same house in which the

great Latin author had lived, with the same glorious view of the sea and the bay, and the surf dashing almost against its walls. But space forbids that we should indulge in recounting these pleasant reminiscences. Let it be said that wherever he was he was thoroughly and pronouncedly an American. He was much annoyed by the ignorance and prejudice of the English in all that related to his country. In France he vigorously defended the system of American government in a public pamphlet which he issued in favor of General Lafayette, upon whom the public press was making an attack. He was equally in earnest in bringing forward the claims of our poets, and was accustomed at literary meetings and dinner parties to carry volumes of Bryant, Halleck, Drake and others, from which he read quotations to prove his assertions of their merits. Almost every prominent American who visited Europe during his seven years' sojourn abroad brought back pleasant recollections of his intercourse with the great and patriotic novelist.

Cooper returned to America in 1833, the same year that Washington Irving came back to his native land. He retired to his home at Cooperstown, where he spent the remaining nineteen years of his life, dying on the 14th day of September, 1852, one day before the sixty-second anniversary of his birth. His palatial home at Cooperstown, as were also his various places of residence in New York and foreign lands, were always open to his deserving countrymen, and many are the ambitious young aspirants in art, literature and politics who have left his hospitable roof with higher ideals, loftier ambitions and also with a more exalted patriotism.

A few days after his death a meeting of prominent men was held in New York in honor of their distinguished countryman. Washington Irving presided and William Cullen Bryant delivered an oration paying fitting tribute to the genius of the first great American novelist, who was first to show how fit for fiction were the scenes, the characters, and the history of his native land. Nearly fifty years have passed since that day, but Cooper's men of the sea and his men of the forest and the plain still survive, because they deserve to live, because they were true when they were written, and remain to-day the best of their kind. Though other fashions in fiction have come and gone and other novelists have a more finished art nowadays, no one of them all has succeeded more completely in doing what he tried to do than did James Fenimore Cooper.

If we should visit Cooperstown, New York, the most interesting spot we should see would be the grave of America's first great novelist; and the one striking feature about it would be the marble statue of Leather Stocking, with dog and gun, overlooking the last resting-place of his great creator. Then we should visit the house and go into the library and sit in the chair and lean over the table where he was created. Then down to the beautiful Otsego Lake, and as the little pleasure steamer comes into view we peer to catch the gilded name painted on its side. Nearer it comes, and we read with delight "Natty Bumppo," the real name of Leather Stocking. Otsego Hall, the cemetery and the lake alike, are a shrine to the memory of Cooper and this greatest hero of American fiction. And we turn away determined to read again the whole of the *Leather Stocking Tales*.

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

(FROM "THE PIONEERS.")

BY this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower called forth some simple expression of admiration. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed:

"Listen! There are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his

hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage. good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a

tree with its forepaws, and play the antics of a cat ; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only

could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation ; and it would seem that some such power in the present instance suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe ; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

“Hist ! hist !” said a low voice, “stoop lower, gal ! your bonnet hides the creature’s head.”

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom ; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whiz of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud :

"Come in, Hector, come in old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which

gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.



OM," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed, in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whaleboat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required.

The tub, containing about half of a whale line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been pre-

paring an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled around when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming his formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After the wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad enough to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in

the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After the evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing toward one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view.

The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness,—

“Starn all!”

“Stern all!” echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

“Snub him!” shouted Barnstable; “hold on, Tom; he rises already.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous.

The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried,—

“Ay, I’ve touched the fellow’s life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean.”

“I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance,” said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; “feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner.”

“’Tis the creator’s way, sir,” said the cockswain; “you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him.”

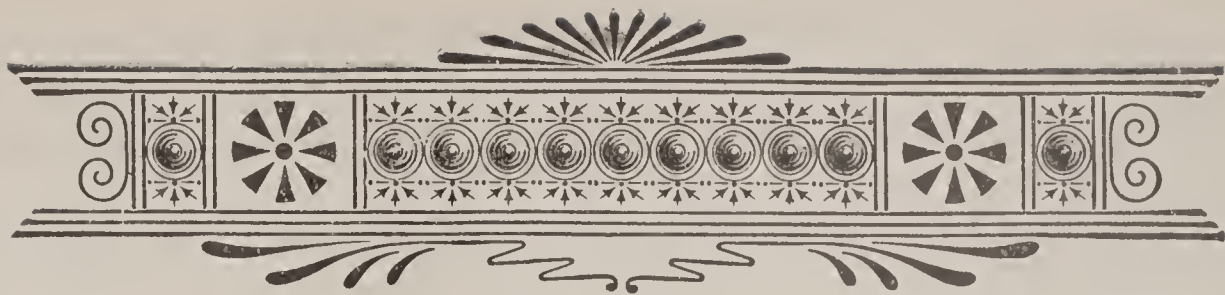
The seaman now seized their whale line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

“Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?” cried Barnstable; “a few sets from your bayonet would do it.”

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory,—

“No, sir, no; he’s going into his flurry; there’s no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier’s weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creator’s in his flurry.”

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

“THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN ROMANCERS.”



O black knight in Sir Walter Scott's novels, nor the red Indians of Cooper, nor his famous pioneer, Leather Stocking of the forest, nor his long Tom of the ocean, ever seemed more truly romantic than do Hawthorne's stern and gloomy Calvinists of "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of Seven Gables," or his Italian hero of "The Marble Faun."

We have characterized Hawthorne as the greatest of American romancers. We might have omitted the word *American*, for he has no equal in romance perhaps in the world of letters. An eminent critic declares: "His genius was greater than that of the idealist, Emerson. In all his mysticism his style was always clear and exceedingly graceful, while in those delicate, varied and permanent effects which are gained by a happy arrangement of words in their sentences, together with that unerring directness and unswerving force which characterize his writings, no author in modern times has equalled him. To the rhetorician, his style is a study; to the lay reader, a delight that eludes analysis. He is the most eminent representative of the American spirit in literature."

It was in the old town of Salem, Massachusetts—where his Puritan ancestors had lived for nearly two hundred years—with its haunted memories of witches and strange sea tales; its stories of Endicott and the Indians, and the sombre traditions of witchcraft and Puritan persecution that Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804. And it was in this grim, ancient city by the sea that the life of the renowned romancer was greatly bound up. In his childhood the town was already falling to decay, and his lonely surroundings filled his young imagination with a weirdness that found expression in the books of his later life, and impressed upon his character a seriousness that clung to him ever after. His father was a sea-captain,—but a most melancholy and silent man,—who died when Nathaniel was four years old. His mother lived a sad and secluded life, and the boy thus early learned to exist in a strange and imaginative world of his own creation. So fond of seclusion did he become that even after his graduation from college in 1825, he returned to his old haunt at Salem and resumed his solitary, dreamy existence. For twelve years, from 1825 to 1837, he went nowhere, he saw no one; he worked in his room by day, reading and writing; at twilight he wandered out along the shore, or through the darkened streets of the town. Certainly this was no attractive life to most young men; but for Hawthorne it had its fascination and during this time he was storing

his mind, forming his style, training his imagination and preparing for the splendid literary fame of his later years.

Hawthorne received his early education in Salem, partly at the school of Joseph E. Worcester, the author of "Worcester's Dictionary." He entered Bowdoin College in 1821. The poet, Longfellow, and John S. C. Abbott were his classmates; and Franklin Pierce—one class in advance of him—was his close friend. He graduated in 1825 without any special distinction. His first book, "Fanshawe," a novel, was issued in 1826, but so poor was its success that he suppressed its fur-



"THE OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASS.

Built for Emerson's grandfather. In this house Ralph Waldo Emerson dwelt for ten years, and, here, in the same room where Emerson wrote "Nature" and other philosophic essays, Hawthorne prepared his "Twice Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." He declares the four years (1842-1846) spent in this house were the happiest of his life.

ther publication. Subsequently he placed the manuscript of a collection of stories in the hands of his publisher, but timidly withdrew and destroyed them. His first practical encouragement was received from Samuel G. Goodrich, who published four stories in the "Token," one of the annuals of that time, in 1831. Mr. Goodrich also engaged Hawthorne as editor of the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," which position he occupied from 1836 to 1838. About this time he also contributed some of his best stories to the "New England Magazine," "The Knickerbocker," and the "Democratic Review." It was a part of these magazine stories which he collected and published in 1837 in the volume entitled, "Twice Told Tales," embodying the fruits of his twelve years' labor.

This book stamped the author as a man of stronger imagination and deeper insight into human nature than Washington Irving evinced in his famous sketches of the Hudson or Cooper in his frontier stories, for delightful as was Irving's writings and vivid as were Cooper's pictures, it was plain to be seen that Hawthorne had a richer style and a firmer grasp of the art of fiction than either of them. Longfellow, the poet, reviewed the book with hearty commendation, and Poe predicted a brilliant future for the writer if he would abandon allegory. Thus encouraged, Hawthorne came out from his seclusion into the world again, and mixed once more with his fellow-men. His friend, the historian, Bancroft, secured him a position in the Custom House at Salem, in 1839, which he held for two years. This position he lost through political jobbery on a trumped-up charge. For a few months he then joined in the Brook Farm settlement, though he was never in sympathy with the movement; nor was he a believer in the transcendental notions of Emerson and his school. He remained a staunch Democrat in the midst of the Abolitionists. His note-books were full of his discontent with the life at the Brook Farm. His observations of this enterprise took shape in the "Blythedale Romance" which is the only literary memorial of the association. The heroine of this novel was Margaret Fuller, under the name of "Zenobia," and the description of the drowning of Zenobia—a fate which Margaret Fuller had met—is the most tragic passage in all the writings of the author.

In 1842 Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody—a most fortunate and happy marriage—and the young couple moved to Concord where they lived in the house known as the "Old Manse," which had been built for Emerson's grandfather, and in which Emerson himself dwelt ten years. He chose for his study the same room in which the philosopher had written his famous book "Nature." Hawthorne declares that the happiest period of his life were the four years spent in the "Old Manse." While living there he collected another lot of miscellaneous stories and published them in 1845 as a second volume of "Twice-Told Tales," and the next year came his "Mosses from an Old Manse," being also a collection from his published writings. In 1846 a depleted income and larger demands of a growing family made it necessary for him to seek a business engagement. Through a friend he received an appointment as Surveyor of Customs at Salem, and again removed to the old town where he was born forty-two years before. It was during his engagement here, from 1846 to 1849, that he planned and wrote his famous book "The Scarlet Letter," which was published in 1850.

A broader experience is needed to compose a full-grown novel than to sketch a short tale. Scott was more than fifty when he published "Waverly." Cooper wrote the "Spy" when thirty-three. Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair," was almost forty when he finished that work. "Adam Bede" appeared when George Eliot was in her fortieth year; and the "Scarlet Letter," greater than them all, did not appear until 1850, when its author was in his forty-seventh year. All critics readily agree that this romance is the masterpiece in American fiction. The only novel in the United States that can be compared with it is Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, as a study of a type of life—Puritan life in New England—"The Scarlet Letter" is superior to Mrs. Stowe's immortal work. One-half a century has passed since "The Scarlet Letter" was written; but it stands to-day more popular than ever before.

Enumerated briefly, the books written by Hawthorne in the order of their publication are as follows: "Fanshawe," a novel (1826), suppressed by the author; "Twice-Told Tales" (1837), a collection of magazine stories; "Twice-Told Tales" (second volume, 1845); "Mosses from an Old Manse" (1846), written while he lived at the "Old Manse"; "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), his greatest book; "The House of Seven Gables" (1851), written while he lived at Lenox, Massachusetts; "The Wonder Book" (1851), a volume of classic stories for children; "The Blithedale Romance" (1852); "Life of Franklin Pierce" (1852), which was written to assist his friend Pierce, who was running for President of the United States; "Tanglewood Tales" (1853), another work for children, continuing the classic legends of his "Wonder Book," reciting the adventures of those who went forth to seek the "Golden Fleece," to explore the labyrinth of the "Minotaur" and sow the "Dragon's Teeth." Pierce was elected President in 1853 and rewarded Hawthorne by appointing him Consul to Liverpool. This position he filled for four years and afterwards spent three years in traveling on the Continent, during which time he gathered material for the greatest of his books—next to "The Scarlet Letter"—entitled "The Marble Faun," which was brought out in England in 1860, and the same year Mr. Hawthorne returned to America and spent the remainder of his life at "The Wayside" in Concord. During his residence here he wrote for the "Atlantic Monthly" the papers which were collected and published in 1863 under the title of "Our Old Home." After Mr. Hawthorne's death, his unpublished manuscripts, "The Dolliver Romance," "Septimius Felton" and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," were published. Mrs. Hawthorne, also, edited and published her husband's "American and English Note-Books" and his "French and Italian Note-Books" in 1869. The best life of the author is perhaps that written by his son, Julian Hawthorne, which appeared in 1885, entitled "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife; a Biography."

A new and complete edition of Hawthorne's works has been lately issued in twenty volumes; also a compact and illustrated library edition in seven volumes.

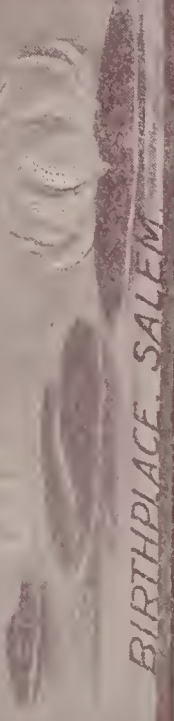
Nathaniel Hawthorne died May 18, 1864, while traveling with his friend and college-mate, Ex-President Pierce, in the White Mountains, and was buried near where Emerson and Thoreau were later placed in Concord Cemetery. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier were at the funeral. His publisher, Mr. Field, was also there and wrote: "We carried him through the blossoming orchards of Concord and laid him down in a group of pines on the hillside, the unfinished romance which had cost him such anxiety laid upon his coffin." Mr. Longfellow, in an exquisite poem describes the scene, and referring to the uncompleted romance in the closing lines says:

" Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Alladin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

The noble wife, who had been the inspiration and practical stimulus of the great romancer, survived her distinguished husband nearly seven years. She died in London, aged sixty, February 26, 1871, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near the grave of Leigh Hunt.



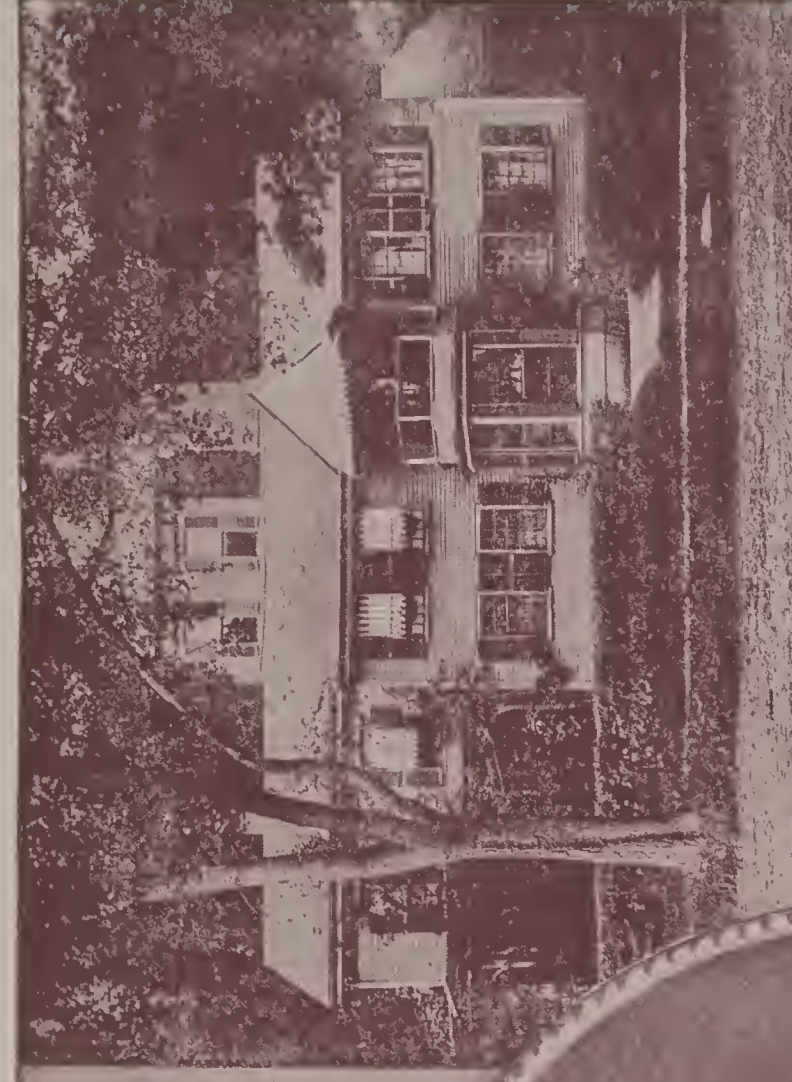
HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. SALEM, MASS.



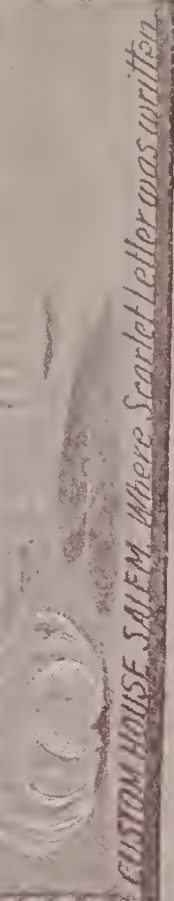
BIRTHPLACE. SALEM.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



HAWTHORNE HOUSE, "WAYSIDE" CONCORD, MASS.



CUSTOM HOUSE SALEM. Where Scarlet Letter was written.



EMERSON AND THE EMERSONITES.

(FROM "MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.")

THERE were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew which should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems—at first air—had finally imprisoned them in a fiery framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted upon a new thought—or thought they had fancied new—came to Emerson as a finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning upon a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before:—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of creation among the chaos: but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions al-

ways hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put; and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many a man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine.

Never was a poor country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of this world's destiny, yet were simply bores of the first water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefitted by such schemes of such philosophers.

PEARL.

(THE SCARLET LETTER. A ROMANCE. 1850.)

WE have as yet hardly spoken of the infant; that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, a lovely and immortal flower, out of the

rank luxuriance of a guilty passion. How strange it seemed to the sad woman, as she watched the growth, and the beauty that became every day more brilliant, and the intelligence that threw its quivering sunshine

over the tiny features of this child! Her Pearl!—For so had Hester called her; not as a name expressive of her aspect, which had nothing of the calm, white, unimpassioned lustre that would be indicated by the comparison. But she named the infant “Pearl,” as being of great price,—purchased with all she had,—her mother’s only treasure! How strange, indeed! Men had marked this woman’s sin by a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her, save it were sinful like herself. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which was thus punished, had given her a lovely child, whose place was on that same dishonored bosom, to connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven! Yet these thoughts affected Hester Prynne less with hope than apprehension. She knew that her deed had been evil; she could have no faith, therefore, that its result would be good. Day after day, she looked fearfully into the child’s expanding nature, ever dreading to detect some dark and wild peculiarity, that should correspond with the guiltiness to which she owed her being.

Certainly, there was no physical defect. By its perfect shape, its vigor, and its natural dexterity in the use of all its untried limbs, the infant was worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels, after the world’s first parents were driven out. The child had a native grace which does not invariably coexist with faultless beauty; its attire, however simple, always impressed the beholder as if it were the very garb that precisely became it best. But little Pearl was not clad in rustic weeds. Her mother, with a morbid purpose that may be better understood hereafter, had bought the richest tissues that could be procured, and allowed her imaginative faculty its full play in the arrangement and decoration of the dresses which the child wore, before the public eye. So magnificent was the small figure, when thus arrayed, and such was the splendor of Pearl’s own proper beauty, shining through the gorgeous robes which might have extinguished a paler loveliness,

that there was an absolute circle of radiance around her, on the darksome cottage floor. And yet a russet gown, torn and soiled with the child’s rude play, made a picture of her just as perfect. Pearl’s aspect was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant-baby, and the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion, a certain depth of hue, which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself,—it would have been no longer Pearl!

One peculiarity of the child’s deportment remains yet to be told. The very first thing which she had noticed, in her life, was—what?—not the mother’s smile, responding to it, as other babies do, by that faint embryo smile of the little mouth, remembered so doubtfully afterwards, and with such fond discussion whether it were indeed a smile. By no means! But that first object of which Pearl seemed to become aware was—shall we say it?—the scarlet letter on Hester’s bosom! One day, as the mother stooped over the cradle, the infant’s eyes had been caught by the glimmering of the gold embroidery about the letter; and, putting up her little hand, she grasped at it, smiling, not doubtfully, but with a decided gleam, that gave her face the look of a much older child. Then, gasping for breath, did Hester Prynne clutch the fatal token, instinctively endeavoring to tear it away; so infinite was the torture inflicted by the intelligent touch of Pearl’s baby-hand. Again, as if her mother’s agonized gesture were meant only to make sport of her, did little Pearl look into her eyes, and smile! From that epoch, except when the child was asleep, Hester had never felt a moment’s safety; not a moment’s calm enjoyment of her. Weeks, it is true, would sometimes elapse, during which Pearl’s gaze might never once be fixed upon the scarlet letter; but then, again, it would come at unawares, like the stroke of sudden death, and always with that peculiar smile and odd expression of the eyes.

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.



HOW various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The new-born, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, traveling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. All people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure.

And now the storm lets loose its fury. In every

dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick, fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far-distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is riding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseech a city of the dead; and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY LIFE.

(FROM AMERICAN NOTE BOOKS.)

SALEM, Oct. 4th.

Union Street, [Family Mansion.]

. . . Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . Here I have written many tales,—many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention

of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all,—at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener

I was happy,—at least, as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by, the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth,—not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice,—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth, and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I could imagine

all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . . Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream,—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us,—then we begin to be,—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity. . . .

When we shall be endowed with our spiritual bodies, I think that they will be so constituted that we may send thoughts and feelings any distance in no time at all, and transfuse them, warm and fresh, into the consciousness of those whom we love. . . . But after all, perhaps it is not wise to intermix fantastic ideas with the reality of affection. Let us content ourselves to be earthly creatures, and hold communion of spirit in such modes as are ordained to us.





EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

“THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF AMERICA.”



EDWARD EVERETT HALE is to-day one of the best known and most beloved of American authors. He is also a lecturer of note. He has probably addressed as many audiences as any man in America. His work as a preacher, as a historian and as a story-teller, entitles him to fame; but his life has also been largely devoted to the formation of organizations to better the moral, social and educational conditions of the young people of his own and other lands. Recently he has been deeply interested in the great Chautauqua movement, which he has done much to develop.

His name is a household word in American homes, and the keynote of his useful life may be expressed by the motto of one of his most popular books, “Ten Times One is Ten:”—“Look up and not down! Look forward and not backward! Look out and not in! Lend a hand!”

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 3, 1822. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839, at the age of seventeen years. He took a post graduate course for two years in a Latin school and read theology and church history. It was in 1842 that he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. During the winter of 1844–45 he served a church in Washington, but removed the next year to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he remained for ten years. In 1856 he was called to the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Boston, which he has served for more than three decades.

When a boy young Hale learned to set type in his father's printing office, and afterwards served on the “Daily Advertiser,” it is said, in every capacity from reporter up to editor-in-chief. Before he was twenty-one years old he wrote a large part of the “Monthly Chronicle” and “Boston Miscellany,” and from that time to the present has done an immense amount of newspaper and magazine work. He at one time edited the “Christian Examiner” and also the “Sunday School Gazette.” He founded a magazine entitled “The Old and the New” in 1869, which was afterwards merged into “Scribner's Monthly.” In 1866 he began the publication of “Lend a Hand, a Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity.”

As a writer of short stories, no man of modern times, perhaps, is his superior, if indeed he has any equals. “My Double and How He Undid Me,” published in 1859, was the first of his works to strike strongly the popular fancy; but it was “The Man Without a Country,” issued in 1863, which entitled its author to a prom-

inent place among the classic short story-tellers of America, and produced a deep impression on the public mind. His "Skeleton in a Closet" followed in 1866; and, since that time his prolific pen has sent forth in the form of books and magazine articles, a continuous stream of the most entertaining literature in our language. He has the faculty of De Foe in giving to his stories the appearance of reality, and thus has gained for himself the title of "The Robinson Crusoe of America."

Mr. Hale is also an historical writer and a student of great attainment, and has contributed many papers of rare value to the historical and antiquarian societies of both Europe and America. He is, perhaps, the greatest of all living authorities on Spanish-American affairs. He is the editor of "Original Documents from the State Paper Office, London, and the British Museum; illustrating the History of Sir Walter Raleigh's First American Colony at Jamestown," and other historical works.

Throughout his life, Mr. Hale has always taken a patriotic interest in public affairs for the general good of the nation. While he dearly loves his native New England hills, his patriotism is bounded by no narrow limits; it is as wide as his country. His voice is always the foremost among those raised in praise or in defence of our national institutions and our liberties. His influence has always been exerted to make men and women better citizens and better Americans.

LOST.*

(FROM "PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS.")

BUT as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Any way she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panther's tracks. She had seen them as she ran on, and as she came up. She hurried on; but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost? Why, Inez had to confess to herself that she was lost just a little bit, but nothing to be afraid of; but still lost enough to talk about afterwards she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile from camp. As soon as they missed her—and by this time they had missed her—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way. What

a fool she was ever to leave the knoll! So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by; and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over everything she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails—which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink—would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left, this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star, it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last this perplexity increased. She was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken

by her own voice and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cottonwood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark; and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she alone would find them; but by this time she was sure that, if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise, too, as the night came on, and a fine rain, that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry-beat, and try this wild experiment or that, to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to

trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way; then she would stop and cry out and sound her war-whoop; then she would take up her sentry-march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it was midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! but then no more! Poor Inez! Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it was not so piteously dark! If she could only walk half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry-beats made put together! But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping-ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father—what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl!"—





WM. DEAN HOWELLS.

(THE REALISTIC NOVELIST OF AMERICA.)



THE West has contributed many notable men to our nation within the last half of the present century. There seems to be something in the spirit of that developing section to stimulate the aspirations and ambitions of those who grow up in its atmosphere. Progress, Enterprise, "Excelsior" are the three words written upon its banner as the motto for the sons of the middle West. It is there we go for many of our leading statesmen. Thence we draw our presidents more largely than from any other section, and the world of modern literature is also seeking and finding its chiefest leaders among the sons and daughters of that region. True they are generally transplanted to the Eastern centres of publication and commercial life, but they were born and grew up in the West.

Notably among the examples which might be cited, we mention William Dean Howells, one of the greatest of modern American novelists, who was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1st, 1837. Mr. Howells did not enjoy the advantage of a collegiate education. At twelve years of age he began to set type in his father's printing office, which he followed until he reached manhood, employing his odd time in writing articles and verses for the newspapers, and while quite young did editorial work for a leading daily in Cincinnati. At the age of twenty-one, in 1858, he became the editor of the "Ohio State Journal" at Columbus. Two years later he published in connection with John James Piatt a small volume of verse entitled "Poems of two Friends." These youthful effusions were marked by that crystal like clearness of thought, grace and artistic elegance of expression which characterize his later writings. Mr. Howells came prominently before the public in 1860 by publishing a carefully written and most excellent "Life of Abraham Lincoln" which was extensively sold and read during that most exciting presidential campaign, and no doubt contributed much to the success of the candidate. Mr. Lincoln, in furnishing data for this work, became well acquainted with the young author of twenty-three and was so impressed with his ability in grasping and discussing state affairs, and good sense generally, that he appointed him as consul to Venice.

During four years' residence in that city Mr. Howells, in addition to his official duties, learned the Italian language and studied its literature. He also here gathered the material for two books, "Venitian Life" and "Italian Journeys." He arranged for the publication of the former in London as he passed through that city in 1865 on his way home. The latter was brought out in America on his return,

appearing in 1867. Neither of these works are novels. "Venetian Life" is a delightful description of the manners and customs of real life in Venice. "Italian Journeys" is a charming portrayal—almost a kinetoscopic view—of his journey from Venice to Rome by the roundabout way of Genoa and Naples, with a visit to Pompeii and Herculaneum, including artistic etchings of notable scenes.

The first attempt of Mr. Howells at story-telling, "Their Wedding Journey," appeared in 1871. This, while ranking as a novel, was really a description of an actual bridal tour across New York. "A Chance Acquaintance" (1873) was a more complete novel, but evidently it was a venture of the imagination upon ground that had proven fruitful in real life. It was modeled after "The Wedding Journey," but described a holiday season spent in journeying up the St. Lawrence River, stopping at Quebec and Saguenay.

Since 1874 Mr. Howells has published one or more novels annually, among which are the following: "A Foregone Conclusion" (1874), "A Counterfeit Presentment" (1877), "The Lady of the Aroostook" (1878), "The Undiscovered Country" (1880), "A Fearful Responsibility" (1882), "A Modern Instance" and "Dr. Breen's Practice" (1883), "A Woman's Reason" (1884), "Tuscan Cities" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885), "The Minister's Charge" and "Indian Summer" (1886), "April Hopes" (1887), "Annie Kilburn" (1888), "Hazard of New Fortune" (1889). Since 1890 Mr. Howells has continued his literary activity with increased, rather than abating, energy. Among his noted later novels are "A Traveler from Altruria" and "The Landlord at Lion's Head" (the latter issued in 1897). Other notable books of his are "Stops at Various Quills," "My Literary Passion," "Library of Universal Adventure," "Modern Italian Poets," "Christmas Every Day" and "A Boy's Town," the two last mentioned being for juvenile readers, with illustrations.

Mr. Howells' accurate attention to details gives to his stories a most realistic flavor, making his books seem rather photographic than artistic. He shuns imposing characters and thrilling incidents, and makes much of interesting people and ordinary events in our social life. A broad grasp of our national characteristics and an intimate acquaintance with our institutions gives him a facility in producing minute studies of certain aspects of society and types of character, which no other writer in America has approached. For instance, his "Undiscovered Country" was an exhaustive study and presentation of spiritualism, as it is witnessed and taught in New England. And those who admire Mr. Howells' writings will find in "The Landlord at Lion's Head" a clear-cut statement of the important sociological problem yet to be solved, upon the other; which problem is also characteristic of other of his books. Thoughtful readers of Mr. Howells' novels gain much information on vital questions of society and government, which broaden the mind and cannot fail to be of permanent benefit.

From 1872 to 1881 Mr. Howells was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and since 1886 he has conducted the department known as the "Editor's Study" in "Harper's Magazine," contributing much to other periodicals at the same time. He is also well known as a poet, but has so overshadowed this side of himself by his greater power as a novelist, that he is placed with that class of writers. In 1873 a collection of his poems was published. While in Venice he wrote "No Love Lost; a Romance of Travel," which was published in 1869, and stamped him as a poet of ability.

THE FIRST BOARDER.

(FROM "THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD." 1897.)

By Permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

THE table was set for him alone, and it affected him as if the family had been hurried away from it that he might have it to himself. Everything was very simple; the iron forks had two prongs; the knives bone handles; the dull glass was pressed; the heavy plates and cups were white, but so was the cloth, and all were clean. The woman brought in a good boiled dinner of corned beef, potatoes, turnips and carrots, from the kitchen, and a teapot, and said something about having kept them hot on the stove for him; she brought him a plate of biscuit fresh from the oven; then she said to the boy, "You come out and have your dinner with me, Jeff," and left the guest to make his meal unmolested.

The room was square, with two north windows that looked down the lane he had climbed to the house. An open door led into the kitchen in an ell, and a closed door opposite probably gave access to a parlor or a ground-floor chamber. The windows were darkened down to the lower sash by green paper shades; the walls were papered in a pattern of brown roses; over the chimney hung a large picture, a life-size pencil-drawing of two little girls, one slightly older and slightly larger than the other, each with round eyes and precise ringlets, and with her hand clasped in the other's hand.

The guest seemed helpless to take his gaze from it, and he sat fallen back in his chair gazing at it, when the woman came in with a pie.

"Thank you, I believe I don't want any dessert," he said. "The fact is, the dinner was so good that I haven't left any room for pie. Are those your children?"

"Yes," said the woman, looking up at the picture with the pie in her hand. "They're the last two I lost."

"Oh, excuse me!" the guest began.

"It's the way they appear in the spirit life. It's a spirit picture."

"Oh! I thought there was something strange about it."

"Well, it's a good deal like the photographs we had taken about a year before they died. It's a good likeness. They say they don't change a great deal, at first."

She seemed to refer the point to him for his judgment; but he answered wide of it:

"I came up here to paint your mountain, if you don't mind, Mrs. Durgin—Lion's Head, I mean."

"Oh, yes. Well I don't know as we could stop you, if you wanted to take it away." A spare glimmer lighted up her face.

The painter rejoined in kind. "The town might have something to say, I suppose."

"Not if you was to leave a good piece of intervale in place of it. We've got mountains to spare."

"Well, then, that's arranged. What about a week's board?"

"I guess you can stay, if you're satisfied."

"I'll be satisfied if I can stay. How much do you want?"

The woman looked down, probably with an inward anxiety between the fear of asking too much and the folly of asking too little. She said, tentatively, "Some of the folks that come over from the hotels say they pay as much as twenty dollars a week."

"But you don't expect hotel prices?"

"I don't know as I do. We've never had any body before."

The stranger relaxed the frown he had put on at the greed of her suggestion; it might have come from ignorance or mere innocence, "I'm in the habit of paying five dollars for farm board, where I stayed several week's. What do you say to seven for a single week?"

"I guess that'll do," said the woman, and she went out with the pie, which she had kept in her hand.

IMPRESSIONS ON VISITING POMPEII.*

FROM "ITALIAN JOURNEYS." 1867.



THE cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii yet interred: happy the generation that lives to learn the wondrous secrets of that sepulchre! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dream-land forever. O marvellous city! who shall reveal the cunning of your spell? Something not death, something not life,—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other! What is it comes to me at this distance of that which I saw in Pompeii? The narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of the many-tinted walls; the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow, and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden-spaces with pygmy statues suited to their littleness; suites of fairy bed-chambers, painted with exquisite frescos; dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses; the lonesome tragic theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bass-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole, the city wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiae; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven; these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could ever have been so blest. For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii. . . .

THE HOUSES OF POMPEII AND THEIR PAINTED WALLS.

From "Italian Journeys."

The plans of nearly all the houses in the city are

alike: the entrance-room next the door; the parlor or drawing-room next that; then the *impluvium*, or unroofed space in the middle of the house, where the rains were caught and drained into the cistern, and where the household used to come to wash itself, primitively, as at a pump; the little garden, with its painted columns, behind the *impluvium*, and, at last, the dining-room.

* * * * *

After referring to the frescos on the walls that have remained for nearly two thousand years and the wonder of the art by which they were produced, Mr. Howells thus continues:

Of course the houses of the rich were adorned by men of talent; but it is surprising to see the community of thought and feeling in all this work, whether it be from cunninger or clumsier hands. The subjects are nearly always chosen from the fables of the gods, and they are in illustration of the poets, Homer and the rest. To suit that soft, luxurious life which people led in Pompeii, the themes are commonly amorous, and sometimes not too chaste: there is much of Bacchus and Ariadne, much of Venus and Adonis, and Diana bathes a good deal with her nymphs,—not to mention frequent representations of the toilet of that beautiful monster which the lascivious art of the time loved to depict. One of the most pleasing of all the scenes is that in one of the houses, of the Judgment of Paris, in which the shepherd sits upon a bank in an attitude of ineffable and flattered importance, with one leg carelessly crossing the other, and both hands resting lightly on his shepherd's crook, while the goddesses before him await his sentence. Naturally, the painter has done his best for the victress in this rivalry, and you see

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,"

as she should be, but with a warm and piquant spice of girlish resentment in her attitude, that Paris should pause for an instant, which is altogether delicious.

"And I beheld great Here's angry eyes."

Awful eyes! How did the painter make them? The wonder of all these pagan frescos is the mystery of the eyes,—still, beautiful, unhuman. You cannot believe that it is wrong for those tranquil-eyed men and women to do evil, they look so calm and so unconscious in it all; and in the presence of the celestials, as they bend upon you those eternal orbs, in whose regard you are but a part of space, you feel that here art has achieved the unearthly. I know of

no words in literature which give a *sense* (nothing gives the idea) of the *stare* of these gods, except that magnificent line of Kingsley's, describing the advance over the sea toward Andromeda of the oblivious and unsympathizing Nereids. They floated slowly up and their eyes

“Stared on her, silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols.”

VENETIAN VAGABONDS.*

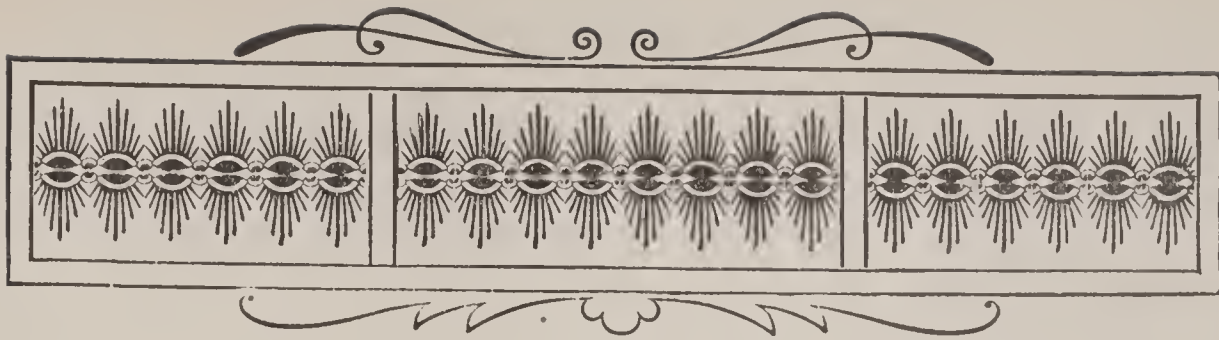
(FROM “VENETIAN LIFE.” 1867.)

THE lasagnone is a loafer, as an Italian can be a loafer, without the admixture of ruffianism, which blemishes lost loafers of northern race. He may be quite worthless, and even impertinent, but he cannot be a rowdy—that pleasing blossom on the nose of our fast, high-fed, thick-blooded civilization. In Venice he must not be confounded with other loiterers at the café; not with the natty people who talk politics interminably over little cups of black coffee; not with those old habitués, who sit forever under the Procuratie, their hands folded upon the top of their sticks, and stare at the ladies who pass with a curious steadfastness and knowing skepticism of gaze, not pleasing in the dim eyes of age; certainly, the last persons who bear any likeness to the lasagnone are the Germans, with their honest, heavy faces comically anglicized by leg-of-mutton whiskers. The truth is, the lasagnone does not flourish in the best café; he comes to perfection in cheaper resorts, for he is commonly not rich.

It often happens that a glass of water, flavored with a little anisette, is the order over which he sits a whole evening. He knows the waiter intimately, and does not call him “Shop!” (Bottéga) as less familiar people do, but Gigi, or Beppi, as the waiter is pretty sure to be named. “Behold!” he says, when the servant places his modest drink before him, “who is that loveliest blonde there?” Or to his fellow-lasagnone: “She regards me! I have broken her heart!” This is his sole business and mission, the cruel lasag-

none—to break the ladies' hearts. He spares no condition—neither rank nor wealth is any defence against him. I often wonder what is in that note he continually shows to his friend. The confession of some broken heart, I think. When he has folded it and put it away, he chuckles, “Ah, cara!” and sucks at his long, slender Virginia cigar. It is unlighted, for fire consumes cigars. I never see him read the papers—neither the Italian papers nor the Parisian journals, though if he can get “Galig-nani” he is glad, and he likes to pretend to a knowledge of English, uttering upon the occasion, with great relish, such distinctively English words as “Yes” and “Not,” and to the waiter, “A-little-fire-if-you-please.” He sits very late in the café, he touches his hat—his curly French hat—to the company as he goes out with a mild swagger, his cane held lightly in his left hand, his coat cut snugly to show his hips, and genteely swaying with the motion of his body. He is a dandy, of course—all Italians are dandies—but his vanity is perfectly harmless, and his heart is not bad. He would go half an hour to put you in the direction of the Piazza. A little thing can make him happy—to stand in the pit at the opera, and gaze at the ladies in the lower boxes—to attend the Marionette or the Malibran Theatre, and imperil the peace of pretty seamstresses and contadinas—to stand at the church doors and ogle the fair saints as they pass out. Go, harmless lasagnone, to thy lodging in some mysterious height, and break hearts if thou wilt. They are quickly mended.

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GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE.

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR."



HERE is an old adage which declares "without fame or fortune at forty, without fame or fortune always." This, however is not invariably true. Hawthorne became famous when he wrote "Scarlet Letter" at forty-six, Sir Walter Scott produced the first Waverly Novel after he was forty; and we find another exception in the case of the soldier author who is made the subject of this sketch. Perhaps no writer of modern times has gained so wide a reputation on so few books or began his literary career so late in life as the author of "The Fair God;" "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India." It was not until the year 1873 that General Lewis Wallace at the age of forty-six became known to literature. Prior to this he had filled the double position of lawyer and soldier, and it was his observations and experiences in the Mexican War, no doubt, which inspired him to write "The Fair God," his first book, which was a story of the conquest of that country.

Lew. Wallace was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1827. After receiving a common school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered in the army as a lieutenant in an Indiana company. On his return from the war, in 1848, he took up the practice of his profession in his native state and also served in the legislature. Near the beginning of the Civil War he became colonel of a volunteer regiment. His military service was of such a character that he received special mention from General Grant for meritorious conduct and was made major-general in March, 1862. He was mustered out of service when the war closed in 1865 and resumed his practice of law at his old home in Crawfordsville. In 1873, as stated above, his first book, "The Fair God," was published; but it met with only moderate success. In 1878, General Wallace was made Territorial Governor of Utah and in 1880, "Ben Hur; a Tale of The Christ" appeared. The scene was laid in the East and displayed such a knowledge of the manners and customs of that country and people that General Garfield—that year elected President—considered its author a fitting person for the Turkish Ministry, and accordingly, in 1881, he was appointed to that position. It is said that when President Garfield gave General Wallace his appointment, he wrote the words "Ben Hur" across the corner of the document, and, as Wallace was coming away from his visit of acknowledgement at the White House, the President put his arm over his friend's shoulder and said, "I expect another book out of you. Your duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate the scene in

Constantinople." This suggestion was, no doubt, General Wallace's reason for writing "The Prince of India," which was published in 1890 and is the last book issued by its author. He had in the mean time, however, published "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888).

None of the other books of the author have been so popular or reached the great success attained by "Ben Hur," which has had the enormous sale of nearly one-half million copies without at any time being forced upon the market in the form of a cheap edition. It is remarkable also to state that the early circulation of "Ben Hur," while it was appreciated by a certain class, was too small to warrant the author in anticipating the fortune which he afterwards harvested from this book. Before General Wallace was made Minister to Turkey, the book-sellers bought it in quantities of two, three or a dozen at a time, and it was not until President Garfield had honored the author with this significant portfolio that the trade commenced to call for it in thousand lots.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.*

(FROM "BEN HUR." 1880.)



HE head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with long hair and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black well-arched brows, beamed eyes dark blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of great length sometimes seen on children, but seldom, if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusually to the latter type, and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the pallor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair and the softness of the beard, which fell in waves over His throat to His breast, never a soldier but would have laughed at Him in encounter, never a woman who would not have confided in Him at sight, never a child that

would not, with quick instinct, have given Him its hand and whole artless trust, nor might any one have said He was not beautiful.

The features, it should be further said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity or sorrow, though, in better speech, it was a blending of them all—a look easy to fancy as a mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding of the utter sinfulness of those among whom it was passing; yet withal no one could have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned—love, sorrow, pity—are the results of a consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do; such has been the might of martyrs and devotees and the myriads written down in saintly calendars; and such, indeed, was the air of this one.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA TEACHES REINCARNATION.*

(FROM THE "PRINCE OF INDIA." 1890.)



HE Holy Father of Light and Life," the speaker went on, after a pause referable to his consummate knowledge of men, "has sent His Spirit down to the world, not once, merely, or unto one people, but repeatedly, in ages

sometimes near together, sometimes wide apart, and to races diverse, yet in every instance remarkable for genius."

There was a murmur at this, but he gave it no time.

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"Ask you now how I could identify the Spirit so as to be able to declare to you solemnly, as I do in fear of God, that in several repeated appearances of which I speak it was the very same Spirit? How do you know the man you met at set of sun yesterday was the man you saluted and had salute from this morning? Well, I tell you the Father has given the Spirit features by which it may be known—features distinct as those of the neighbors nearest you there at your right and left hands. Wherever in my reading Holy Books, like these, I hear of a man, himself a shining example of righteousness, teaching God and the way to God; by those signs I say to my soul: 'Oh, the Spirit, the Spirit! Blessed in the man appointed to carry it about!'"

Again the murmur, but again he passed on.

"The Spirit dwelt in the Holy of Holies set apart for it in the Tabernacle; yet no man ever saw it

here, a thing of sight. The soul is not to be seen; still less is the Spirit of the Most High; or if one did see it, its brightness would kill him. In great mercy, therefore, it has come and done its good works in the world veiled; now in one form, now in another; at one time, a voice in the air; at another, a vision in sleep; at another, a burning bush; at another, an angel; at another, a descending dove"—

"Bethabara!" shouted a cowed brother, tossing both hands up.

"Be quiet!" the Patriarch ordered.

"Thus always when its errand was of quick despatch," the Prince continued. "But if its coming were for residence on earth, then its habit has been to adopt a man for its outward form, and enter into him, and speak by him; such was Moses, such Elijah, such were all the Prophets, and such"—he paused, then exclaimed shrilly—"such was Jesus Christ!"

THE PRAYER OF THE WANDERING JEW.*

(FROM THE "PRINCE OF INDIA.")



OD of Israel—my God!" he said, in a tone hardly more than speaking to himself.

"These about me, my fellow-creatures, pray thee in the hope of life, I pray thee in the hope of death. I have come up from the sea, and the end was not there; now I will go into the Desert

in search of it. Or if I must live, Lord, give me the happiness there is in serving thee.

"Thou hast need of instruments of good: let me henceforth be one of them, that by working for thy honor, I may at last enjoy the peace of the blessed—Amen."

DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.*

(FROM "THE FAIR GOD.")



HE king turned his pale face and fixed his gazing eyes upon the conqueror; and such power was there in the look that the latter added, with softening manner, "What I can do for thee I will do. I have always been thy true friend."

"O Malinche, I hear you, and your words make dying easy," answered Montezuma, smiling faintly.

With an effort he sought Cortes' hand, and looking at Acatlan and Tecalco, continued:

"Let me intrust these women and their children to you and your lord. Of all that which was mine

but now is yours—lands, people, empire,—enough to save them from want and shame were small indeed. Promise me; in the hearing of all these, promise, Malinche."

Taint of anger was there no longer on the soul of the great Spaniard.

"Rest thee, good king!" he said, with feeling. "Thy queens and their children shall be my wards. In the hearing of all these, I so swear."

The listener smiled again; his eyes closed, his hand fell down; and so still was he that they began

to think him dead. Suddenly he stirred, and said faintly, but distinctly,—

“Nearer, uncles, nearer.” The old men bent over him, listening.

“A message to Guatamozin,—to whom I give my last thought, as king. Say to him, that this lingering in death is no fault of his; the aim was true, but the arrow splintered upon leaving the bow. And lest the world hold him to account for my blood, hear

me say, all of you, that I bade him do what he did.

And in sign that I love him, take my sceptre, and give it to him—”

His voice fell away, yet the lips moved; lower the accents stooped,—

“Tula and the empire go with the sceptre,” he murmured, and they were his last words,—his will. A wail from the women pronounced him dead.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRGIN MARY.*

(FROM “BEN HUR.”)

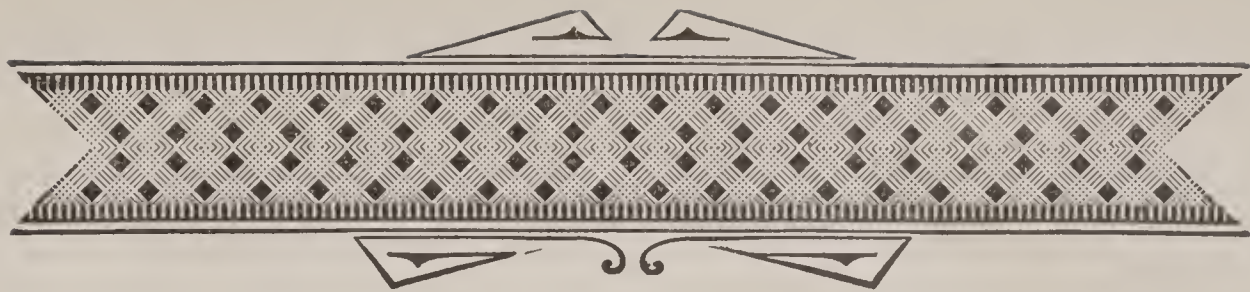


HE was not more than fifteen. Her form, voice and manner belonged to the period of transition from girlhood. Her face was perfectly oval, her complexion more pale than fair. The nose was faultless; the lips, slightly parted, were full and ripe, giving to the lines of the mouth warmth, tenderness and trust; the eyes were blue and large, and shaded by drooping lids and long lashes, and, in harmony with all, a flood of golden hair, in the style permitted to Jewish brides, fell unconfined down her back to the pillion on which she sat. The throat and neck had the downy softness sometimes seen which leaves the artist in doubt

whether it is an effect of contour or color. To these charms of feature and person were added others more indefinable—an air of purity which only the soul can impart, and of abstraction natural to such as think much of things impalpable. Often, with trembling lips, she raised her eyes to heaven, itself not more deeply blue; often she crossed her hands upon her breast, as in adoration and prayer; often she raised her head like one listening eagerly for a calling voice. Now and then, midst his slow utterances, Joseph turned to look at her, and, catching the expression kindling her face as with light, forgot his theme, and with bowed head, wondering, plodded on.

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EDWARD EGGLESTON.

“THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.”



ORDER says with truth that “one’s whole life is but the interpretation of the oracles of his childhood,” and those who are familiar with the writings of Edward Eggleston see in his pictures of country life in the Hoosier State the interpretation and illustration of his own life with its peculiar environment in “the great interior valley” nearly a half-century ago. The writers who have interpreted for us and for future generations the life and the characteristic manners which prevailed in the days when our country was new and the forests were yielding to give place to growing cities and expanding farms have done a rare and peculiar service, and those sections which have found expression through the genius and gifts of novelist or poet are highly favored above all others.

Edward Eggleston has always counted it a piece of good-fortune to have been born in a small village of Southern Indiana, for he believes that the formative influences of such an environment, the intimate knowledge of simple human nature, the close acquaintance with nature in woods and field and stream, and the sincere and earnest tone of the religious atmosphere which he breathed all through his youth, are better elements of culture than a city life could have furnished.

He was born in 1837 in Vevay, Indiana, and his early life was spent amid the “noble scenery” on the banks of the Ohio River. His father died while he was a young boy, and he himself was too delicate to spend much time at school, so that he is a shining example of those who move up the inclined plane of self-culture and self-improvement.

As he himself has forcefully said, through his whole life two men have struggled within him for the ascendancy, the religious devotee and the literary man. His early training was “after the straitest sect of his religion”—the fervid Methodism of fifty years ago, and he was almost morbidly scrupulous as a boy, not even allowing himself to read a novel, though from this early period he always felt in himself a future literary career, and the teacher who corrected his compositions naively said to him: “I have marked your composition very severely because you are destined to become an author.”

At first the religious element in his nature decidedly held sway and he devoted himself to the ministry, mounting a horse and going forth with his saddle-bags as a circuit preacher in a circuit of ten preaching places. This was followed by a still harder experience in the border country of Minnesota, where in moccasins he

tramped from town to town preaching to lumbermen and living on a meagre pittance, eating crackers and cheese, often in broken health and expecting an early death.

But even this earnest life of religious devotion and sacrifice was interspersed with attempts at literary work and he wrote a critical essay on "Beranger and his Songs" while he was trying to evangelize the red-shirted lumbermen of St. Croix. It was in such life and amid such experiences that Eggleston gained his keen knowledge of human nature which has been the delight and charm of his books.

He began his literary career as associate editor of the "Little Corporal" at Evanston, Illinois, in 1866, and in 1870 he rose to the position of literary editor of the New York "Independent," of which he was for a time superintending editor. For five years, from 1874 to 1879, he was pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor in Brooklyn, but failing health compelled him to retire, and he made his home at "Owl's Nest," on Lake George, where he has since devoted himself to literary work.

His novels depict the rural life of Southern Indiana, and his own judgment upon them is as follows: "I should say that what distinguishes my novels from other works of fiction is the prominence which they give to social conditions; that the individual characters are here treated to a greater degree than elsewhere as parts of a study of a society, as in some sense the logical result of the environment. Whatever may be the rank assigned to these stories as works of literary art, they will always have a certain value as materials for the student of social history."

His chief novels and stories are the following: "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick" (Chicago, 1869); "The Hoosier School-master" (New York, 1871); "End of the World" (1872); "The Mystery of Metropolisville" (1873); "The Circuit Rider" (1874); "School-master's Stories for Boys and Girls" (1874); and "The Hoosier School-boy" (1883). He has written in connection with his daughter an interesting series of biographical tales of famous American Indians, and during these later years of his life he has largely devoted himself to historical work which has had an attraction for him all his life.

In his historical work as in his novels he is especially occupied with the evolution of society. His interest runs in the line of unfolding the history of life and development rather than in giving mere facts of political history.

His chief works in this department are: "Household History of the United States and its People" (New York, 1893); and "The Beginners of a Nation" (New York, 1897).

Though possessed of a weak and ailing body and always on the verge of invalidism, he has done the work of a strong man. He has always preserved his deep and earnest religious and moral tone, but he has woven with it a joyous and genuine humor which has warmed the hearts of his many readers.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.*

(FROM "THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER." ORANGE JUDD CO., PUBLISHERS.)



EVERY family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoophole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoophole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I'll appint him. Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging.

The squire came to the front.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honor," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happyfying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavors to sarve the people of Flat Creek deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and

futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion," twisting his scalp round, "but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do raley. The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt for his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsy Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide who should have the "first chice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice: "And I take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks,

found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long before Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain of the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could neither catch a ball well nor bat well. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of Bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—he was "a hoss." The genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop

out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could spell "like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoophole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is. Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose; it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young school-master. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsy Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person

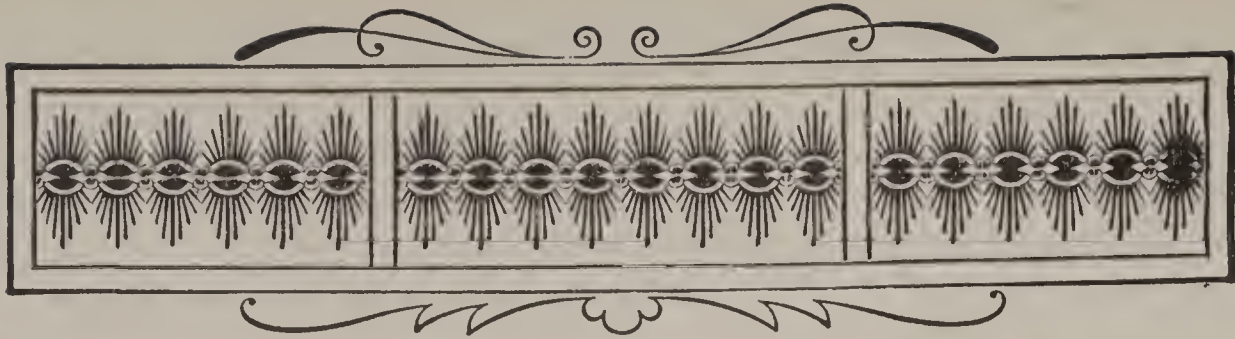
left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well-known to all who ever thumbed it, as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was a buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if they could "see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "ole Miss Meanses' white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses' Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally.

"Daguerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.



THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

AUTHOR OF "IN OLE VIRGINIA."



AN old adage declares it "an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and certainly the world may take whatever consolation it can find out of the fact that the long and bloody war between the North and South has at least afforded the opportunity for certain literary men and women to rise upon the ruins which it wrought, and win fame to themselves as well as put money in their purses by embalming in literature the story of times and social conditions that now exist only in the history of the past.

Thomas Nelson Page was born in Oakland, Hanover county, Virginia, on the twenty-third day of April, 1853, consequently, he was only eight years old when Fort Sumter was fired upon, and, during the imaginative period of the next few years, he lived in proximity to the battle fields of the most fiercely contested struggles of the war. His earliest recollections were of the happiest phases of life on the old slave plantations. That he thoroughly understands the bright side of such a life, as well as the Negro character and dialect, is abundantly established by the charming books which he has given to the world.

His childhood was passed on the estate which was a part of the original grant of his maternal ancestor, General Thomas Nelson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, for whom he was named. His early education was received in the neighborhood "subscription" schools (there were no free public schools in the South at that time), and at the hand of a gentle old aunt of whom Mr. Page tells in one of his stories. The war interfered with his regular studies but filled his mind with a knowledge schools cannot give, and, as stated above, it was out of this knowledge that his stories have grown. After the war, young Page entered the Washington and Lee University and later studied law, taking his degree in this branch from the University of Virginia, in 1874, and after graduating, practiced his profession in Richmond, Virginia, until 1884, when his first story of Virginia life "Marse Chan," a tale of the Civil War, was printed in the "Century Magazine." He had previously written dialectic poetry, but the above story was his first decided success, and attracted such wide attention that he forsook law for literature. In 1887, a volume of his stories was brought out under the title "In Ole Virginia," which was followed in 1888 by "Befo' de War; Echoes in Negro Dialect," which was written in collaboration with Mr. A. C. Gordon. The next year a story for boys entitled, "Two Little Confederates," appeared in the "St. Nicholas Magazine," and was afterward

published in book form. A companion volume to this is "Among the Camps or Young People's Stories of the War."

Mr. Page has been a frequent contributor to the current magazines for many years, and has also lectured extensively throughout the country. In 1897 he went abroad for a tour of England and the Continent of Europe. It is announced that on his return he will issue a new novel which we understand, he has been engaged upon for some time and expects to make the most pretentious work of his life up to this date.

OLD SUE.*

(FROM "PASTIME STORIES.")

UST on the other side of Ninth Street, outside of my office window, was the stand of Old Sue, the "tug-mule" that pulled the green car around the curve from Main Street to Ninth and up the hill to Broad. Between her and the young bow-legged negro that hitched her on, drove her up, and brought her back down the hill for the next car, there always existed a peculiar friendship. He used to hold long conversations with her, generally upbraiding her in that complaining tone with opprobrious terms which the negroes employ, which she used to take meekly. At times he petted her with his arm around her neck, or teased her, punching her in the ribs and walking about around her quarters, ostentatiously disregarding of her switching stump of a tail, backed ears, and uplifted foot, and threatening her with all sorts of direful punishment if she "jis dyarred to tetch" him.

"Kick me—heah, kick me; I jis dyah you to lay you' foot 'g'inst me," he would say, standing defiantly against her as she appeared about to let fly at him. Then he would seize her with a guffaw. Or at times, coming down the hill, he would "hall off" and hit her, and "take out" with her at his heels her long furry ears backed, and her mouth wide open as if she would tear him to pieces; and just as she nearly caught him he would come to a stand and wheel around, and she would stop dead, and then walk on by him as sedately as if she were in a harrow. In all the years of their association she never failed him; and she never failed to fling herself on the collar, rounding the sharp curve at Ninth, and to get the car up the difficult turn.

Last fall, however, the road passed into new hands,

and the management changed the old mules on the line, and put on a lot of new and green horses. It happened to be a dreary, rainy day in November when the first new team was put in. They came along about three o'clock. Old Sue had been standing out in the pouring rain all day with her head bowed, and her stubby tail tucked in, and her black back dripping. She had never failed nor faltered. The tug-boy in an old rubber suit and battered tarpauling hat, had been out also, his coat shining with the wet. He and old Sue appeared to mind it astonishingly little. The gutters were running brimming full, and the cobble-stones were wet and slippery. The street cars were crowded inside and out, the wretched people on the platforms vainly trying to shield themselves with umbrellas held sideways. It was late in the afternoon when I first observed that there was trouble at the corner. I thought at first that there was an accident, but soon found that it was due to a pair of new, balking horses in a car. Old Sue was hitched to the tug, and was doing her part faithfully; finally she threw her weight on the collar, and by sheer strength bodily dragged the car, horses and all, around the curve and on up the straight track, until the horses, finding themselves moving, went off with a rush, I saw the tug-boy shake his head with pride, and heard him give a whoop of triumph. The next car went up all right; but the next had a new team, and the same thing occurred. The streets were like glass; the new horses got to slipping and balking, and old Sue had to drag them up as she did before. From this time it went from bad to worse: the rain changed to sleet, and the curve at Ninth became a stalling-place for every car.

Finally, just at dark, there was a block there, and the cars piled up. I intended to have taken a car on my way home, but finding it stalled, I stepped into my friend Polk Miller's drug-store, just on the corner, to get a cigar and to keep warm. I could see through the blurred glass of the door the commotion going on just outside, and could hear the shouts of the driver and of the tug-boy mingled with the clatter of horses' feet as they reared and jumped, and the cracks of the tug-boy's whip as he called to Sue, "Git up, Sue, git up, Sue." Presently, I heard a shout, and then the tones changed, and things got quiet.

A minute afterwards the door slowly opened, and the tug-boy came in limping, his old hat pushed back on his head, and one leg of his wet trousers rolled up to his knee, showing about four inches of black, ashy skin, which he leaned over and rubbed as he walked. His wet face wore a scowl, half pain, half anger. "Mist' Miller, kin I use you' telephone?" he asked, surlily. (The company had the privilege of using it by courtesy.)

"Yes; there 'tis."

He limped up, and still rubbing his leg with one hand, took the 'phone off the hook with the other and put it to his ear.

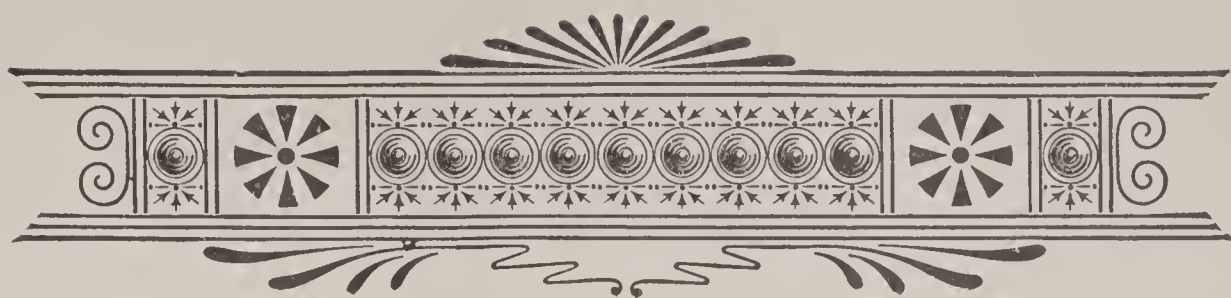
"Hello, central—hello! Please gimme fo' hund' an' sebenty-three on three sixt'-fo'—fo' hund' an' sebent'-three on three sixt'-fo'.

"Hello! Suh? Yas, suh; fo' hund' an' sebent'-three on three sixt'-fo'. *Street-car stables* on three sixt'-fo'. Hello! Hello! Hello! Dat you, street-car stables? Hello! Yas. Who dat? Oh! Dat you, Mist' Mellerdin? Yas, suh; yes, suh; Jim; *Jim*; dis Jim. G-i-m, Jim. Yas, suh: whar drive Ole Sue, in Mist' Polk Miller' drug-sto'—. Yas, suh. 'Matter'?—Ole Sue—she done tu'n fool; done gone 'stracted. I can't do nuttin' 'tall wid her. She ain' got no sense. She oon pull a poun'. Suh? Yas, suh. Nor, suh. Yas, suh. Nor, suh; I done try ev'ything. I done beg her, done cuss her, done whup her mos' to death. She ain' got no reasonment. She oon do nuttin'. She done haul off, an' leetle mo' knock my brains out; she done kick me right 'pon meh laig—'pon my right laig." (He stooped over and rubbed it again at the reflection.) "Done bark it all up. Suh? Yas, suh. Tell nine o'clock? Yas, suh; reckon so; 'll try it leetle longer. Yas, suh; yas, suh. Good-night—good-bye!"

He hung the 'phone back on the hook, stooped and rolled down the leg of his breeches. "Thankee, Mist' Miller! Good-night."

He walked to the door, and opened it. As he passed slowly out, without turning his head, he said, as if to himself, but to be heard by us, "I wish I had a hundred an' twenty-five dollars. I boun' I'd buy dat durned ole mule, an' cut her dog-goned th' oat."





EDWARD PAYSON ROE.

AUTHOR OF "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY."



R. ROE is not considered as one of the strongest of American novelists; but that he was one of the most popular among the masses of the people, from 1875 to the time of his death, goes without saying. His novels were of a religious character, and while they were doubtless lacking in the higher arts of the fictionist, he invariably told an interesting story and pointed a healthy moral. "Barriers Burned

Away" is, perhaps, his best novel, and it has been declared by certain critics to be at once one of the most vivid portrayals and correct pictures of the great Chicago fire that occurred in 1871 which has up to this time been written.

Edward Payson Roe was born at New Windsor, New York, in 1838, and died, when fifty years of age, at Cornwall, the same State, in 1888. He was being educated at Williams College, but had to leave before graduating owing to an affection of the eyes. In consequence of his literary work, however, the college in after years gave him the degree of A. B. In 1862, he volunteered his services in the army and served as chaplain throughout the Civil War. From 1865 to 1874 he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls, New York. In 1874 he resigned his pastorate, and, to the time of his death, gave himself to literature and to the cultivation of a small fruit farm.

Other works of this author, after "Barriers Burned Away," are "Play and Profit in my Garden" (1873); "What Can She Do?" (1873); "Opening a Chestnut Burr" (1874); "From Jest to Earnest" (1875); "Near to Nature's Heart" (1876); "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" (1877); "A Face Illumined" (1878); "A Day of Fate" (1880); "Success with Small Fruits" (1880); "Without a Home" (1880); "His Sombre Rivals" (1883); "A Young Girl's Wooing" (1884); "Nature's Serial Story" (1884); "An Original Belle" (1885); "Driven Back to Eden" (1885); "He Fell in Love with His Wife" (1886); "The Earth Trembled" (1887); "Miss Lou" (1888); "The Home Acre" (1889) and "Taken Alive" (1889), the two last mentioned being published after the death of the author.

CHRISTINE, AWAKE FOR YOUR LIFE!*



FOR a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a voice seemed to shout almost in his ear, "The north side is burning!" and he started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing, perhaps, in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he had never imagined that she could be imperiled by the burning of the north side.

In an agony of fear and anxiety he put forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly pursuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shrieking, frenzied, terror-stricken throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral grade was represented there. Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the awful democracy of the hour, brushed against thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled underfoot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes than those in which they had sprung from their beds. Altogether it was a strange, incongruous, writhing mass of humanity, such as the world had never looked upon, pouring into what might seem, in its horrors, the mouth of hell.

As Dennis entered the utter darkness, a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now oblivious to everything save Christine's danger. With set teeth he put his shoulder against the living mass and pushed with the strongest till he emerged into the glare of the north side. Here, escaping somewhat from the throng, he made his way rapidly to the Ludolph mansion, which to his joy he found was still considerably to the windward of the fire. But he saw

that from the southwest another line of flame was bearing down upon it.

The front door was locked, and the house utterly dark. He rang the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a reverberation.

"They must have escaped," he said; "but merciful heaven! there must be no uncertainty in this case. What shall I do?"

The windows of the lower story were all strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable, if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the New England woods of his early home he had learned to climb for nuts like a squirrel, and so with no great difficulty he mounted the trunk and dropped from an overhanging branch to the point he sought. The window was down at the top, but the lower sash was fastened. He could see the catch by the light of the fire. He broke the pane of glass nearest it, hoping that the crash might awaken Christine, if she were still there. But, after the clatter died away, there was no sound. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in. . . .

There was no time for sentiment. He called loudly: "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!"

There was no answer. "She must be gone," he said. The front room, facing toward the west, he knew to be her sleeping-apartment. Going through the passage, he knocked loudly, and called again; but in the silence that followed he heard his own watch tick, and his heart beat. He pushed the door open with the feeling of one profaning a shrine, and looked timidly in. . . .

She lay with her face toward him. Her hair of gold, unconfined, streamed over the pillow; one fair, round arm, from which her night-robe had slipped back, was clasped around her head, and a flickering ray of light, finding access at the window, played upon her face and neck with the strangest and most weird effect.

So deep was her slumber that she seemed dead, and Dennis, in his overwrought state, thought she was. For a moment his heart stood still, and his tongue was paralyzed. A distant explosion aroused him. Approaching softly he said, in an awed whisper (he seemed powerless to speak louder), "Miss Ludolph!—Christine!"

But the light of the coming fire played and flickered over the still, white face, that never before had seemed so strangely beautiful.

"Miss Ludolph!—O Christine, awake!" cried Dennis, louder.

To his wonder and unbounded perplexity, he saw the hitherto motionless lips wreath themselves into a lovely smile, but otherwise there was no response. . . .

A louder and nearer explosion, like a warning voice, made him wholly desperate, and he roughly seized her hand.

Christine's blue eyes opened wide with a bewildered stare; a look of the wildest terror came into them, and she started up and shrieked, "Father! father!"

Then, turning toward the as yet unknown invader, she cried piteously: "Oh, spare my life! Take everything; I will give you anything you ask, only spare my life!"

She evidently thought herself addressing a ruthless robber.

Dennis retreated towards the door the moment she awakened; and this somewhat reassured her.

In the firm, quiet tone that always calms excitement, he replied, "I only ask you to give me your confidence, Miss Ludolph, and to join with me, Dennis Fleet, in my effort to save your life."

"Dennis Fleet! Dennis Fleet! save my life! O

ye gods, what does it all mean?" and she passed her hand in bewilderment across her brow, as if to brush away the wild fancies of a dream.

"Miss Ludolph, as you love your life, arouse yourself and escape! The city is burning!"

When Dennis returned, he found Christine panting helplessly on a chair.

"Oh, dress! dress!" he cried. "We have not a moment to spare."

The sparks and cinders were falling about the house, a perfect storm of fire. The roof was already blazing, and smoke was pouring down the stairs.

At his suggestion she had at first laid out a heavy woolen dress and Scotch plaid shawl. She nervously sought to put on the dress, but her trembling fingers could not fasten it over her wildly throbbing bosom. Dennis saw that in the terrible emergency he must act the part of a brother or husband, and, springing forward, he assisted her with the dexterity he had learned in childhood.

Just then a blazing piece of roof, borne on the wings of the gale, crashed through the window, and in a moment the apartment, that had seemed like a beautiful casket for a still more exquisite jewel, was in flames.

Hastily wrapping Christine in the blanket shawl, he snatched her, crying and wringing her hands, into the street.

Holding his hand she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them out of immediate peril, and brought them into the flying throng pressing their way northward and westward.





FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

(OUR MOST COSMOPOLITAN NOVELIST.)



ANDREW LANG has pronounced Marion Crawford "the most versatile of modern novelists." It may also be truly said that he is the most cosmopolitan of all our American authors. One feels after reading his stories of life and society in India, Italy, England and America that the author does not belong anywhere in particular, but is rather a citizen of the world in general.

He drew from nearly every country of culture for his education, and the result is clearly apparent in his voluminous and varied works. He is one of the rare and favored few who have stumbled almost by accident upon fame and who have increased their early fame by later labors.

Marion Crawford was born in Italy in 1854. His father was a native of Ireland, a sculptor of repute, and his mother was an American, a sister of Julia Ward Howe. His father died when he was three years old, and he was put with relatives on a farm in Bordentown, N. J., where he had a French governess. At a suitable age he was sent to St. Paul's School in New Hampshire, and later he studied with a country clergyman in England. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he showed an aptitude for mathematics.

After studying in the Universities of Heidelberg, Carlsruhe and Rome, he went to India to make a thorough study of Sanscrit. Here his funds gave out and left him nearly stranded with no prospects of improvement.

Just as he was on the point of joining the Anglo-Indian army, he was offered the position of editor on the "Allahabad Herald," in an unhealthy town a thousand miles from Bombay. The work was extremely difficult and absorbing for one who had never had previous connection with a newspaper, requiring sixteen hours of daily work in a climate of excessive heat.

After resigning this position he returned to Italy and took passage on a "tramp" steamer for America. He was wrecked, after a six weeks' voyage, and thrown on the coast of Bermuda. With these varied experiences he had stored up in a fertile memory material for his numerous novels. It was his first intention to continue his Sanscrit studies at Harvard, but a circumstance of the simplest nature revealed to him and to the world his remarkable powers as a story-teller.

He has himself told how he came to write "Mr. Isaacs," his first novel.

"On May 5, 1882, Uncle Sam (Samuel Ward) asked me to dine with him at the

New York Club, which was then in the building on Madison Square now called the Madison Square bank building. We had dined rather early and were sitting in the smoking-room, while it was still light. As was natural we began to exchange stories while smoking, and I told him with a good deal of detail my recollections of an interesting man whom I had met in Sinila. When I finished he said to me, 'That is a good two-part magazine story, and you must write it out immediately.' He took me round to his apartments, and that night I began to write the story of 'Mr. Isaacs.' I kept at it from day to day, getting more and more interested in the work as I proceeded. I was so amused with the writing of it that it occurred to me that I might as well make Mr. Isaacs fall in love with an English girl, and then I kept on writing to see what would happen. By and by I remembered a mysterious Buddhist whom I had once met, so I introduced him to still further complicate matters."

He was in Canada working on "Dr. Claudius" when "Mr. Isaacs" was issued by the publisher. When he reached Boston on his return he found the news-stands covered with posters announcing the famous story of "Mr. Isaacs," and he himself was "interviewed," and solicited by magazine publishers to give them a new story at once. "Dr. Claudius," was soon ready and though less romantic found a host of readers. His constructive powers increased as he devoted himself to his art and books came from his pen in rapid succession. In 1883 he went to Italy and in the following year he married the daughter of General Berdan and established himself in a lovely villa at Sorrento where he has since lived, writing either in his villa or on board his yacht.

His third book, a tragic tale of Roman society, is called "To Leeward." His most popular novels is the trilogy, describing the fortunes of a noble Italian family, woven in with the history of Modern Rome, from 1865 to 1887. They are in their order "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario" and "Don Orsino." This historical trilogy depicts with much power the last struggle of the papacy for temporal power.

In 1885 he issued "Zoroaster," a story of ancient Persia, with King Darius and the prophet Daniel for characters.

"Marzio's Crucifix" (1887) was written in ten days. Marion Crawford had studied silver carving with a skilful workman and the idea suggested itself to him to write a story of an atheist who should put his life and soul into the carving of a crucifix.

"The Lonely Parish" was written in twenty-four days. The author had promised a novel at a certain date and the imperious publisher held him to his promise. He had studied with a clergyman in the little English village of Hatfield Regis, and to make his story he simply lifted that little village bodily out of his memory and put it into his novel, even to the extent of certain real names and localities. His other chief works are: "Witch of Prague" (1892), "Greifenstein," "Paul Patoff" (1887), "The Three Fates," "Katherine Lauderdale," "The Ralstones," and "Pietro Ghisleri."

HORACE BELLINGHAM.*

(FROM "DR. CLAUDIUS.")



Y, but he was a sight to do good to the souls of the hungry and thirsty, and of the poor and in misery! . . .

There are some people who turn gray, but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs

at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others. Whom the gods love die young because they never grow old. The poet, who, at the verge of death, said this, said it of and to this very man.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.*

(FROM "MR. ISAACS.")

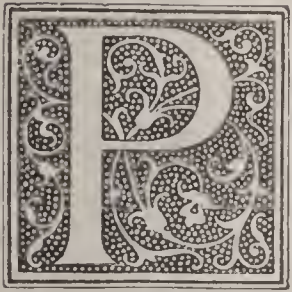


HE lower Himalayas are at first extremely disappointing. The scenery is enormous but not grand, and at first hardly seems large. The lower parts are at first sight a series of gently undulating hills and wooded dells; in some places it looks as if one might almost hunt the country. It is long before you realize that it is all on a gigantic scale; that the quick-set hedges are belts of rhododendrons of full growth, the water-jumps rivers, and the stone walls mountain-ridges; that to hunt a country like that you would have to ride a horse at least two hundred feet high. You cannot see at first, or even for some time, that the gentle-looking hill is a mountain of five or six thousand feet above the level of the Rhigi Kulm in Switzerland. Persons who are familiar with the aspect of the Rocky Mountains are aware of the singular lack of dignity in those enormous elevations. They are merely big, without any superior beauty until you come to the favored spots of nature's art, where some great contrast throws into appalling relief the gulf between the high and the low. It is so in the Himalayas. You may travel for hours and days amidst vast forests and hills without the slightest sensation of pleasure or sense of admiration for the scene, till suddenly your path leads you out on to the dizzy brink of an awful precipice—a sheer fall,

so exaggerated in horror that your most stirring memories of Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and the hideous arête of the Pitz Bernina, sink into vague insignificance. The gulf that divides you from the distant mountain seems like a huge bite taken bodily out of the world by some voracious god; far away rise snow-peaks such as were not dreamt of in your Swiss tour; the bottomless valley at your feet is misty and gloomy with blackness, streaked with mist, while the peaks above shoot gladly to the sun and catch his broadside rays like majestic white standards. Between you, as you stand leaning cautiously against the hill behind you, and the wonderful background far away in front, floats a strange vision, scarcely moving, but yet not still. A great golden shield sails steadily in vast circles, sending back the sunlight in every tint of burnished glow. The golden eagle of the Himalayas hangs in mid-air, a sheet of polished metal to the eye, pausing sometimes in the full blaze of reflection, as ages ago the sun and the moon stood still in the valley of the Ajalon; too magnificent for description, as he is too dazzling to look at. The whole scene, if no greater name can be given to it, is on a scale so Titanic in its massive length and breadth and depth, that you stand utterly trembling and weak and foolish as you look for the first time. You have never seen such masses of the world before.



FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.



PERHAPS among the writers of lighter fiction in modern times, who have delighted the multitudes from the realms of childhood to almost every walk of life, few authors have been more prolific and generally popular than the illustrator of "Vanity Fair" and the author of "The Lady or the Tiger."

Frank Stockton (for with the masses he is plain "Frank") was born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 5, 1834. He had the benefit of only such educational training as the public schools and the Central High School of that city afforded. Originally, his ambition was to be an engraver, and he devoted a number of years to that calling,—engraving and designing on wood for the comic paper published in New York City, before the war, under the title of "Vanity Fair." He also made pictures for other illustrated periodicals; and at the same time he also did literary and journalistic work, his first connection being with the Philadelphia "Post." In 1872 he abandoned his engraving altogether to accept an editorial position on the New York "Hearthstone," and later he joined the staff of "Scribner's Monthly," which has since been converted into the "Century Magazine." He was also made assistant editor of "St. Nicholas Magazine," when it was established in 1873, in connection with Mary Mapes Dodge, the famous child writer. In 1880 Mr. Stockton resigned his editorial position to devote himself to purely literary work. Since that time he has been before the world as a contributor to magazines on special topics and as a writer of books.

Few authors have been more industrious than Frank Stockton. During the last thirty years his fertile imagination and busy pen have contributed at least one new book almost every year, frequently two volumes and sometimes three coming out in the course of twelve months. His first published volume was a collection of stories for children issued in 1869 under the title of "Ting-a-Ling Stories." Then came "Round About Rambles;" "What Might Have Been Expected;" "Tales Out of School;" "A Jolly Fellowship;" "The Floating Prince;" "The Story of Viteau;" and "Personally Conducted." The above are all for young people and were issued between 1869 and 1889. Many now grown-up men and women look back with pleasant recollections to the happy hours spent with these books when they were boys and girls.

Of the many other volumes of novels and short stories which Mr. Stockton has written, the following are, perhaps, the best known: "Rudder Grange" (1879); "Lady or the Tiger and Other Stories" (1884); "The Late Mrs. Mull" (1886);

"The Christmas Wreck and Other Tales" (1887); "The Great War Syndicates" (1889); "Stories of Three Burglars" (1890); "The Merry Chanter" (1890); and following this came "Ardis Cloverden," and since that several other serial novels have been published in the magazines.

Mr. Stockton has also written some poetry; but he is pre-eminently a story-teller, and it is to his prose writings that he is indebted for the popularity which he enjoys. His stories are direct and clear in method and style, while their humor is quiet, picturesque and quaint.

THE END OF A CAREER.*

(FROM "THE MERRY CHANTER.")

FOR two years Doris and I had been engaged to be married. The first of these years appeared to us about as long as any ordinary year, but the second seemed to stretch itself out to the length of fifteen or even eighteen months. There had been many delays and disappointments in that year.

We were both young enough to wait and both old enough to know we ought to wait; and so we waited. But, as we frequently admitted to ourselves, there was nothing particularly jolly in this condition of things. Every young man should have sufficient respect for himself to make him hesitate before entering into a matrimonial alliance in which he would have to be supported by his wife. This would have been the case had Dorris and I married within those two years.

I am by profession an analyzer of lava. Having been from my boyhood an enthusiastic student of mineralogy and geology, I gradually became convinced that there was no reason why precious metals and precious stones should not be found at spots on the earth where nature herself attended to the working of her own mines. That is to say, that I can see no reason why a volcano should not exist at a spot where there were valuable mineral deposits; and this being the case, there is no reason why those deposits should not be thrown out during eruptions in a melted form, or unmelted and mixed with the ordinary lava.

Hoping to find proof of the correctness of my theory, I have analyzed lava from a great many volcanoes. I have not been able to afford to travel much, but specimens have been sent to me from

various parts of the world. My attention was particularly turned to extinct volcanoes; for should I find traces of precious deposits in the lava of one of these, not only could its old lava beds be worked, but by artificial means eruptions of a minor order might be produced, and fresher and possibly richer material might be thrown out.

But I had not yet received any specimen of lava which encouraged me to begin workings in the vicinity in which it was found.

My theories met with little favor from other scientists, but this did not discourage me. Should success come it would be very great.

Doris had expectations which she sometimes thought might reasonably be considered great ones, but her actual income was small. She had now no immediate family, and for some years lived with what she called "law kin." She was of a most independent turn of mind, and being of age could do what she pleased with her own whenever it should come to her.

My own income was extremely limited, and what my actual necessities allowed me to spare from it was devoted to the collection of the specimens on the study of which I based the hopes of my fortunes.

In regard to our future alliance, Doris depended mainly upon her expectations, and she did not hesitate, upon occasion, frankly and plainly to tell me so. Naturally I objected to such dependence, and anxiously looked forward to the day when a little lump of lava might open before me a golden future which I might honorably ask any woman to share. But I do not believe that anything I said upon this subject influenced the ideas of Doris.



EDWD. BELLAMY.



JOHN E. P. ROE.



GEO. W. CABLE.



F. MARION CRAWFORD.



THOS. NELSON PAGE.



FRANK STOCKTON.

The lady of my love was a handsome girl, quick and active of mind and body, nearly always of a lively mood, and sometimes decidedly gay. She had seen a good deal of the world and the people in it, and was "up," as she put it, in a great many things. Moreover, she declared that she had "a heart for any fate." It has sometimes occurred to me that this remark would better be deferred until the heart and the fate had had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other.

We lived not far apart in a New England town, and calling upon her one evening I was surprised to find the lively Doris in tears. Her tears were not violent, however, and she quickly dried them; and, without waiting for any inquiries on my part, she informed me of the cause of her trouble.

"The *Merry Chanter* has come in," she said.

"Come in!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she answered, "and that is not the worst of it; it has been in a long time.

I knew all about the *Merry Chanter*. This was a ship. It was her ship which was to come in. Years ago this ship had been freighted with the ventures of her family, and had sailed for far-off seas. The results of those ventures, together with the ship itself, now belonged to Doris. They were her expectations.

"But why does this grieve you?" I asked. "Why do you say that the coming of the ship, to which you have been looking forward with so much ardor, is not the worst of it?"

"Because it isn't," she answered. "The rest is a great deal worse. The whole affair is a doleful failure. I had a letter to-day from Mooseley, a little town on the sea-coast. The *Merry Chanter* came back there three years ago with nothing in it. What has become of what it carried out, or what it ought to have brought back, nobody seems to know. The captain and the crew left it the day after its arrival at Mooseley. Why they went away, or what they took with them, I have not heard, but a man named Asa Cantling writes me that the *Merry Chanter* has been lying at his wharf for three years; that he wants to be paid the wharfage that is due him; and that for a long time he has been trying to find out to whom the ship belongs. At last he has discovered that I am the sole owner, and he sends to me his bill

for wharfage, stating that he believes it now amounts to more than the vessel is worth."

"Absurd!" I cried. "Any vessel must be worth more than its wharfage rates for three years. This man must be imposing upon you."

Doris did not answer. She was looking drearily out of the window at the moonlighted landscape. Her heart and her fate had come together, and they did not appear to suit each other.

I sat silent, also, reflecting. I looked at the bill which she had handed to me, and then I reflected again, gazing out of the window at the moonlighted landscape.

It so happened that I then had on hand a sum of money equal to the amount of this bill, which amount was made up not only of wharfage rates, but of other expenses connected with the long stay of the vessel at Asa Cantling's wharf.

My little store of money was the result of months of savings and a good deal of personal self-denial. Every cent of it had its mission in one part of the world or another. It was intended solely to carry on the work of my life, my battle for fortune. It was to show me, in a wider and more thorough manner than had ever been possible before, what chance there was for my finding the key which should unlock for me the treasures in the storehouse of the earth.

I thought for a few minutes longer, and then I said, "Doris, if you should pay this bill and redeem the vessel, what good would you gain?"

She turned quickly towards me. "I should gain a great deal of good," she said. "In the first place I should be relieved of a soul-chilling debt. Isn't that a good? And of a debt, too, which grows heavier every day. Mr. Cantling writes that it will be difficult to sell the ship, for it is not the sort that the people thereabout want. And if he breaks it up he will not get half the amount of his bill. And so there it must stay, piling wharfage on wharfage, and all sorts of other expenses on those that have gone before, until I become the leading woman bankrupt of the world."

"But if you paid the money and took the ship," I asked, "what would you do with it?"

"I know exactly what I would do with it," said Doris. "It is my inheritance, and I would take that ship and make our fortunes. I would begin in a

humble way just as people begin in other businesses. I would carry hay, codfish, ice, anything, from one port to another. And when I had made a little money in this way I would sail away to the Orient and come back loaded with rich stuffs and spices."

"Did the people who sailed the ship before do that?" I asked.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," she answered; "and they ran away with the proceeds. I do not know that you can feel as I do," she continued. "The *Merry Chanter* is mine. It is my all. For years I have looked forward to what it might bring me. It has brought me nothing but a debt, but I feel that it can be made to do better than that, and my soul is on fire to make it do better."

It is not difficult to agree with a girl who looks as this one looked and who speaks as this one spoke.

"Doris," I exclaimed, "if you go into that sort

of thing I go with you. I will set the *Merry Chanter* free."

"How can you do it?" she cried.

"Doris," I said, "hear me. Let us be cool and practical."

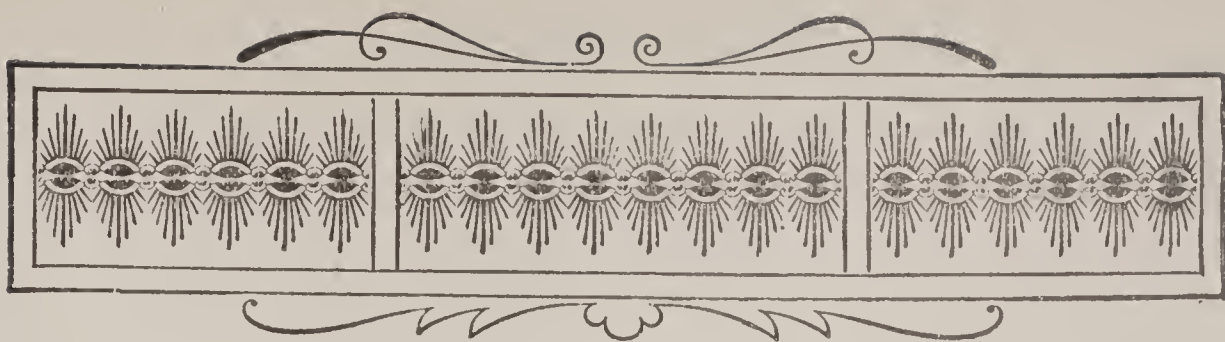
"I think neither of us is very cool," she said, "and perhaps not very practical. But go on."

"I can pay this bill," I said, "but in doing it I shall abandon all hope of continuing what I have chosen as my life work; the career which I have marked out for myself will be ended. Would you advise me to do this? And if I did it would you marry me now with nothing to rely upon but our little incomes and what we could make from your ship? Now, do not be hasty. Think seriously, and tell me what you would advise me to do."

She answered instantly, "Take me, and the *Merry Chanter*."

I gave up my career.





EDWARD BELLAMY.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."



HE most remarkable sensation created by any recent American author was perhaps awakened by Edward Bellamy's famous book, "Looking Backward," of which over a half million copies have been sold in this country alone, and more than as many more on the other side of the Atlantic. This book was issued from the press in 1887, and maintained for several years an average sale of 100,000 copies per year in America alone. In 1897 a demand for sociological literature in England called for the printing of a quarter of a million copies in that country within the space of a few months, and the work has been translated into the languages of almost every civilized country on the earth. Its entire sale throughout the world is probably beyond two million copies.

Mr. Bellamy's ideal as expressed in this book is pure communism, and the work is no doubt the outgrowth of the influence of Emersonian teaching, originally illustrated in the Brook Farm experiment. As for Mr. Bellamy's dream, it can never be realized until man's heart is entirely reformed and the promised millennium shall dawn upon the earth; but that such an ideal state is pleasant to contemplate is evinced by the great popularity and enormous sale of his book. In order to give his theory a touch of human sympathy and to present the matter in a manner every way appropriate, Mr. Bellamy causes his hero to go to sleep, at the hands of a mesmerist, in an underground vault and to awake, undecayed, in the perfect vigor of youth, one hundred years later, to find if not a new heaven, at least a new earth so far as its former social conditions were concerned. Selfishness was all gone from man, universal peace and happiness reigned over the earth, and all things were owned in common. The story is well constructed and well written, and captivates the reader's imagination.

Edward Bellamy was born at Chicopee Falls, Mass., on March 26th, 1850. He attended Union College, but did not graduate. After studying in Germany he read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1871, and afterwards practiced his profession, at the same time doing journalistic and literary work. For several years he was assistant editor of the "Springfield (Mass.) Union" and an editorial writer for the New York "Evening Post." He also contributed a number of articles to the magazines. His books are "Six to One, a Nantucket Idyl" (1877); "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process" (1879); "Miss Luddington's Sister: A Romance of Immortality" (1884); "Looking Backward" (1887); "Equality: A Romance of the Future"

(1897). The last named is a continuation of the same theme as "Looking Backward," being more argumentative and entering into the recent conditions of society and new phases of politics and industrial questions. It is a larger book and a deeper study than its predecessor. The work was issued simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and other countries.

Mr. Bellamy's writings have exercised a marked influence in socialistic circles throughout America and Europe. There is little doubt that his books will continue to be regarded as the most exalted expression of ideal socialism, while the literary genius they manifest will, no doubt, keep Bellamy's name on the honor roll of American authorship.

Edward Bellamy died of consumption on the 22d day of May, 1898, aged forty-eight years. Before the completion of his last book, "Equality," his health began to fail. In August, 1897, by his physicians' advice, he removed with his family to Denver, Colorado; but, instead of receiving benefit from the change of climate, he grew worse, and in January, 1898, recognizing the inevitable, he returned to die at his old family homestead, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where he was born and had lived his entire life. His devoted wife and several bright children survive him.

MUSIC IN THE YEAR 2000.

(FROM "LOOKING BACKWARD.")

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WHEN we arrived home, Dr. Leete had not yet returned, and Mrs. Leete was not visible. "Are you fond of music, Mr. West?" Edith asked.

I assured her that it was half of life, according to my notion. "I ought to apologize for inquiring," she said. "It is not a question we ask one another nowadays; but I have read that in your day, even among the cultured class, there were some who did not care for music."

"You must remember, in excuse," I said, "that we had some rather absurd kinds of music."

"Yes," she said, "I know that; I am afraid I should not have fancied it all myself. Would you like to hear some of ours now, Mr. West?"

"Nothing would delight me so much as to listen to you," I said.

"To me!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Did you think I was going to play or sing to you?"

"I hoped so, certainly," I replied.

Seeing that I was a little abashed, she subdued her merriment and explained. "Of course, we all sing nowadays as a matter of course in the training of the

voice, and some learn to play instruments for their private amusement; but the professional music is so much grander and more perfect than any performance of ours, and so easily commanded when we wish to hear it, that we don't think of calling our singing or playing music at all. All the really fine singers and players are in the musical service, and the rest of us hold our peace for the main part. But would you really like to hear some music?"

I assured her once more that I would.

"Come, then, into the music-room," she said, and I followed her into an apartment finished, without hangings, in wood, with a floor of polished wood. I was prepared for new devices in musical instruments, but I saw nothing in the room which by any stretch of imagination could be conceived as such. It was evident that my puzzled appearance was affording intense amusement to Edith.

"Please look at to-day's music," she said, handing me a card, "and tell me what you would prefer. It is now five o'clock, you will remember."

The card bore the date "September 12, 2000," and contained the longest programme of music I had

ever seen. It was as various as it was long, including a most extraordinary range of vocal and instrumental solos, duets, quartettes, and various orchestral combinations. I remained bewildered by the prodigious list until Edith's pink finger-tip indicated a peculiar section of it, where several selections were bracketed, with the words "5 P. M." against them; then I observed that this prodigious programme was an all-day one, divided into twenty-four sections answering to the hours. There were but a few pieces of music in the "5 P. M." section, and I indicated an organ piece as my preference.

"I am so glad you like the organ," said she.

"I think there is scarcely any music that suits my mood oftener."

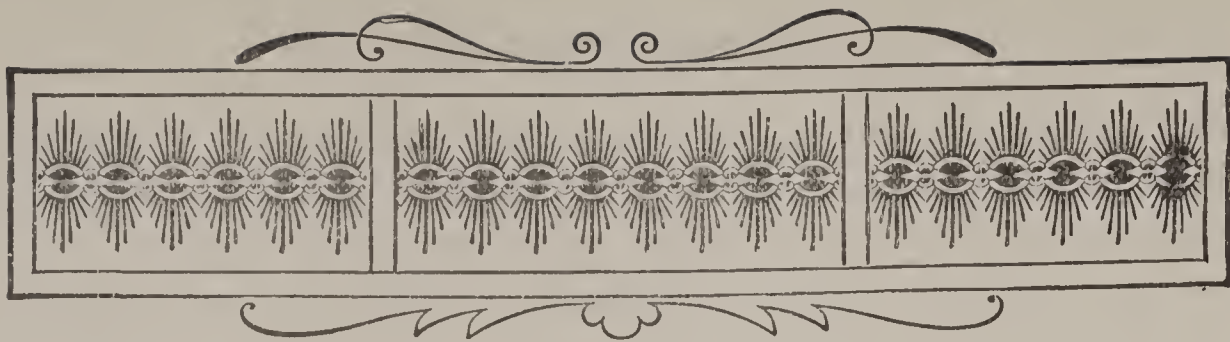
She made me sit down comfortably, and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem; filled, not flooded, for, by some means, the volume of melody had been perfectly graduated to the size of the department. I listened, scarcely breathing, to the close. Such music, so perfectly rendered, I had never expected to hear.

"Grand!" I cried, as the last great wave of the sound broke and ebbed away into silence. "Bach must be at the keys of that organ; but where is the organ?"

"Wait a moment, please," said Edith; "I want to have you listen to this waltz before you ask any questions. I think it is perfectly charming;" and

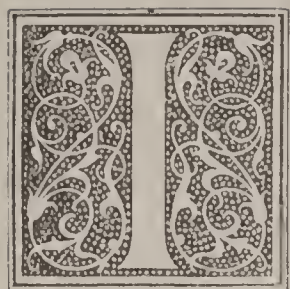
she spoke the sound of violins filled the room with the witchery of a summer night. When this also ceased, she said: "There is nothing in the least mysterious about the music, as you seem to imagine. It is not made by fairies or genii, but by good, honest, and exceedingly clever good hands. We have simply carried the idea of labor-saving by co-operation into our musical service as into everything else. There are a number of music rooms in the city, perfectly adapted acoustically to the different sorts of music. These halls are connected by telephone with all the houses of the city whose people care to pay the small fee, and there are none, you may be sure, who do not. The corps of musicians attached to each hall is so large that, although no individual performer, or group of performers, has more than a brief part, each day's programme lasts through the twenty-four hours. There are on that card for to-day, as you will see if you observe closely, distinct programmes of four of these concerts, each of a different order of music from the others, being now simultaneously performed, and any one of the four pieces now going on that you prefer, you can hear by merely pressing the button which will connect your house-wire with the hall where it is being rendered. The programmes are so co-ordinated that the pieces at any one time simultaneously proceeding in the different halls usually offer a choice, not only between instrumental and vocal, and between different sorts of instruments; but also between different motives from grave to gay, so that all tastes and moods can be suited."





GEORGE W. CABLE.

“THE DEPICTOR OF CREOLE LIFE IN THE SOUTH.”



It is said “Circumstances make the man ;” and, again, “Seeming misfortunes are often blessings in disguise.” Whether this is generally true or not, at least in the case of George W. Cable, it has so turned out ; for it was poverty and necessity that drove him through a vicissitude of circumstances which stored his mind with observations and facts that enabled him to open a new field of fiction, introducing to the outside world a phase of American life hitherto unsuspected save by those who have seen it. His rendering of the Creole dialect with its French and Spanish variations and mixtures is full of originality. He has depicted the social life of the Louisiana lowlands, with its Creole and negro population, so vividly that many whose portraits he has drawn have taken serious offence at his books. But it is no doubt *the truth that hurts*, and if so, it should be borne for the sake of history, and it is to the credit of Mr. Cable’s integrity as an author that he has not sacrificed the truth to please his friends. His books have also been the means of effecting wholesome changes in the contract system of convict labor in several Southern States.

George W. Cable was born October 12, 1844, in New Orleans, Louisiana. His father was a Virginian and his mother a New Englander. They removed to New Orleans in 1837. In 1859 Mr. Cable failed in business and died soon after, leaving the family in a straightened condition, and the son—then fifteen years of age—was compelled to leave school and take a clerkship in a store. This he retained until, at the age of nineteen, he volunteered in the service of the Confederate Army, joining the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, and followed the fortunes of the Southern cause until it was lost. He was said to have been a gallant soldier, was once wounded and narrowly escaped with his life. All his spare moments in camp were given to study.

After the surrender of General Lee, Cable—a young man of twenty-one—returned to New Orleans, penniless, and took employment as an errand boy in a store. From there he drifted to Kosciusko, Mississippi, where he studied civil engineering, and joined a surveying party on bayous Têche and Atchafalaya—the native heath of the Creole—and it was here that his keen observation gathered the material which has since done him so much service.

Cable first began writing to the “New Orleans Picayune” under the *nom-de-plume* of “Drop Shot,” and his articles evinced a power which soon opened the way to a regular place on the editorial staff of the paper. This position he retained

until he was asked to write a theatrical criticism. Cable had rigid religious scruples—piety being one of his marked characteristics—always avoided attendance of the theatre, and he now refused to go, and resigned his position rather than violate his conscience.

Leaving the editorial rooms of the "Picayune," Cable secured a position as accountant in a cotton-dealer's office, which he retained until 1879, when the death of his employer threw him out of position. Meantime his sketches of Creole life had been appearing in "Scribner's Monthly," and were received with so much favor that he determined to leave business and devote his life to literature. Accordingly, in 1885, he removed North, living at Simsbury, Connecticut, Northampton, Massachusetts, and New York, which he has since made his headquarters, with a continual growing popularity, his books bringing him an ample competency.

Among the published works of this author we mention as the most prominent: "Old Creole Days" (1879-1883); "The Grandissimes" (1880); "Madame Delphine" (1881); "Dr. Sevier" (1883); "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884); "The Silent South" (1885); "Bonaventure" (1888); "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" (1889); "The Negro Question" and "Life of William Gilmore Sims" (1890); "John March Southerner," and some later works which the author continues to add at the rate of one book a year.

Mr. Cable has also successfully entered the lecture field, in common with other modern authors, and never fails to interest Northern audiences with his readings or recitations, from his writings or the strange wild melodies and peculiar habits of life current among the French speaking negroes of the lower Mississippi.

THE DOCTOR.*

(FROM "DR. SEVIER.")

THE main road to wealth in New Orleans has long been Carondelet Street. There you see the most alert faces; noses—it seems to one—with more and sharper edge, and eyes smaller and brighter and with less distance between them than one notices in other streets. It is there that the stock and bond brokers hurry to and fro and run together promiscuously—the cunning and the simple, the headlong and the wary—at the four clanging strokes of the Stock Exchange gong. There rises the tall façade of the Cotton Exchange. Looking in from the sidewalk as you pass, you see its main hall, thronged but decorous, the quiet engine-room of the surrounding city's most far-reaching occupation, and at the hall's farther end you descry the "Future Room," and hear the unearthly ramping and bellowing of the bulls and bears. Up and down the street, on either hand, are the ship-brokers and in-

surers, and in the upper stories foreign consuls among a multitude of lawyers and notaries.

In 1856 this street was just assuming its present character. The cotton merchants were making it their favorite place of commercial domicile. The open thoroughfare served in lieu of the present exchanges; men made fortunes standing on the curbstone, and during bank hours the sidewalks were perpetually crowded with cotton factors, buyers, brokers, weighers, reweighers, classers, pickers, pressers, and samplers, and the air was laden with cotton quotations and prognostications.

Number 3½, second floor, front, was the office of Dr. Sevier. This office was convenient to everything. Immediately under its windows lay the sidewalks where congregated the men who, of all in New Orleans, could best afford to pay for being sick, and least desired to die. Canal Street, the city's leading

* Copyright, George W. Cable.

artery, was just below, at the near left-hand corner. Beyond it lay the older town, not yet impoverished in those days,—the French quarter. A single square and a half off at the right, and in plain view from the front windows, shone the dazzling white walls of the St. Charles Hotel, where the nabobs of the river plantations came and dwelt with their fair-handed wives in seasons of peculiar anticipation, when it is well to be near the highest medical skill. In the opposite direction a three minutes' quick drive around the upper corner and down Common Street carried the Doctor to his ward in the great Charity Hospital, and to the school of medicine, where he filled the chair set apart to the holy ailments of maternity. Thus, as it were, he laid his left hand on the rich and his right on the poor; and he was not left-handed.

Not that his usual attitude was one of benediction. He stood straight up in his austere pure-mindedness, tall, slender, pale, sharp of voice, keen of glance, stern in judgment, aggressive in debate, and fixedly untender everywhere, except—but always except—in the sick chamber. His inner heart was all of flesh; but his demands for the rectitude of mankind pointed out like the muzzles of cannon through the embrasures of his virtues. To demolish evil!—that seemed the finest of aims; and even as a physician, that was, most likely, his motive until later years and a better self-knowledge had taught him that to do good was still finer and better. He waged war—against malady. To fight; to stifle; to cut down; to uproot; to overwhelm,—these were his springs of action. That their results were good proved that his sentiment of benevolence was strong and high; but it was well-nigh shut out of sight by that impatience of evil which is very fine and knightly in youngest manhood, but which we like to see give way to kindlier moods as the earlier heat of the blood begins to pass.

He changed in later years; this was in 1856. To “resist not evil” seemed to him then only a rather feeble sort of knavery. To face it in its nakedness, and to inveigh against it in high places and low, seemed the consummation of all manliness; and manliness was the key-note of his creed. There was no other necessity in this life.

“But a man must live,” said one of his kindred, to whom, truth to tell, he had refused assistance.

“No, sir; that is just what he can't do. A

man must die! So, while he lives, let him be a man!”

How inharmonious a setting, then, for Dr. Sevier, was 3½ Carondelet Street! As he drove each morning, down to that point, he had to pass through long, irregular files of fellow-beings thronging either sidewalk—a sadly unchivalric grouping of men whose daily and yearly life was subordinated only and entirely to the getting of wealth, and whose every eager motion was a repetition of the sinister old maxim that “Time is money.”

“It's a great deal more, sir, it's life!” the Doctor always retorted.

Among these groups, moreover, were many who were all too well famed for illegitimate fortune. Many occupations connected with the handling of cotton yielded big harvests in perquisites. At every jog of the Doctor's horse, men came to view whose riches were the outcome of semi-respectable larceny. It was a day of reckless operation; much of the commerce that came to New Orleans was simply, as one might say, beached in Carondelet Street. The sight used to keep the long, thin, keen-eyed doctor in perpetual indignation.

“Look at the wreckers!” he would say.

It was breakfast at eight, indignation at nine, dyspepsia at ten.

So his setting was not merely inharmonious; it was damaging. He grew sore on the whole matter of money-getting.

“Yes, I have money. But I don't go after it. It comes to me, because I seek and render service for the service's sake. It will come to anybody else the same way; and why should it come any other way?”

He not only had a low regard for the motives of most seekers of wealth, he went further, and fell into much disbelief of poor men's needs. For instance, he looked upon a man's inability to find employment, or upon a poor fellow's run of bad luck, as upon the placarded woes of a hurdy-gurdy beggar.

“If he wants work he will find it. As for begging, it ought to be easier for any true man to starve than to beg.”

The sentiment was ungentle, but it came from the bottom of his belief concerning himself, and a longing for moral greatness in all men.

“However,” he would add, thrusting his hand into

his pocket and bringing out his purse, "I'll help any man to make himself useful. And the sick—well, the sick, as a matter of course. Only I must know what I'm doing."

Have some of us known want? To have known her—though to love her was impossible—is "a liberal education." The Doctor was learned; but this acquaintanceship, this education, he had never got. Hence his untenderness. Shall we condemn the fault? Yes. And the man? We have not the face. To be *just*, which he never knowingly failed to be, and at the same time to feel tenderly for the unworthy, to deal kindly with the erring—it is a double grace that hangs not always in easy reach even of the tallest. The Doctor attained to it—but in later years; meantime, this story—which, I believe, had he ever been poor would never have been written.

He had barely disposed of the three or four waiting messengers that arose from their chairs against the corridor wall, and was still reading the anxious lines left in various handwritings on his slate, when the young man entered. He was of fair height, slenderly built, with soft auburn hair, a little untrimmed, neat dress, and a diffident, yet expectant and courageous, face.

"Dr. Sevier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doctor, my wife is very ill; can I get you to come at once and see her?"

"Who is her physician?"

"I have not called any; but we must have one now."

"I don't know about going at once. This is my hour for being in the office. How far is it, and what's the trouble?"

"We are only three squares away, just here in Custom-house Street." The speaker began to add a faltering enumeration of some very grave symptoms. The Doctor noticed that he was slightly deaf; he uttered his words as though he did not hear them.

"Yes," interrupted Dr. Sevier, speaking half to himself as he turned around to a standing case of

cruel-looking silver-plated things on shelves; "that's a small part of the penalty women pay for the doubtful honor of being our mothers. I'll go. What is your number? But you had better drive back with me if you can." He drew back from the glass case, shut the door, and took his hat.

"Narcisse!"

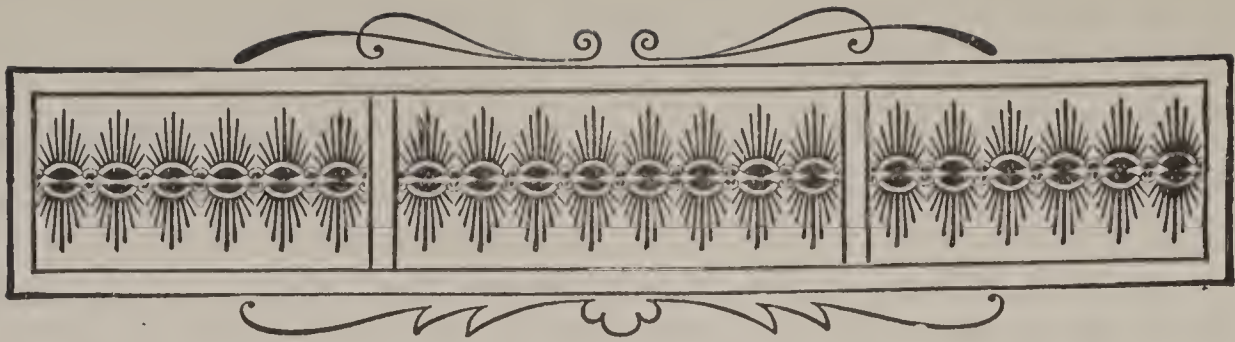
On the side of the office nearest the corridor a door let into a hall-room that afforded merely good space for the furniture needed by a single accountant. The Doctor had other interests besides those of his profession, and, taking them altogether, found it necessary, or at least convenient, to employ continuously the services of a person to keep his accounts and collect his bills. Through the open door the bookkeeper could be seen sitting on a high stool at a still higher desk—a young man of handsome profile and well-knit form. At the call of his name he unwound his legs from the rounds of the stool and leaped into the Doctor's presence with a superlatively highbred bow.

"I shall be back in fifteen minutes," said the Doctor. "Come, Mr. —," and went out with the stranger.

Narcisse had intended to speak. He stood a moment, then lifted the last half inch of a cigarette to his lips, took a long, meditative inhalation, turned half round on his heel, dashed the remnant with fierce emphasis into a spittoon, ejected two long streams of smoke from his nostrils, and, extending his fist toward the door by which the Doctor had gone out, said:—

"All right, ole hoss!" No, not that way. It is hard to give his pronunciation by letter. In the word "right" he substituted an a for the r, sounding it almost in the same instant with the i, yet distinct from it: "All a-ight, ole hoss!"

Then he walked slowly back to his desk, with that feeling of relief which some men find in the renewal of a promissory note, twined his legs again among those of the stool, and, adding not a word, resumed his pen.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

FEW names are more indelibly written upon our country's history than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. "No book," says George William Curtis, "was ever more a historical event than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' . . . It was the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will always be famous not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it . . . If all whom she has charmed and quickened should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the sixth child of Reverend Lyman Beecher,—the great head of that great family which has left so deep an impress upon the heart and mind of the American people. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811,—just two years before her next younger brother, Henry Ward Beecher. Her father was pastor of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, and her girlhood was passed there and at Hartford, where she attended the excellent seminary kept by her elder sister, Catharine E. Beecher. In 1832 her father accepted a call to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, and moved thither with his family. Catharine Beecher went also, and established there a new school, under the name of the Western Female Institute, in which Harriet assisted.

In 1833 Mrs. Stowe first had the subject of slavery brought to her personal notice by taking a trip across the river from Cincinnati into Kentucky in company with Miss Dutton, one of the associate teachers in the Western Institute. They visited the estate that afterward figured as that of Mr. Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and here the young authoress first came into personal contact with the slaves of the South.

Among the professors in Lane Seminary was Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife, a dear friend of Miss Beecher, died soon after Dr. Beecher's removal to Cincinnati. In 1836 Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher were married. They were admirably suited to each other. Professor Stowe was a typical man of letters,—a learned, amiable, unpractical philosopher, whose philosophy was like that described by Shakespeare as "an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey." Her practical ability and cheerful, inspiring courage were the unfailing support of her husband.

The years from 1845 to 1850 were a time of severe trial to Mrs. Stowe. She and her husband both suffered from ill health, and the family was separated. Professor Stowe was struggling with poverty, and endeavoring at the same time to lift the Theological Seminary out of financial difficulties. In 1849, while Professor Stowe was ill at a water-cure establishment in Vermont, their youngest child died of cholera,



UNCLE TOM AND HIS BABY.

“ ‘Ain’t she a peart young ’un?’ ”

which was then raging in Cincinnati. In 1850 it was decided to remove to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Professor Stowe was offered a position.

The year 1850 is memorable in the history of the conflict with slavery. It was the year of Clay’s compromise measures, as they were called, which sought to satisfy the North by the admission of California as a free State, and to propitiate the South by the notorious “Fugitive Slave Law.” The slave power was at its height, and

seemed to hold all things under its feet; yet in truth it had entered upon the last stage of its existence, and the forces were fast gathering for its final overthrow. Professor Cairnes and others said truly, "The Fugitive Slave Law has been to the slave power a questionable gain. Among its first fruits was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The story was begun as a serial in the *National Era*, June 5, 1851, and was announced to run for about three months, but it was not completed in that paper until April 1, 1852. It had been contemplated as a mere magazine tale of perhaps a dozen chapters, but once begun it could no more be controlled than the waters of the swollen Mississippi, bursting through a crevasse in its levees. The intense interest excited by the story, the demands made upon the author for more facts, the unmeasured words of encouragement to keep on in her good work that poured in from all sides, and, above all, the ever-growing conviction that she had been intrusted with a great and holy mission, compelled her to keep on until the humble tale had assumed the proportions of a large volume. Mrs. Stowe repeatedly said, "I could not control the story, it wrote itself;" and, "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? No, indeed. The Lord himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in his hand. To him alone should be given all the praise."

For the story as a serial the author received \$300. In the meantime, however, it had attracted the attention of Mr. John P. Jewett, a Boston publisher, who promptly made overtures for its publication in book form. He offered Mr. and Mrs. Stowe a half share in the profits, provided they would share with him the expense of publication. This was refused by the Professor, who said he was altogether too poor to assume any such risk; and the agreement finally made was that the author should receive a ten per cent. royalty upon all sales.

In the meantime the fears of the author as to whether or not her book would be read were quickly dispelled. Three thousand copies were sold the very first day, a second edition was issued the following week, a third a few days later; and within a year one hundred and twenty editions, or over three hundred thousand copies, of the book had been issued and sold in this country. Almost in a day the poor professor's wife had become the most talked-of woman in the world; her influence for good was spreading to its remotest corners, and henceforth she was to be a public character, whose every movement would be watched with interest, and whose every word would be quoted. The long, weary struggle with poverty was to be hers no longer; for, in seeking to aid the oppressed, she had also so aided herself that within four months from the time her book was published it had yielded her \$10,000 in royalties.

In 1852 Professor Stowe received a call to the professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary, and the family soon removed to their Massachusetts home. They were now relieved from financial pressure; but Mrs. Stowe's health was still delicate; and in 1853 she went with her husband and brother to England, where she received, much to her surprise, a universal welcome. She made many friends among the most distinguished people in Great Britain, and on the continent as well. On her return she wrote the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and began "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." In fact, her literary career was just beginning. With "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her powers seemed only to be fairly

awakened. One work after another came in quick succession. For nearly thirty years after the publication of "Uncle Tom," her pen was never idle. In 1854 she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," and then, in rapid succession, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," "House and Home Papers," "Little Foxes," and "Oldtown Folks." These, however, are but a small part of her works. Besides more than thirty books, she has written magazine articles, short stories, and sketches almost without number. She



A SCENE IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Little Eva.—"Oh, Uncle Tom! what funny things you *are* making there."

has entertained, instructed, and inspired a generation born long after the last slave was made free, and to whom the great question which once convulsed our country is only a name. But her first great work has never been surpassed, and it will never be forgotten.

After the war which accomplished the abolition of slavery, Mrs. Stowe lived in Hartford, Connecticut, in summer, and spent the winters in Florida, where she bought a luxurious home. Her pen was hardly ever idle; and the popularity of her works seemed to steadily increase. She passed away on the 1st of July, 1896, amid the surroundings of her quiet, pretty home at Hartford,

Connecticut. The whole reading world was moved at the news of her death, and many a chord vibrated at the remembrance of her powerful, and we may even say successful, advocacy of the cause of the slave. The good which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" achieved can never be estimated, and the noble efforts of its author have been interwoven in the work of the world.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

IT was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclined on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the verandah, closely secluded under an awning of transparent gauze from the outrages of the mosquitoes, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly-bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she imagined she had been reading it—though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rumaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it, and Eva accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie, after dozing awhile, "I must send to the city after my old doctor, Posey; I'm sure I've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well; why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie; "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I've been thinking of it these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains and such strange feelings."

"Oh, Marie, you are blue! I don't believe it's heart-complaint."

"I daresay *you* don't," said Marie; I was prepared to expect *that*. You can be alarmed enough if Eva coughs, or has the least thing the matter with her; but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart-disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I didn't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this when it's too late!" said Marie. "But, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child, have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went

on smoking, like a hard-hearted wretch of a man as he was, till a carriage drove up before the verandah, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room (which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened to the verandah), and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!"

And in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now!" she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study and what does she do but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau and got a bonnet-trimming and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out and have her thoroughly whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant either, if they had their own way with them—let alone a man."

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indigna-

tion that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they would have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so for the world," she said; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught, I've talked till I'm tired, I've whipped her, I've punished her in every way I can think of; and still she's just what she was at first."



MISS OPHELIA AND TOPSY.

"I cannot be plagued with this child any longer!"

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and calling the child up to him. their usual odd drollery.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering "What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare

who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"'Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says, she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, mas'r! old missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my ha'r, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I 'spects if they's to pull every spear o' ha'r out o' my head it wouldn't do no good neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dun no nothin' 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or——"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might——"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder. "I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only



OCTAVE THANET.



AMELIA E. BARR.



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (WARD).



JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



CHAS. EGBERT CRADDOCK.



MARION HARLAND.



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.
NOTED WOMEN NOVELISTS.



HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

think of it, Topsy, *you* can be one of those 'spirits bright' Uncle Tom sings about."

"Oh, dear Miss Eva! dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try! I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare at this moment dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me: if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us and *put our hands on them*."

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia; and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare:

"there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer kind of fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular. How can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia: "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

THE OTHER WORLD.



T lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet to pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!



MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

(MARION HARLAND.)

Popular Novelist and Domestic Economist.



MARION HARLAND combines a wide variety of talent. She is probably the first writer to excel in the line of fiction and also to be a leader in the direction of domestic economy. She is one of the most welcomed contributors to the periodicals, and her books on practical housekeeping, common sense in the household, and several practical cookery books have smoothed the way for many a young housekeeper and probably promoted the cause of peace in numerous households.

Mary Virginia Hawes was the daughter of a native of Massachusetts who was engaged in business in Richmond, Virginia. She was born in 1831, and received a good education. She began in early childhood to display her literary powers. She wrote for the magazines in her sixteenth year and her first contribution, "Marrying Through Prudential Motives," was so widely read that it was published in nearly every journal in England, was translated and published throughout France, found its way back to England through a retranslation, and finally appeared in a new form in the United States.

In 1856 she became the wife of Rev. Edward P. Terhune, afterwards pastor of the Puritan Congregational Church in Brooklyn, where in recent years they have lived. Mrs. Terhune has always been active in charitable and church work, and has done an amount of writing equal to that of the most prolific authors. She has been editor or conducted departments of two or three different magazines and established and successfully edited the "Home Maker." Some of her most noted stories are "The Hidden Path;" "True as Steel;" "Husbands and Homes;" "Phemie's Temptation;" "Ruby's Husband;" "Handicap;" "Judith;" "A Gallant Fight;" and "His Great Self." Besides these books and a number of others, she has written almost countless essays on household and other topics. Her book, "Eve's Daughters," is a standard work of counsel to girls and young women. She takes an active part in the literary and philanthropic organizations of New York City, and has been prominent in the Woman's Councils held under the auspices of a Chautauquan association. She was the first to call attention to the dilapidated condition of the grave of Mary Washington and started a movement to put the monument in proper condition. For the benefit of this movement, she wrote and published "The Story of Mary Washington," in 1892.

A MANLY HERO.*

(FROM "A GALLANT FIGHT.")



FTER donning velvet jacket and slippers he sat down, and, lighting his cigar, leaned back to watch the fire and dream of Salome and their real home.

Not until the weed was half consumed did he observe an envelope on the table at his elbow. It was sealed and addressed to him in a "back-hand" he did not recognize:

"*In the Library. Nine O'clock, P. M.*

"MY OWN LOVE—You say in your letter (burned as soon as I had committed the contents to memory) that I must never call you that again. There is a higher law than that of man's appointment, binding our hearts together, stronger even than that of your sweet, wise lips. Until you are actually married to the man whom you confess you do not love, you will, according to that divine law, be my own Marion—"

With a violent start, the young man shook the sheet from his fingers as he would a serpent.

This was what he had promised not to read, or so much as to touch! The veins stood out high and dark on his forehead; he drew in the air hissing. Had a basilisk uncoiled from his bosom and thrust a forked tongue in his face the shock would not have been greater. This was "the letter written to Marion!" He had thrown away six of the best years of his life upon the woman whom another man called his "own love;" the man to whom she had confessed that she did not love her betrothed husband! Who was he?

"If they are genuine, respect for the dead and mercy to the living require that they should be suppressed and destroyed," Mrs. Phelps had said of "papers written *a little while* before Marion's death." His word was pledged. But what name would he see if he reversed the sheet before destroying it? With a bound of the heart that would have assured him, had proof been needed, what his bonnie living girl-love was to him, he put away all tender memories of the dead, false betrothed. He had worshipped and mourned the thinnest of shadows. He might owe respect—abstractly—to the dead, but no reverence to a wild dream from which he had been awakened. Who was the "living" to whom he was entreated to show mercy? Where was the man who

had first robbed him, then let him play the sad-visaged dupe and fool, while the heyday of youth slipped forever beyond his reach?

To learn that—to remember the name with execration—to despise with the full force of a wronged and honest soul—perhaps to brand him as a cur and blackguard, should he ever cross his path—would not break his word. Was it not his right—the poor rag of compensation he might claim for the incalculable, the damnable evil the traitor had wrought? He would confess to Salome's mother to-morrow—but this one thing he would do.

He stooped for the letter.

"Peace! let him rest! God knoweth best!
And the flowing tide comes in!
And the flowing tide comes in!"

It was only his beloved stepmother on her nightly round of nursery and Gerald's chamber, singing to her guileless self in passing her stepson's door to prove her serenity of spirit; but Rex staggered back into his seat, put his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands.

He smelled the balsam-boughs slanting to the water, the trailing arbutus Salome wore in her belt; heard the waves lapping the prow and sides of the bounding boat. God's glorious heaven was over them, and the sun was rising, after a long, long night, in his heart. The fresh, tender young voice told the tale of love and loss and patient submission. . . .

Aye, and could not he, affluent in heaven's best blessings, loving and beloved by the noble, true daughter of the Christian heroine who expected her "son" to stand fast by his plighted word—the almost husband of a pure, high-souled woman—afford to spare the miserable wretch whose own mind and memory must be a continual hell?

He pitied, he almost forgave him, as he took up the sheets from the floor, the scrap of paper from the table, and, averting his eyes lest the signature might leap out at him from the twisting flame, laid them under the forestick and did not look that way again until nothing was left of them but cinder and ashes.



MARY ABIGAIL DODGE.

THE FAMOUS ESSAYIST, CRITIC, AND NOVELIST, "GAIL HAMILTON."



AMONG the female writers of America, perhaps there is no one who has covered a more diversified field and done her work more thoroughly, in the several capacities of essayist, philosopher, political writer, child-writer and novelist, than has Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, widely known by her pen-name, "Gail Hamilton." Miss Dodge commanded a terse, vigorous and direct style; and with a courage manifested by few contemporaneous authors, she cut right through shams and deceits with an easy and convincing blow that left no room for doubt.

Mary Abigail Dodge was born in Hamilton, Massachusetts, in the year 1830. Her pen-name is composed of the last syllable of the word "Abigail" and her native city, "Hamilton." Her education was thorough, and in 1857 she was made instructor of physical science in the High School of Hartford, Connecticut. Some years after she became a governess in the family of Doctor Bailey the editor of the "National Era," in Washington, D. C., and begun her career as a writer by contributing to his journal. For two years, from 1865 to 1867, she was one of the editors of "Our Young Folks," and from that time to the close of her life she was a constant contributor to prominent magazines and newspapers—the name "Gail Hamilton" attached to an essay was always a guarantee that it was full of wit and aggressiveness.

The published volumes of this author in order of their publication are as follows: "Country Living and Country Thinking" (1862); "Gala-Days" (1863); "Stumbling Blocks" and "A New Atmosphere" (1864); "Skirmishes and Sketches" (1865); "Summer Rest" and "Red-letter Days in Applethorpe" (1866); "Wool Gathering," (1867); "Woman's Wrongs, a Counter-Irritant" (1868); "Battle of the Books" (1870); "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness" (1871). For a period of three years Miss Dodge devoted herself to the little folks, producing in 1872 "Little Folk Life," and the next year two other volumes, entitled "Child World." In the same year, 1873, came her humorous book, entitled "Twelve Miles from a Lemon," and in 1874 "Nursery Noonings," another book for and about children. In 1875 appeared two volumes very unlike, but both of which attracted considerable attention. The first was entitled "Sermons to the Clergy," in which she gave some wholesome advice and pointed out many of the shortcomings of ministers. The other book was entitled "First Love Is Best." In 1876 Miss Dodge's mind seemed to take on a more religious, moral and still more practical turn as evinced by the

title of the following books: "What Think Ye of Christ?" (1876); "Our Common School System" (1880); "Divine Guidance" (1881); "The Insuppressible Book" (1885); and "The Washington Bible Class" (1891).

Miss Dodge was a cousin to the distinguished statesman, James G. Blaine, of whom she was very fond. Much of her time during the last few years of his life was spent with his family at Washington, and when Mr. Blaine died in January, 1893, she undertook, in the interest of the family, to write his life, which work she finished and the book was published in 1894. It is the only authoritative life of the statesman endorsed by the family. This was Miss Hamilton's last book. It was a congenial theme to which she devoted perhaps the most painstaking and best work of her life. The last years of the busy author were marked by failing health. She died at Washington in 1896.

FISHING.

(FROM "GALA DAYS.")

SOME people have conscientious scruples about fishing. I respect them. I had them myself. Wantonly to destroy, for mere sport, the innocent life in lake or river, seemed to me a cruelty and a shame. But people must fish. Now, then, how shall your theory and practice be harmonized? Practice can't yield. Plainly, theory must. A year ago I went out on a rock in the Atlantic Ocean, held a line—just to see how it seemed—and caught eight fishes; and every time a fish came up, a scruple went down. * * * * Which facts will partially account for the eagerness with which I, one morning, seconded a proposal to go a-fishing in a river about fourteen miles away.

* * * * *

They go to the woods, I hang my prospective trout on my retrospective cod and march riverward. Halicarnassus, according to the old saw, "leaves this world and climbs a tree," and, with jackknife, cord and perseverance, manufactures a fishing-rod, which he courteously offers to me, which I succinctly decline, informing him in no ambiguous phrase that I consider nothing beneath the best as good enough for me. Halicarnassus is convinced by my logic, overpowered by my rhetoric, and meekly yields up the best rod, though the natural man rebels. The bank of the river is rocky, steep, shrubby, and difficult of ascent or descent. Halicarnassus bids me tarry on the bridge, while he descends to reconnoitre. I am acquiescent, and lean over the railing awaiting the result of in-

vestigation. Halicarnassus picks his way over rocks, sideways and zigzaggy along the bank, and down the river in search of fish. I grow tired of playing leasabianca and steal behind the bridge, and pick my way over the rocks sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and up the river, in search of "fun;" practice irregular and indescribable gymnastics with variable success for half an hour or so. Shout from the bridge. I look up. Too far off to hear the words, but see Halicarnassus gesticulating furiously, and evidently laboring under great excitement. Retrograde as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Halicarnassus makes a speaking trumpet of his hands and roars, "I've found—a fish! Left—him for—you—to catch! come quick!"—and plunging headlong down the bank disappears. I am touched to the heart by this sublime instance of self-denial and devotion, and scramble up to the bridge, and plunge down after him. Heel of boot gets entangled in hem of dress every third step—fishing-line in tree-top every second; progress therefore not so rapid as could be desired. Reach the water at last. Step cautiously from rock to rock to the middle of the stream—balance on a pebble just large enough to plant both feet on, and just firm enough to make it worth while to run the risk—drop my line into the spot designated—a quiet, black little pool in the rushing river—see no fish, but have faith in Harlicarnassus.

"Bite?" asks Halicarnassus eagerly.

"Not yet," I answer sweetly. Breathless expecta-

tion. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed. Five minutes gone.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from down the river.

"Not yet," hopefully.

"Lower your line a little. I'll come in a minute."

Line is lowered. Arms begin to ache. Rod suddenly bobs down. Snatch it up. Only an old stick. Splash it off contemptuously.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from afar.

"No," faintly responds Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Perhaps he will by and by," suggests Halicarnassus encouragingly. Five minutes more. Arms breaking. Knees trembling. Pebble shaky. Brain dizzy. Everything seems to be sailing down stream. Tempted to give it up, but look at the empty basket, think of the expectant party, and the eight cod-fish, and possess my soul in patience.

"Bite?" comes the distant voice of Halicarnassus, disappearing by a bend in the river.

"No!" I moan, trying to stand on one foot to rest the other, and ending by standing on neither; for the pebble quivers, convulses, and finally rolls over and expires; and only a vigorous leap and a sudden conversion of the fishing-rod into a balancing-pole save me from an ignominious bath. Weary of the world, and lost to shame, I gather all my remaining strength, wind the line about the rod, poise it on high,

hurl it out in the deepest and most unobstructed part of the stream, * * * lie down upon the rock, pull my hat over my face, and dream, to the furling of the river, the singing of the birds, and the music of the wind in the trees, of another river, far, far, away.

* * * * *

"Hullo! how many?"

"I start up wildly, and knock my hat off into the water. Jump after it, at the imminent risk of going in myself, catch it by one of the strings, and stare at Halicarnassus."

"Asleep, I fancy?" says Halicarnassus, interrogatively.

* * * * *

We walk silently towards the woods. We meet a small boy with a tin pan and thirty-six fishes in it. We accost him.

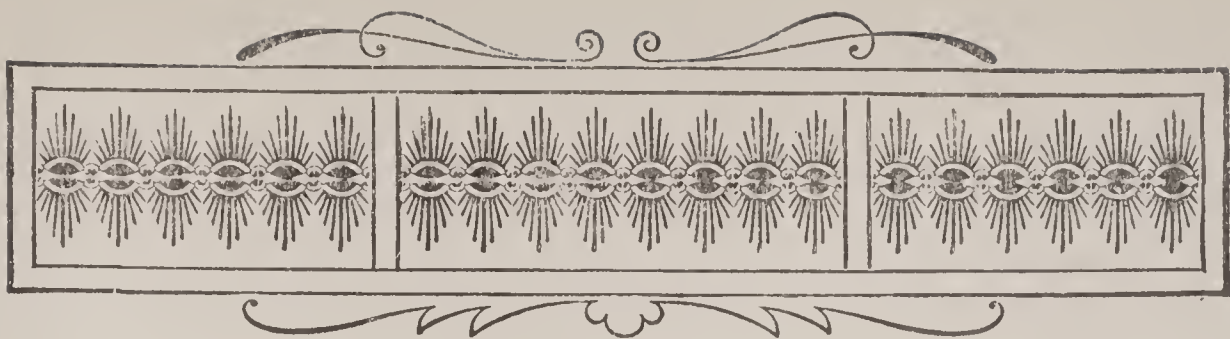
"Are these fishes for sale?" asks Halicarnassus.

"Bet they be!" says small boy with energy.

Halicarnassus looks meaningly at me. I look meaningly at Halicarnassus, and both look meaningly at our empty basket. "Won't you tell?" says Halicarnassus. "No; won't you?" Halicarnassus whistles, the fishes are transferred from pan to basket, and we walk away "chirp as a cricket," reach the sylvan party, and are speedily surrounded.

"O what beauties! Who caught them? How many are there?"





HELEN MARIA FISKE HUNT JACKSON.

“THE FRIEND OF THE RED MAN.”



NE of the sights pointed out to a traveler in the West is Cheyenne Canyon, a wild and weird pass in the Rocky Mountains a short distance from Colorado Springs. Some years ago the writer, in company with a party of tourists, drove as far as a vehicle could pass up the mountain-road that wound along a little stream which came tumbling down the narrow ravine splitting the mountain in twain.

Soon we were compelled to abandon the wagon, and on foot we climbed the rugged way, first on one side and then on the other of the rushing rivulet where the narrow path could find space enough to lay its crooked length along. Suddenly a little log-cabin in a clump of trees burst on our view. A boy with a Winchester rifle slung over his shoulder met us a few rods from the door and requested a fee of twenty-five cents each before permitting us to pass.

“What is it?” inquired one of the party pointing at the cabin. “This is the house Helen Hunt lived in and away above there is where she is buried,” answered the boy. We paid the fee, inspected the house, and then, over more rocky steeps, we climbed to the spot indicated near a falling cataract and stood beside a pile of stones thrown together by hundreds of tourists who had preceded us. It was the lonely grave of one of the great literary women of our age. We gathered some stones and added them to the pile and left her alone by the singing cataract, beneath the sighing branches of the firs and pines which stood like towering sentinels around her on Mount Jackson—for this peak was named in her honor. “What a monument!” said one, “more lasting than hammered bronze!” “But not moreso,” said another, “than the good she has done. Her influence will live while this mountain shall stand, unless another dark age should sweep literature out of existence.” “I wonder the Indians don’t convert this place into a shrine and come here to worship,” ventured a third person. “Her ‘Ramona,’ written in their behalf, must have been produced under a divine inspiration. She was among all American writers their greatest benefactor.”

Helen Maria Fiske was born in Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. She was the daughter of Professor Nathan Fiske of Amherst College, and was educated at Ipswich (Mass.) Female Seminary. In 1852 she married Captain Edward B. Hunt of the U. S. Navy, and lived with him at various posts until 1863, when he died. After this she removed to Newport, R. I., with her children, but one by one they died, until 1872 she was left alone and desolate. In her girlhood she had contributed

some verses to a Boston paper which were printed. She wrote nothing more until two years after the death of her husband, when she sent a number of poems to New York papers which were signed H. H. and they attracted wide and favorable criticism. These poems were collected and published under the title of "Verses from H. H." (1870). After the death of her children she decided to devote herself to literature, and from that time to the close of her life—twelve years later—her books came in rapid succession and she gained wide distinction as a writer of prose and verse. Both her poetry and prose works are characterized by deep thoughtfulness and a rare grace and beauty of diction.

In 1873 Mrs. Hunt removed to Colorado for the benefit of her health, and in 1875 became the wife of Wm. S. Jackson, a merchant of Colorado Springs; and it was in this beautiful little city, nestling at the foot of Pike's Peak, with the perpetual snow on its summit always in sight, that she made her home for the remainder of her life, though she spent considerable time in traveling in New Mexico, California and the Eastern States gathering material for her books.

Briefly catalogued, the works of Helen Hunt Jackson are: "Verses by H. H." (1870); "Bits of Travel" (1873); "Bits of Talk About Home Matters" (1873); "Sonnets and Lyrics" (1876); "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (1876); "Hettie's Strange History" (1877); "A Century of Dishonor" (1881); "Ramona" (1884).

Besides the above, Mrs. Jackson wrote several juvenile books and two novels in the "No Name" series; and that powerful series of stories, published under the pen-name of "Saxe Holme," has also been attributed to her, although there is no absolute proof that she wrote them. "A Century of Dishonor" made its author more famous than anything she produced up to that time, but critics now generally agree that "Ramona," her last book, is her most powerful work, both as a novel and in its beneficent influence. It was the result of a most profound and exhaustive study of the Indian problem, to which she devoted the last and best years of her life. It was her most conscientious and sympathetic work. It was through Helen Hunt Jackson's influence that the government instituted important reforms in the treatment of the red men.

In June, 1884, Mrs. Jackson met with a painful accident, receiving a bad fracture of her leg. She was taken to California while convalescing and there contracted malaria, and at the same time developed cancer. The complication of her ailments resulted in death, which occurred August 12, 1885. Her remains were carried back to Colorado, and, in accordance with her expressed wish, buried on the peak looking down into the Cheyenne Canyon. The spot was dear to her. The cabin below had been built for her as a quiet retreat, where, when she so desired, she could retire with one or two friends, and write undisturbed, alone with the primeval forest and the voices which whispered through nature, and the pure, cool mountain-air.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SAINT PETER'S.



OW on the marble floor I lie:

I am alone:

Though friendly voices whisper nigh,

And foreign crowds are passing by,

I am alone.

Great hymns float through
The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

With tender joy all others thrill ;
 I have but tears :
 The false priests' voices, high and shrill,
 Reiterate the "Peace, good will ;"
 I have but tears.
 I hear anew
 The nails and scourge ; then come the low
 Sad words, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do !"

Close by my side the poor souls kneel ;
 I turn away ;
 Half-pitying looks at me they steal ;
 They think, because I do not feel,
 I turn away ;
 Ah ! if they knew,
 How following them, where'er they go,
 I hear, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do !"

Above the organ's sweetest strains
 I hear the groans
 Of prisoners, who lie in chains,
 So near and in such mortal pains,
 I hear the groans.

But Christ walks through
 The dungeon of St. Angelo,
 And says, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do !"

And now the music sinks to sighs ;
 The lights grow dim :
 The Pastorella's melodies
 In lingering echoes float and rise ;
 The lights grow dim ;
 More clear and true,
 In this sweet silence, seem to flow
 The words, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do !"

The dawn swings incense, silver gray ;
 The night is past ;
 Now comes, triumphant, God's full day ;
 No priest, no church can bar its way :
 The night is past :
 How on this blue
 Of God's great banner, blaze and glow
 The words, "Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do !"

CHOICE OF COLORS.



THE other day, as I was walking on one of the oldest and most picturesque streets of the old and picturesque town of Newport, R. I., I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop.

It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one walks with very great care, he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, apparently as unconscious as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold day too. I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so. The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside. I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant. I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The win-

dow was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was really remarkably gay and pretty. Tap, tap, tap, went the small hand against the window-pane ; and with every tap the unconscious little creature murmured, in a half-whispering, half-singing voice, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I stood motionless. I could not see her face ; but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face, without her seeing me ; but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside and turned toward me. The spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at the approach of a stranger. She did not move away, however ; but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely devel-

oped faces of poverty-stricken children. "Aren't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly.

"Yes'm. I'd like a goon av thit blue."

"But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?"

She looked down at her wet dress suddenly, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and, moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not jist goin' home, mem. I'd like to stop here a bit."

So I left her. But, after I had gone a few blocks, the impulse seized me to return by a cross street, and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath, as before, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I went quietly on my way, without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "Little Messenger,

Interpreter, Teacher! I will remember you all my life."

Why should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them, if it is only "through a glass, and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors. It rains, perhaps; and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by, who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers nevertheless,—who has money in his purse to buy many colors, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colors are too dear for him,—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."





FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."



Mrs. Burnett were not a native of England, she might be called a typical American woman. As all Americans, however, are descended at very few removes from foreign ancestors, it may, nevertheless, be said of the young English girl, who crossed the ocean with her widowed mother at the age of sixteen, that she has shown all the pluck, energy and perseverance usually thought of as belonging to Americans. She settled with her mother and sisters on a Tennessee farm; but soon began to write short stories, the first of which was published in a Philadelphia magazine in 1867. Her first story to achieve popularity was "That Lass o' Lowrie's," published in "Scribner's Magazine" in 1877. It is a story of a daughter of a miner, the father a vicious character, whose neglect and abuse render all the more remarkable the virtue and real refinement of the daughter. Mrs. Burnett delights in heroes and heroines whose characters contrast strongly with their circumstances, and in some of her stories, especially in "A Lady of Quality," published in 1895, she even verges on the sensational.

In 1873 Miss Hodgson was married to Doctor Burnett, of Knoxville, Tennessee. After a two years' tour in Europe, they took up their residence in the city of Washington, where they have since lived.

Mrs. Burnett's longest novel, "Through One Administration," is a story of the political and social life of the Capital. "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Esmeralda," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," and "Haworth's" are, after those already mentioned, her most popular stories. "That Lass o' Lowrie's" has been dramatized. Mrs. Hodgson is most widely known, however, by her Children Stories, the most famous of which, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," appeared as a serial in "St. Nicholas" in 1886, and has since been dramatized and played in both England and America.

Since 1885 her health has not permitted her to write so voluminously as she had previously done, but she has, nevertheless, been a frequent contributor to periodicals. Some of her articles have been of an auto-biographical nature, and her story "The One I Knew Best of All" is an account of her life. She is very fond of society and holds a high place in the social world. Her alert imagination and her gift of expression have enabled her to use her somewhat limited opportunity of observation to the greatest advantage, as is shown in her successful interpretation of the Lancashire dialect and the founding of the story of Joan Lowrie on a casual glimpse, during a visit to a mining village, of a beautiful young woman followed by a cursing and abusive father.

PRETTY POLLY P.*

FROM "PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."



FRAMLEIGH," ventured little Popham, "you haven't spoken for half an hour, by Jupiter!"

Framleigh—Captain Gaston Framleigh, of the Guards—did not move. He had been sitting for some time before the window, in a position more noticeable for ease than elegance, with his arms folded upon the back of his chair; and he did not disturb himself, when he condescended to reply to his youthful admirer and ally.

"Half an hour?" he said, with a tranquil half-drawl, which had a touch of affectation in its coolness, and yet was scarcely pronounced enough to be disagreeable, or even unpleasant. "Haven't I?"

"No, you have not," returned Popham, encouraged by the negative amiability of his manner. "I am sure it is half an hour. What's up?"

"Up?" still half-abstractedly. "Nothing! Fact is, I believe I have been watching a girl!"

Little Popham sprang down, for he had been sitting on the table, and advanced toward the window, hurriedly, holding his cigar in his hand.

"A girl!" he exclaimed. "Where? What sort of a girl?"

"As to sort," returned Framleigh, "I don't know the species. A sort of girl I never saw before. But, if you wait, you may judge for yourself. She will soon be out there in the garden again. She has been darting in and out of the house for the last twenty minutes."

"Out of the house?" said Popham, eagerly, "Do you mean the house opposite?"

"Yes."

"By Jupiter!" employing his usual mild expletive, "look here, old fellow, had she a white dress on, and geranium-colored bows, and—"

"Yes," said Framleigh. "And she is rather tall for such a girl; and her hair is cut, on her round white forehead, Sir Peter Lely fashion (they call it banging, I believe), and she gives you the impression, at first, of being all eyes, great dark eyes, with—"

"Long, curly, black lashes," interpolated Popham, with enthusiasm. "By Jupiter! I thought so! It's pretty Polly P."

He was so evidently excited that Framleigh looked up with a touch of interest, though he was scarcely a man of enthusiasm himself.

"Pretty Polly P.!" he repeated. "Rather familiar mode of speech, isn't it? Who is pretty Polly P.?"

Popham, a good-natured, sensitive little fellow, actually colored.

"Well," he admitted, somewhat confusedly, "I dare say it does sound rather odd, to people who don't know her; but I can assure you, Framleigh, though it is the name all our fellows seem to give her with one accord, I am sure there is not one of them who means it to appear disrespectful, or—or even cheeky," resorting, in desperation, to slang. "She is not the sort of a girl a fellow would ever be disrespectful to, even though she is such a girl—so jolly and innocent. For my part, you know, I'd face a good deal, and give up a good deal any day, for pretty Polly P.; and I'm only one of a many."

Framleigh half smiled, and then looked out of the window again, in the direction of the house opposite.

"Daresay," he commented, placidly. "And very laudably, too. But you have not told me what the letter P. is intended to signify. 'Pretty Polly P.' is agreeable and alliterative, but indefinite. It might mean Pretty Polly Popham."

"I wish it did, by Jupiter!" cordially, and with more color; "but it does not. It means Pemberton?"

"Pemberton!" echoed Framleigh, with an intonation almost savoring of disgust. "You don't mean to say she is that Irish fellow's daughter?"

"She is his niece," was the answer, "and that amounts to the same thing, in her case. She has lived with old Pemberton ever since she was four years old, and she is as fond of him as if he was a woman, and her mother; and he is as fond of her as if she was his daughter; but he couldn't help that. Every one is fond of her."

"Ah!" said Framleigh. "I see. As you say, 'She is the sort of girl.'"

"There she is, again!" exclaimed Popham, suddenly.

And there she was, surely enough, and they had a full view of her, geranium-colored bows and all. She seemed to be a trifle partial to the geranium-colored bows. Not too partial, however, for they were very nicely put on. Here and there, down the front of her white morning dress, one prettily adjusted on the side of her hair, one on each trim, slim, black kid slipper. If they were a weakness of hers, they were by no means an inartistic one. And as she came down the garden-walk, with a little flower-pot in her hands—a little earthen-pot, with some fresh gloss-leaved little plant in it—she was pleasant to look at, pretty Polly P.—very pleasant; and Gaston Framleigh was conscious of the fact.

It was only a small place, the house opposite and the garden was the tiniest of gardens, being only a few yards of ground, surrounded by iron railings. Indeed, it might have presented anything but an attractive appearance, had pretty Polly P. not so crowded it with bright blooms. Its miniature-beds were full of brilliantly-colored flowers, blue-eyed lobelia, mignonette, scarlet geraniums, a thrifty rose or so, and numerous nasturtiums, with ferns, and much pleasant, humble greenery. There were narrow boxes of flowers upon every window-ledge, a woodbine climbed round the door, and, altogether, it was a very different place from what it might have been, under different circumstances.

And down the graveled path, in the midst of all this flowery brightness, came Polly with her plant to set out, looking not unlike a flower herself. She was very busy in a few minutes, and she went about her work almost like an artist, flourishing her little trowel, digging a nest for her plant, and touching it, when she transplanted it, as tenderly as if it had been a day-old baby. She was so earnest about it, that, before very long, Framleigh was rather startled by hearing her begin to whistle, softly to herself, and, seeing that the sound had grated upon him, Popham colored and laughed half-apologetically.

"It is a habit of hers," he said. "She hardly knows when she does it. She often does things other girls would think strange. But she is not like other girls."

Framleigh made no reply. He remained silent, and simply looked at the girl. He was not in the most communicative of moods, this morning; he was feel-

ing gloomy and depressed, and not a little irritable, as he did, now and then. He had good reason, he thought, to give way to these fits of gloom, occasionally; they were not so much an unamiable habit as his enemies fancied; he had some ground for them, though he was not prone to enter into particulars concerning it. Certainly he never made innocent little Popham, "Lambkin Popham," as one of his fellow-officers had called him, in a brilliant moment, his confidant. He liked the simple, affectionate little fellow, and found his admiration soothing; but the time had not yet arrived, when the scales not yet having fallen from his eyes, he could read such guileless, almost insignificant problems as "Lambkin" Popham clearly.

So his companion, only dimly recognizing the outward element of his mood, thought it signified a distaste for that soft, scarcely unfeminine, little piping of pretty Polly's, and felt bound to speak a few words in her favor.

"She is not a masculine sort of a girl at all, Framleigh," he said. "You would be sure to like her. The company fairly idolize her."

"Company!" echoed Framleigh. "What company?"

"Old Buxton's company," was the reply. "The theatrical lot at the Prince's, you know, where she acts."

Framleigh had been bending forward, to watch Polly patting the mould daintily, as she bent over her flower-bed; but he drew back at this, conscious of experiencing a shock, far stronger and more disagreeable than the whistling had caused him to feel.

"An actress!" he exclaimed, in an annoyed tone.

"Yes, and she works hard enough, too, to support herself, and help old Pemberton," gravely.

"The worse for her," with impatience. "And the greater rascal old Pemberton, for allowing it."

It was just at this moment that Polly looked up. She raised her eyes carelessly to their window, and doing so, caught sight of them both. Young Popham blushed gloriously, after his usual sensitive fashion, and she recognized him at once. She did not blush at all herself, however; she just gave him an arch little nod, and a delightful smile, which showed her pretty white teeth.



MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

(CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.)

Author of the "Prophet of the Smoky Mountains."



THE pen name of Charles Egbert Craddock has become familiarly known throughout the English-speaking world in connection with the graphic delineations of character in the East Tennessee Mountains, to which theme the writings of this talented author have been devoted. Until long after the name had become famous the writer was supposed to be a man, and the following amusing story is told of the way in which the secret leaked out. Her works were published by a Boston editor, and the heavy black handwriting, together with the masculine ring of her stories, left no suspicion that their author was a delicate woman. Thomas Baily Aldrich, who was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," to which her writings came, used to say, after an interval had elapsed subsequent to her last contribution, "I wonder if Craddock has taken in his winter supply of ink and can let me have a serial." One day a card came to Mr. Aldrich bearing the well-known name in the well-known writing, and the editor rushed out to greet his old contributor, expecting to see a rugged Tennessee mountaineer. When the slight, delicate little woman arose to answer his greeting it is said that Mr. Aldrich put his hands to his face and simply spun round on his heels without a word, absolutely bewildered with astonishment.

Miss Murfree was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1850, and is the great-granddaughter of Colonel Hardy Murfree of Revolutionary fame, for whom the city of Murfreesboro was named. Her father was a lawyer and a literary man, and Mary was carefully educated. Unfortunately in her childhood a stroke of paralysis made her lame for life. After the close of the war, the family being left in destitute circumstances, they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and Miss Murfree contributed largely to their pecuniary aid by her fruitful pen. Her volumes include "In the Tennessee Mountains" (1884), "Where the Battle was Fought" (1884), "Down the Ravine" (1885), "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" (1885), "In the Clouds" (1886), "The Story of Keedon Bluffs" (1887), "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" (1888), all of which works have proven their popularity by a long-continued sale, and her subsequent works will no doubt achieve equal popularity. She has contributed much matter to the leading magazines of the day. She is a student of humanity and her portraiture of Tennessee moun-

taineers have great historic value aside from the entertainment they furnish to the careless reader. It is her delineation of mountain character and her description of mountain scenery that have placed her works so prominently to the front in this critical and prolific age of novels. "Her style," says a recent reviewer, "is bold, full of humor, yet as delicate as a bit of lace, to which she adds great power of plot and a keen wit, together with a homely philosophy bristling with sparkling truths. For instance, "the little old woman who sits on the edge of a chair" in one of her novels, and remarks "There ain't nothin' so becomin' to fools as a shet mouth," has added quite an original store to America's already proverbial literature.

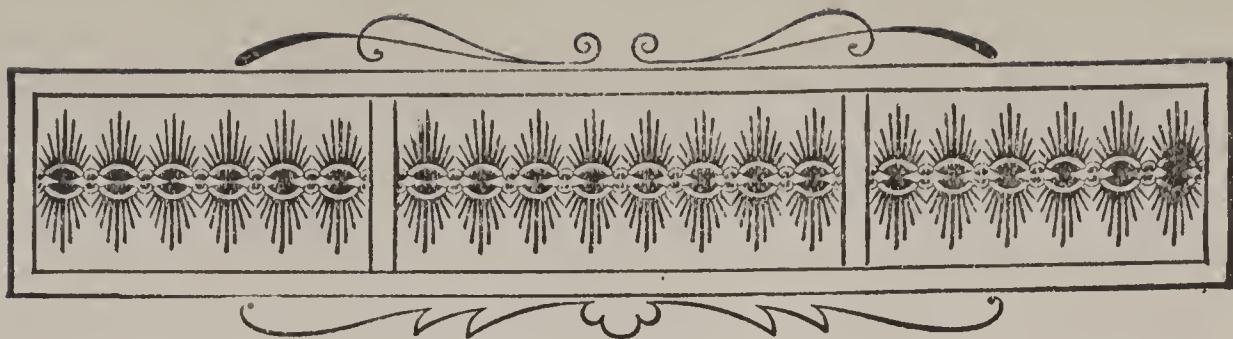
THE CONFESSION.*

(FROM "THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.")

THE congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon. There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text,—and the leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things,—from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was sulking into his mind that gruesome company of doubts. In double file they came: fate and free agency, free-will and fore-ordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil—nay, a legion of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they had assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they had been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how in the scrutiny of science and research men have passed before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudged the time to think upon them,—if he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers. As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed the book with a sudden impulse, "My frien's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez' gin it—ef thear is a God—he's tuk it away. You-uns kin go on You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he'll lead ye ter grace,—leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar's the nethermost depths of hell, ef"—how his faith and his unfaith now tried him!—"ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise—Stop, brother," he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, and with a white, scared face. Nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains. "Bear with me a little; ye'll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an' trial, ah! an' doubt, ah! an' despair, ah! The good things o' heaven air denied. My name is ter be er byword an' a reproach 'mongst ye. Ye'll grieve ez ye hev ever learn the Word from me, ah! Ye'll be held in derision! An' I hev hed trials,—none like them es air comin', comin' down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an' now fur shame." He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard. "I will go forth from 'mongst ye,—I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an' carry me where I would not. Hell an' the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, brethren, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me—speak from out o' the whirlwind."



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

AUTHOR OF "GATES AJAR!"



HIS is said to be a practical age and there is much talk about the materialistic tendencies of the time and the absorption of the people in affairs of purely momentary and transient importance. It is nevertheless true that the books which attract the most attention are the most widely read, and best beloved are those which deal with the great questions of life and of eternity. It was upon "The Gates Ajar" that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps founded her reputation. It dealt entirely with the questions of the future life treating them in a way remarkably fresh and vigorous, not to say daring, and its reception was so favorable that it went through twenty editions during its first year.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the daughter of a professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. She had been christened with another name; but on the death of her mother, in 1852, she took her name in full. She had been publishing sketches and stories since her thirteenth year, her writings being largely related to charitable, temperance and other reform work. She has written a long series of books beginning with "Ellen's Idol" in 1864, and including a number of series—"The Tiny Series," "The Gypsy Series," etc., intended for Sunday-school libraries, and some fifteen or twenty stories and books of poems. Besides these, she has written sketches, stories and poems in large numbers for the current magazines.

In 1888 she became the wife of Rev. Herbert D. Ward. Their summer home is at East Gloucester, Massachusetts, while in winter they live at Newton Highlands. Thoughtfulness and elevation of spirit mark all Mrs. Ward's literary work. The philanthropic purpose is evident in every one of them, and she contributes to the cause of humanity, not only through her books, but in the time, labor and money which she freely bestows. Mrs. Ward may be taken as a practical example of that noble type of American women who combine literary skill, broad intelligence, and love of mankind with a high degree of spirituality and whose work for humanity is shown in the progress of our people. Her purpose has always been high and the result of her work ennobling. In her books the thought of man and the thought of God blend in a harmony very significant of the spirit of the time, a spirit which she has done much to awaken and to promote.

THE HANDS AT HAYLE AND KELSO'S.*

(FROM "THE SILENT PARTNER.")

IF you are one of the "hands," then in Hayle and Kelso you have a breakfast of bread and molasses probably; you are apt to eat it while you dress. Somebody is beating the kettle, but you cannot wait for it. Somebody tells you that you have forgotten your shawl; you throw it over one shoulder and step out, before it is fastened, into the sudden raw air. You left lamplight indoors, you find moonlight without. The night seems to have overslept itself; you have a fancy for trying to wake it—would like to shout at it or cry through it, but feel very cold, and leave that for the bells to do by-and-by?

You and the bells are the only waking things in life. The great brain of the world is in serene repose; the great heart of the world lies warm to the core with dreams; the great hands of the world, the patient, the perplexed—one almost fancies at times, just for fancy—seeing you here by the morning moon, the dangerous hands alone are stirring in the dark.

You hang up your shawl and your crinoline, and understand, as you go shivering by gaslight to your looms, that you are chilled to the heart, and that you were careless about your shawl, but do not consider carefulness worth your while by nature or by habit; a little less shawl means a few less winters in which to require shawling. You are a godless little creature, but you cherish a stolid learning, in those morning moons, towards making an experiment of death and a wadded coffin.

By the time the gas is out, you cease perhaps—though you cannot depend upon that—to shiver, and incline less and less to the wadded coffin, and more to a chat with your neighbor in the alley. Your neighbor is of either sex and any description as the case may be. In any event—warming a little with the warming day—you incline more and more to chat.

If you chance to be a cotton weaver, you are presently warm enough. It is quite warm enough in the weaving-room. The engines respire into the weaving-room; with every throb of their huge lungs you swallow their breath. The weaving-room stifles

with steam. The window-sills are gutted to prevent the condensed steam from running in streams along the floor; sometimes they overflow, and the water stands under the looms. The walls perspire profusely; on a damp day drops will fall from the roof. The windows of the weaving-room are closed. They must be closed; a stir in the air will break your threads. There is no air to stir; you inhale for a substitute a motionless hot moisture. If you chance to be a cotton weaver, it is not in March that you think most about your coffin.

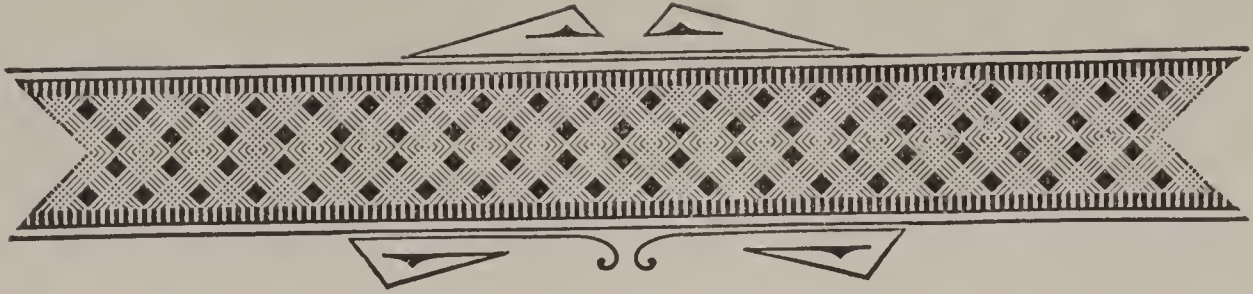
Being a "hand" in Hayle and Kelso, you are used to eating cold luncheon in the cold at noon; or you walk, for the sake of a cup of soup or coffee, half-a-mile, three-quarters, a mile and a-half, and back. You are allowed three-quarters of an hour to do this. You go and come upon the jog-trot.

* * * * *

From swearing you take to singing; both perhaps, are equal relief—active and diverting. There is something curious about that singing of yours. The tune, the place, the singers, characterize it sharply; the waning light, the rival din, the girls with tired faces. You start some little thing with a refrain, and a ring to it. A hymn, it is not unlikely; something of a River and of Waiting, and of Toil and Rest, or Sleep, or Crowns, or Harps, or Home, or Green Fields, or Flowers, or Sorrow, or Repose, or a dozen other things; but always, it will be noticed, of simple spotless things, such as will surprise the listener who caught you at your oath of five minutes past. You have other songs, neither simple nor spotless, it may be; but you never sing them at your work when the waning day is crawling out from spots beneath your loom, and the girls lift up their tired faces to catch and keep the chorus in the rival din.

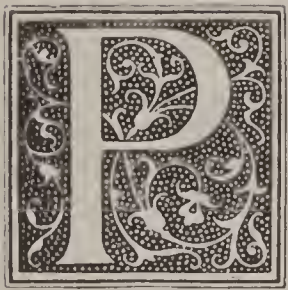
* * * * *

You are singing when the bell strikes, and singing still when you clatter down the stairs. Something of the simple spotlessness of the little song is on your face when you dip into the wind and dusk.



AMELIA E. BARR.

THE POPULAR NOVELIST.



PERHAPS no other writer in the United States commands so wide a circle of readers, both at home and abroad, as does Mrs. Barr. She is, however, personally, very little known, as her disposition is somewhat shy and retiring, and most of her time is spent at her home on the Storm King Mountain at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York

Mrs. Barr's life has been an eventful one, broken in upon by sorrow, bereavement and hardship, and she has risen superior to her trials and made her way through difficulties in a manner which is possible only to an individual of the strongest character.

Amelia E. Huddleston was born at Ulverstone, in the northwest of England, in 1832. She early became a thorough student, her studies being directed by her father, who was an eloquent and learned preacher. When she was seventeen, she went to a celebrated school in Scotland; but her education was principally derived from the reading of books to her father.

When about eighteen she was married to Robert Barr, and soon after came to America, traveling in the West and South. They were in New Orleans in 1856 and were driven out by the yellow fever, and settled in Austin, Texas, where Mr. Barr received an appointment in the comptroller's office. Removing to Galveston after the Civil War, Mr. Barr and his four sons died in 1876 of yellow fever. As soon as she could safely do so, Mrs. Barr took her three daughters to New York, where she obtained an appointment to assist in the education of the three sons of a prominent merchant. When she had prepared these boys for college, she looked about for other means of livelihood, and, by the assistance of Henry Ward Beecher and Doctor Lyman Abbott, she was enabled to get some contributions accepted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, for whose periodicals she wrote for a number of years. An accident which happened to her in 1884 changed her life and conferred upon the world a very great benefit. She was confined to her chair for a considerable time, and, being compelled to abandon her usual methods of work, she wrote her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife." It was instantly successful, running through many editions, and has been translated into one or two European languages. Since that time she has published numerous stories. One of the most successful was "Friend Olivia," a study of Quaker character which recalls the closing years of the Commonwealth in England, and which her girlhood's home at Ulverstone, the scene of the rise of Quakerism, gave her special advantages in preparing. It is an

unusually powerful story; and the pictures of Cromwell and George Fox are not only refreshingly new and bright but remarkably just and appreciative. Some of her other stories are "Feet of Clay," the scene of which is laid on the Isle of Man; "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," a study of Dutch life in New York; "Remember the Alamo," recalling the revolt of Texas; "She Loved a Sailor," which deals with sea life and which draws its scenes from the days of slavery; "The Last of the MacAllisters;" "A Sister of Esau;" and "A Rose of a Hundred Leaves." Only a slight study of Mrs. Barr's books is necessary to show the wide range of her sympathies, her quick and vivid imagination, and her wonderful literary power; and her career has been an admirable illustration of the power of some women to win success even under the stress of sorrow, disaster and bereavement.

LITTLE JAN'S TRIUMPH.*

(FROM "JANE VEDDER'S WIFE.")

AS she approached her house, she saw a crowd of boys, and little Jan walking proudly in front of them. One was playing "Miss Flora McDonald's Reel" on a violin, and the gay strains were accompanied by finger-snapping, whistling, and occasional shouts. "There is no quiet to be found anywhere, this morning," thought Margaret, but her curiosity was aroused, and she went towards the children. They saw her coming, and with an accession of clamor hastened to meet her. Little Jan carried a faded, battered wreath of unrecognizable materials, and he walked as proudly as Pompey may have walked in a Roman triumph. When Margaret saw it, she knew well what had happened, and she opened her arms, and held the boy to her heart, and kissed him over and over, and cried out, "Oh, my brave little Jan, brave little Jan! How did it happen then? Thou tell me quick."

"Hal Ragner shall tell thee, my mother;" and Hal eagerly stepped forward:

"It was last night, Mistress Vedder, we were all watching for the 'Arctic Bounty;' but she did not come, and this morning as we were playing, the word was passed that she had reached Peter Fae's pier. Then we all ran, but thou knowest that thy Jan runs like a red deer, and so he got far ahead, and leaped on board, and was climbing the mast first of all. Then Bor Skade, he tried to climb over him, and Nichol Sinclair, he tried to hold him back, but the sailors shouted, 'Bravo, little Jan Vedder!' and the skipper shouted 'Bravo!' and thy father, he shouted

higher than all the rest. And when Jan had cut loose the prize, he was like to greet for joy, and he clapped his hands, and kissed Jan, and he gave him five gold sovereigns,—see, then, if he did not!" And little Jan proudly put his hand in his pocket, and held them out in his small soiled palm.

The feat which little Jan had accomplished is one which means all to the Shetland boy that his first buffalo means to the Indian youth. When a whaler is in Arctic seas, the sailors on the first of May make a garland of such bits of ribbons, love tokens, and keepsakes, as have each a private history, and this they tie to the top of the mainmast. There it swings, blow high or low, in sleet and hail, until the ship reaches her home-port. Then it is the supreme emulation of every lad, and especially of every sailor's son, to be first on board and first up the mast to cut it down, and the boy who does it is the hero of the day, and has won his footing on every Shetland boat.

What wonder, then, that Margaret was proud and happy? What wonder that in her glow of delight the thing she had been seeking was made clear to her? How could she go better to Suneva than with this crowd of happy boys? If the minister thought she ought to share one of her blessings with Suneva, she would double her obedience, and ask her to share the mother's as well as the wife's joy.

"One thing I wish, boys," she said happily, "let us go straight to Peter Fae's house, for Hal Ragner must tell Suneva Fae the good news also." So, with a shout, the little company turned, and very soon

Suneva, who was busy salting some fish in the cellar of her house, heard her name called by more than fifty shrill voices, in fifty different keys.

She hurried upstairs, saying to herself, "It will be good news, or great news, that has come to pass, no doubt; for when ill-luck has the day, he does not call any one like that; he comes sneaking in." Her rosy face was full of smiles when she opened the door, but when she saw Margaret and Jan standing first of all, she was for a moment too amazed to speak.

Margaret pointed to the wreath: "Our Jan took it from the topmast of the 'Arctic Bounty,'" she

said. "The boys brought him home to me, and I have brought him to thee, Suneva. I thought thou would like it."

"Our Jan!" In those two words Margaret cancelled everything remembered against her. Suneva's eyes filled, and she stretched out both her hands to her step-daughter.

"Come in, Margaret! Come in, my brave, darling Jan! Come in, boys, every one of you! There is cake, and wheat bread, and preserved fruit enough for you all; and I shall find a shilling for every boy here, who has kept Jan's triumph with him."

THE OLD PIANO.



HOW still and dusky is the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint
perfume
Of Eastern treasures!—sandal wood and
scent

With nard and cassia and with roses blent.

Let in the sunshine.

Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans.
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory,
In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
Its is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.

How strange it seems!

The thin, weak notes that once were rich and strong
Give only now the shadow of a song—
The dying echo of the fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and
white,

Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear clinging hands that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.

Only to think,

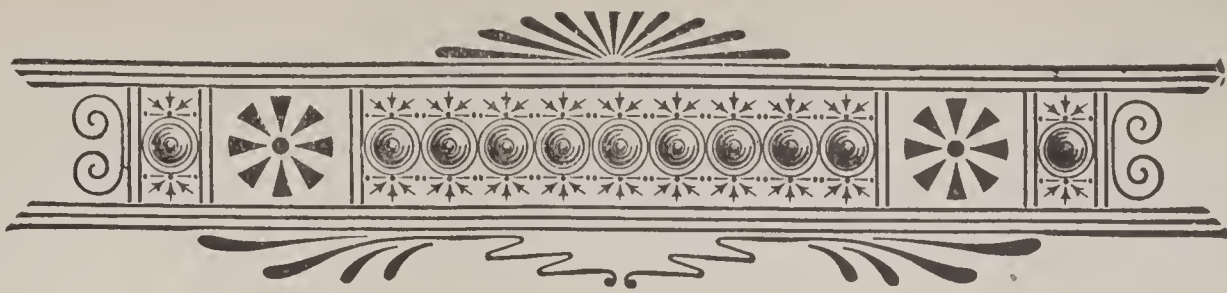
O white sad notes, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth, that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link?

The old piano answers to my call,
And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.
O soul! that I have loved, with heavenly birth
Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,

Its smiles and sighs?

Shall wood and metal and white ivory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.
I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.





MISS ALICE FRENCH.

(*Octave Thanet*).

THE REPRESENTATIVE NOVELIST OF THE SOUTHWEST.



one of the most prominent among our modern women novelists stands the name of Octave Thanet. The real owner of this widely known pen-name is Miss Alice French. Though Miss French is recognized as the representative novelist of Missouri, Arkansas, and the Southwest generally, where she has lived for many years, she is by birth and education a genuine Yankee woman, and on both sides a descendant from old Puritan stock. Her ancestors came over in the Mayflower. They count among them many Revolutionary heroes and not a few persecutors of the witches one hundred and fifty and two hundred years ago, and they, also, number to themselves some of the modern rulers and prominent ministers of Massachusetts.

Mr. French, the father of the authoress, was during his life a loyal Westerner, but it is said never lost his fondness for the East and went there regularly every summer, and his daughter still maintains the custom. While Mr. French was a thorough business man, he was, moreover, an enthusiastic lover of books and the fine arts, and instilled into Miss Alice during her early training a love for reading, and encouraged her to write.

Shortly after her graduation at Abbott Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, Miss French sent a manuscript for publication, but the editors to whom she sent it advised her to wait until her judgment was more mature and her reading more extensive. She accepted their advice and remained silent for several years, and then sent her first book, "The Communist's Wife," to a New York publisher, who declined it, whereupon she forwarded it to other publishers, and it was finally brought out by Lippincotts of Philadelphia, and made such a success that assured easy access for her subsequent works, through any publisher to whom she would send them, to the reading world. The royalty on her various books now brings her a handsome and steady income.

Among the most prominent publications of Octave Thanet's are "Knitters in the Sun" (Boston, 1887); "Otto the Knight" (1888); "Expiated" and "We All," issued from New York in 1890. Since that date she has written several other volumes of equal merit, each new book adding to her well-established reputation and popularity. She has also edited the best "Letters of Lady Montague."

The pen-name of this writer was the result of chance. When in school she had a room-mate, Octavia, who was familiarly known as Octave. The word Thanet she

saw by chance printed on a passing freight car. It struck her fancy and she adopted it; hence the pseudonym "Octave Thanet." It is said that she regrets having adopted a *nom-de-plume*, but since she has made her fame under that name she continues to use it. Miss French is something of a philosopher and artist as well as a novelist, and is deeply read in historical studies as well as the English-German philosophers. She is one of the most domestic of women and declares that she is a great deal better cook than a writer, and that it is a positive delight to her to arrange a dinner. Most prominent women have a fad, and that of Miss French is for collecting china. She is also fond of outdoor sports and takes considerable interest in politics. While not an advocate of woman's suffrage, she declares herself to be a moderate free-trade Democrat, and a firm believer in honest money. Whether the latter term implies a single gold standard or the free coinage of silver, the writer is unable to ascertain.

The strength of Octave Thanet's writing is largely due to the fact that she studies her subjects assiduously, going to original sources for her pictures of bygone times, and getting both facts and impressions so far as possible from the fountain-head. She is regarded not only as the best delineator of the life of the middle Western States, but the most careful student of human nature, and, perhaps the best storyteller among our modern short-story writers. She lives a simple life on a farm and draws her characters from the people around about her.

TWO LOST AND FOUND.*

[FROM "KNITTERS IN THE SUN."]

THEY rode along, Ruffner furtively watching Bud, until finally the elder man spoke with the directness of primitive natures and strong excitement:

"Whut's come ter ye, Bud Quinn? Ye seem all broke up 'beout this yere losin' yo' little trick (child); yet ye didn't useter set no gre't store by 'er—least, looked like—"

"I knaw," answered Bud, lifting his heavy eyes, too numb himself with weariness and misery to be surprised,—“I knaw, an' 't are curi's ter me too. I didn't set no store by 'er w'en I had 'er. I taken a gredge agin 'er kase she hadn't got no good sense, an' you all throwed it up to me fur a jedgment. An' knowin' how I hadn't done a thing to hurt Zed, it looked cl'ar agin right an' natur' fur the Lord ter pester me that a-way; so someways I taken the notion 'twar the devil, and that he got inter Ma' Bowlin', an' I mos' cudn't b'ar the sight 'er that pore little critter. But the day she got lost kase 'er tryin' ter meet up with me, I 'lowed mabbe he tolled 'er off,

an' I sorter felt bad fur 'er, an' w'en I seen them little tracks 'er her'n, someways all them mean feelin's I got they jes broked off short insider me like a string mought snap. They done so. An' I wanted thet chile bader'n I ever wanted anything."

"Law me!" said Ruffner, quite puzzled. "But, say, Bud, ef ye want 'er so bad 's all thet, ye warn't wantar mad the Lord by lyin', kase He are yo' on'y show now. Bud Quinn, did ye hurt my boy?" He had pushed his face close to Bud's, and his mild eyes were glowing like live coals.

"Naw, Mr. Ruffner," answered Bud, quietly. "I never teched a ha'r 'er 'is head!"

Ruffner kept his eager and almost fierce scrutiny a moment, then he drew a long gasping sigh, crying, "Blame my skin ef I don' b'lieve ye! I've 'lowed, fur a right smart, we all used ye mighty rough."

"'Tain't no differ," said Bud, dully. Nothing mattered now, the poor fellow thought; Ma' Bowlin' was dead, and Sukey hated him.

Ruffner whistled slowly and dolefully; that was his

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way of expressing sympathy ; but the whistle died on his lips, for Bud smote his shoulder, then pointed toward the trees.

"Look a-thar!" whispered Bud, with a ghastly face and dilating eyeballs. "Oh, Lord A'mighty, thar's her—an' *him*!"

Ruffner saw a boat leisurely propelled by a long pole approaching from the river-side, a black-haired young man in the bow with the pole, a fair-haired little girl in the stern. The little girl jumped up, and at the same instant a shower of water from light flying heels blinded the young man.

"Paw! Paw!" screamed the little girl. "Maw tole Ma' Bowlin'—meet up—paw!" * * * *

Just as the big clock in the store struck the last stroke of six, Sukey Quinn, who had been cowering on the platform steps, lifted her head and put her hand to her ear. Then everybody heard it, the long peal of a horn. The widow from Georgia ran quickly up to Sukey and threw her arms about her shoulders.

For a second the people held their breath. It had been arranged that whoever found the lost child should give the signal by blowing his horn, once if the searchers came too late, three times if the child should be alive. Would the horn blow again?

"It are Bud's horn!" sobbed Sukey. "He'd never blow fur onst. Hark! Thar't goes agin! Three times! An' me wouldn't hev no truck with 'im, but she set store by Ma' Bowlin' all the time."

Horn after horn caught up the signal joyfully, and when the legitimate blowing was over, two enterprising boys exhausted themselves on a venerable horn which was so cracked that no one would take it. In an incredibly short time every soul within hearing distance, not to mention a herd of cattle and a large number of swine, had run to the store, and when at last two horses' heads appeared above the hill, and the crowd could see a little pink sun-bonnet against Bud Quinn's brown jean, an immense clamor rolled out.





JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN.

THE STORY-TELLER OF THE PILGRIMS.



HIS famous daughter of the Pilgrims has become a specialist in their behalf, and has pledged her remaining years to develop their story. Every summer she visits Plymouth, where she constantly studies not only the written records of the Pilgrim Fathers, but the crumbling gravestones and the oral traditions which have come down among their descendants. Her contribution to the literature of early New England possesses a rare value, found, perhaps, in no other writer, enriched from her intimate knowledge of the pioneers of the Eastern Colonists gained from her long study, thorough reading, and a careful investigation of their history and traditions.

Mrs. Austin was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1831. Her parents were from Plymouth, and counted their lineage back to the Mayflower Pilgrims in no less than eight distinct lines. She also claims a descent from Francis le Baron; thus, believers in heredity will recognize in this the root of Mrs. Austin's remarkable devotion to Pilgrim stories and traditions. Her father, Isaac Goodwin, was a lawyer of considerable prominence, and had also devoted much study to genealogy. Her brother, the Honorable John A. Goodwin, was the author of "The Pilgrim Republic," which is considered the best history of the settlement of Plymouth. Her mother, besides being a poet and song-writer, was also a lover of the traditions and anecdotes of her native region, and many of the stories embodied in Mrs. Austin's later works she has heard as a child at her mother's knee, especially those relating to "The Nameless Nobleman," "Francis le Baron and His Family."

Among the best of Mrs. Austin's Pilgrim story-books are "The Nameless Nobleman" (1881); "Standish of Standish" (1889); "Doctor le Baron and His Daughters" (1890); and "Betty Alden" (1891). These cover the ground from the landing of the Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock in 1620 to the days of the Revolution in 1775. Aside from these books, Mrs. Austin has produced in addition to a number of magazine stories and some poems, "Fairy Dream" (1859); "Dora Darling" (1865); "Outpost" (1866); "Taylor Boy" (1867); "Cypher" (1869); "The Shadow of Moloch Mountains" (1870); "Moon-Folk" (1874); "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" (1880); and "Nantucket Scraps" (1882). Since 1891 Mrs. Austin has added a fifth volume to her "Pilgrim Stories," completing the series. All of her writings are in a finished style, remarkable alike for delicacy, purity and clearness of expression, and her work is distinctly American.

Personally Mrs. Austin is a charming woman, much beloved by those who know her best. She has three children, and her home is with a married daughter at Roxbury, Massachusetts; but she spends much of her time in Boston.

AN AFTERNOON IN NANTUCKET.*

FROM "NANTUCKET SCRAPS," 1883.

THE drowsy hours of afternoon were devoted to the museum, collected and exhibited by the public-spirited widow of a sea-captain named McCleve. An upper room to her comfortable house is devoted to the curios, although, like attar of roses, or some penetrating oils, they seem to have saturated the entire mansion,—the good-natured proprietress occasionally haling a favored guest away from the rest to look at some quaint picture, piece of china, or bit of furniture in her own private apartments. The party of twelve or fourteen collected on this special afternoon were taken to the upper room and seated around a small table, as if for a spiritual *séance*, the hostess arranging precedence and proximity with an autocratic good-humor to which everybody yielded except the señor, who, standing looking in at the door, was presently accosted with—

"That gentleman at the door—why—I've seen that face before! Don't you tell me it's Sam!"

"No, I won't, Auntie McCleve, for you'd be sure to contradict me if I did," replied the señor, coolly; whereupon Auntie shook him affectionately by the hand, assuring him he was the same "saucy boy" he used to be, and dragged him most reluctantly to a seat in the magical circle.

"At what period of the entertainment do we pay?" inquired one of the persons one meets everywhere, and who may be called the whit-leather of society. Mrs. McCleve looked at him with an appreciative eye for a moment, and then quietly replied:

"Well, it isn't often people bring it out quite so plain as that, but I guess *you'd* better pay now before you forget it." Whit-leather does not suffer from sarcasm, and the practical man, producing a quarter of a dollar, held it tight while asking—

"Have you got ten cents change?"

"No, brother; but you can keep your quarter till I have," replied Auntie, with the quiet gleam still in her eye, and the business was soon adjusted. This

over, she placed upon the table a tray containing some really exquisite carvings in whale's-tooth ivory, comprising a set of napkin-rings, thread-winders, spoons of various sizes, knife-handles, and several specimens of a utensil peculiar to Nantucket, called a jaggling-knife, used for carving ornamental patterns in pastry,—a species of embroidery for which Nantucket housewives were once famous, although, "pity 'tis, 'tis true," they have now largely emancipated themselves from such arts.

As the guests examined these really wonderful products of talent almost unaided by implements or training, one of the ladies naturally inquired: "Who did these?" The hostess assumed a sibylline attitude and tone: "Perhaps, my dear, you can tell us that; and if so, you'll be the first one I ever met that could." This obscure intimation of course awakened an interest far deeper than the carvings, in every mind; and in reply to a shower of questioning the sibyl gave a long and intricate narration, beginning with the presence on board of her husband's whale-ship of a mystic youth with the manners and bearing of Porphyrogenitus, and the rating of a common sailor; the delicate suggestion of a disguised lady was also dimly introduced. What succeeds is yet more wonderful, as Scheherezade always said when obliged to cut short the story that the Sultan might get up and say his prayers; but we will not evade Mrs. McCleve's copyright by telling it, simply advising everyone to go and listen to it.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten—elev-en!" counted she at the end, picking up the napkin-rings; "I don't seem to see that twelfth ring!" and she looked hard at the unfortunate that had acquired her dislike in the first of the interview by an unfeeling allusion to money.

"Here it is, Auntie," remarked the señor. "I wanted to hear you ask after it."

"Now, look at here, Sammy, you're too old for

such tricks," exposulated the dame, in precisely the tone one admonishes a child; and then turning to the company generally she added confidentially:

"I ain't one of them that's given to suspicion, and it ain't a Nantucket failing; but last summer there was a boy, one of those half-grown critters, you know, neither beef nor veal, and I just saw him pocket—well, it was that very knife-handle. I always kept an eye on it since, thinking it might be off yet. So I waited till I saw he actooally meant it, and was fixing to go off with it, and then says I:

"Well, sonny, going to unload before you start out on a new v'yge?" So that's all about the carvings; and these are shark's teeth,—none of your Wauwinet sand-sharks that would run away from a puppy-dog no bigger than that, but a reg'lar man-eater off the West Indies; and these very teeth took a man's leg off."

"Horrible!" cried one, while another, one of the persistent souls who must finish A before they begin B, inquired: "But did the boy give up the knife-handle?"

"Why, of course he did, my dear, since that's it," replied the hostess compassionately; and then, with the inborn courtesy peculiar to Nantucket folk, turned aside the laugh that followed by hastily displaying some new marvel. The room was crowded with marine curiosities, many of them brought home by the deceased captain, many of them presented to his relict by his comrades or by her own friends; they were mostly such as we have seen many times in many places, but some few were *sui generis*, such as a marriage contract between a Quaker bachelor and maid in the early days of the island, with the signatures of half the settlers appended as witnesses, mutual consent before others being the only ceremony required by the canon of these Non-sacramentarians. Then there was Phœbe Ann's comb, a wonderful work of art in tortoise shell, anent which the possessor, Phœbe Ann's sister, delivered a short original poem, setting forth how ardently Phœbe Ann had desired one of these immense combs, their price being eight dollars each; and how, having engaged it, she set to work to earn it by picking berries for sale; but before the pence had grown to the pounds the big comb was out of fashion, and poor Phœbe Ann's hair, which had been wonderfully luxuriant, fell off through

illness, and what remained was cut short. Nantucket probity would not, however, be off its bargain for such cause as this; and Phœbe Ann paid her money and took her ornamental comb,—more useful in its present connection, perhaps, than it could have been in any other. The crown and glory of Mrs. McCleve's museum, however, is a carved wooden vase, twelve or fourteen inches in height, made from the top of one of the red-cedar posts planted a century or two since by this lady's ancestor, to inclose a certain parcel of land belonging to him. Twenty or thirty years ago the fence was to be renewed, and one of her cousins proposed to her to drive out to the place and secure a relic of the original island cedar now extinct. She accepted; and the section of the post, sawed off with great exertion by the cousin, was turned and carved into its present shape in "Cousin Reuben Macy's shop on Orange Street."

But all this set forth in an original poem delivered with much unction by its author, who decisively refuses a copy to any and everybody, and is even chary of letting any one listen to it more than once. It is original—in fact, one may say, intensely original—and quite as well worth listening to as the saga of a royal skald. It begins after this fashion:

"This vase, of which we have in contemplation,
Merits, my friends, your careful observation.

* * * * *

Saturday, the busiest day of all,
From Cousin Thomas I received a call."

Some lost couplets record the invitation to drive, and the demur on account of pies then baking in the oven; but this being overruled by masculine persuasiveness—

"Across the hall I gayly skipped,
And soon was for the cruise equipped."

Then follows the drive, the arrival, and the attempt to cut the stern old cedar trunk with a dull saw,—

"Cousin Thomas worked with desperation,
Until he was in a profuse perspiration,"

and finally secured the trophy here exhibited. But these stray couplets give a very inadequate idea of the poem as delivered by its author; and he who

visits Nantucket and does not hear it has for the rest of his life a lost opportunity to lament.

Just at the close of the recital the poetess fixed her eye steadily upon a figure beside one of the windows, and sternly inquired :

"Is that woman sick? Why don't somebody see to her?"

It was true that the culprit, overcome by the heat of the room, the excitement of the narrative, and possibly certain ancient and fish-like odors connected with the marine specimens, had fainted a little; but was speedily recovered by the usual remedies, prominent among which in those days is a disinclination to have one's crimps spoiled by the application of water; and the incident was made more memorable by the valedictory of the hostess:

"Now, if any of you want to come in again while you stay on the island you can, without paying anything; and if I don't remember you, just say, 'I was here the day the woman fainted,' and I shall know it's all right." And we heard that the experiment was tried and succeeded.

As the party left the house the señor lingered to say: "We are going up to the old windmill, Aunt. Didn't it belong to your family once?"

"I should say it did, Sammy. They wanted a windmill and didn't know how to make one: and they got an off-islander, name of Wilbur, to make it, and like fools gave him the money beforehand. He went back to the continent for something—nails maybe, or maybe idees—and carried the money with him; some pirate or other got wind of it, and the first thing they knew down here, the man was robbed and murdered there on Cape Cod. That didn't put up the windmill though, and the women had got almost tired grinding their samp and meal in those old stone

mortars, or even a handmill; so some of the folks spoke to my grandfather, Elisha Macy, about it, and he thought it over, and finally went to bed and dreamed just how to build it, and the next day got up and built it. That's the story of *that*, my dear."

"A regular case of revelation, wasn't it?" suggested the señor with a twinkle in his eye; to which the hostess rather sharply replied:

"I don't profess to know much about revelation, and I don't surmise you know much more, Sammy; but that's how the windmill was built."

History adds another anecdote of the windmill, worthy to be preserved for its Nantucket flavor. Eighty-two years from its marvelous inception, the mill had grown so old and infirm that its owners concluded to sell it for lumber if need be. A meeting was called, and Jared Gardner, the man who was supposed to be wisest in mills of any on the island, was invited to attend, and succinctly asked by Sylvanus Macy—

"Jared, what will thee give for the mill without the stones?"

"Not one penny, Sylvanus," replied Jared as succinctly; and the other—

"What will thee give for it as it stands, Jared?"

"I don't feel to want it at any price, friend," replied Jared indifferently.

The mill-owners consulted, and presently returned to the charge with—

"Jared, thee must make us an offer."

"Well, then, twenty dollars for firewood, Sylvanus."

The offer was accepted immediately; the shrewd Jared did not burn his mill, even to roast a suckling pig; but repaired and used it to his own and his neighbors' advantage, until the day of his death.



LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

PIONEER FEMALE POET OF AMERICA.



RS. SIGOURNEY, was among the first, and is the most voluminous of all the early female poets of America. In fact she has been, up to this date, one of the most prolific of all the women writers of our country, having published fifty-six volumes of poetry and prose, the first appearing in 1815, and the last in 1863, fifty-eight years later. Her most successful efforts are her occasional poems, which abound in passages of earnest, well expressed thought, and exhibit in their graver moods characteristics of a mind trained by exercise in self-knowledge and self-control. Her writings possess energy and variety, while her wide and earnest sympathy with all topics of friendship and philanthropy was always at the service of those interests. Mr. Edward H. Everett in a review of Mrs. Sigourney's works declared: "They express with great purity and evident sincerity the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principles in art as well as in nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song. If her power of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar." Continuing he says: "Though she does not inherit

'The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults of air,'

she nevertheless manages language with an ease and elegance and that refined felicity of expression, which is the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

To the above eminent critical estimate of Mrs. Sigourney's writings it is unnecessary to add further comment. The justice of the praise bestowed upon her is evinced by the fact that she has acquired a wider and more pervading reputation than many of her more modern sisters in the realm of poesy, but it is evident that, of late years, her poetry has not enjoyed the popular favor which it had prior to 1860.

Lydia Huntley was the only child of her parents, and was born at Norwich, Connecticut, September 1st, 1791. Her father was a man of worth and benevolence and had served in the revolutionary struggle which brought about the independence

of America. Of the precocity of the child Duyckinck says: "She could read fluently at the age of three and composed simple verses at seven, smooth in rhythm and of an invariable religious sentiment." Her girlhood life was quiet and uneventful. She received the best educational advantages which her neighborhood and the society of Madam Lathrop, the widow of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, of Hartford, could bestow. In 1814, when twenty-three years of age, Miss Huntley was induced to take a select school at Hartford, and removed to that city, where the next year, in 1815, her first book, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was published. The prose essays are introduced by the remark: "They are addressed to a number of young ladies under my care," and the writer throughout the volume seems to have had her vocation as a teacher in view. In the summer of 1819 Miss Huntley became the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney, an educated gentleman and a merchant of Hartford. In 1822 a historical poem in five cantos, entitled "Traits of the Aborigines," was published, and about the same time a London publisher made a miscellaneous collection of her verses and published them under the title of "Lays from the West," a compliment of no small moment to an American poetess. Subsequent volumes came in rapid succession, among them being "Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since," "Letters to Young Ladies" and "Letters to Mothers," "Poetry for Children," "Zinzendorf and Other Poems," the last named appearing in 1836. It introduces us to the beautiful valley of Wyoming, paying an eloquent tribute to its scenery and historic fame, and especially to the missionary Zinzendorf, a noble self-sacrificing missionary among the Indians of the Wyoming Valley. The picture is a very vivid one. The poem closes with the departure of Zinzendorf from the then infant city of Philadelphia, extols him for his missionary labor, and utters a stirring exhortation to Christian union. In 1841 "Pocahontas and Other Poems" was issued by a New York publisher. Pocahontas is one of her longest and most successful productions, containing fifty-six stanzas of nine lines each, opening with a picture of the vague and shadowy repose of nature as her imagination conceived it in the condition of the new world prior to its discovery. The landing at Jamestown and the subsequent events that go to make up the thrilling story of Pocahontas follow in detail. This is said to be the best of the many poetical compositions of which the famous daughter of Powhatan has been the subject.

In 1840 Mrs. Sigourney made a tour of Europe, and on her return in 1842 published a volume of recollections in prose and poetry of famous and picturesque scenes and hospitalities received. The title of the book was "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." During her stay in Europe there were also published two volumes of her works in London, and tokens of kindness and esteem greeted the author from various distinguished sources. Among others was a splendid diamond bracelet from the Queen of France. Other volumes of her works appeared in 1846 and 1848. Prominent among the last works of her life was "The Faded Hope," a touching and beautiful memento of her severe bereavment in the death of her only son, which occurred in 1850. "Past Meridian" is also a graceful volume of prose sketches.

Mrs. Sigourney died at Hartford, Connecticut, June 10, 1865, when seventy-three years of age.

COLUMBUS.

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
 In learning's pomp that day,
 For there a robed and stately crowd
 Pressed on in long array.
 A mariner with simple chart
 Confronts that conclave high,
 While strong ambition stirs his heart,
 And burning thoughts of wonder part
 From lips and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
 In whispered tones they speak,
 And lines upon their tablets trace,
 Which flush each ashen cheek;
 The Inquisition's mystic doom
 Sits on their brows severe,
 And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
 Sad heresy from burning tomb
 Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
 Thy splendid dream shall crown,
 Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
 Where unshorn forests frown,
 The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
 The Indian hunter's bow,
 Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
 And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
 In Fates' unfolding scroll,
 Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
 That rack the noble soul.
 On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,
 And wrapped in Cæsar's robe,
 Sleep like that master of the globe,
 All glorious,—yet forlorn.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror stricken cliffs!
 With brows so pure, and incense breathing
 lips,
 Whence are ye? Did some white winged
 messenger

On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
 To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
 Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
 Did them with tear drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub
 Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
 Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
 Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribbed ice,
 And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him

Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
 Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
 O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
 Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
 Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
 And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
 Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
 Blesses your pencilled beauty. Mid the pomp
 Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
 And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
 He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
 Inhales your spirit from the frost winged gale
 And freer dreams of heaven.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on, for ever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awe struck praise. Ah! who can dare
 To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,

Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
 Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
 His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,
 Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,

Heard thy deep anthem ; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find JEHOVAH's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,

Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.



DEATH found strange beauty on that polished
brow
And dashed it out. There was a tint of
rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound

The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet ring of heaven.

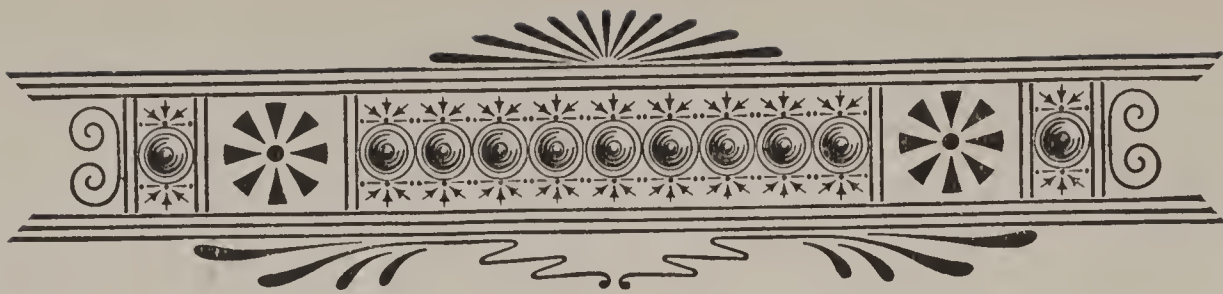
A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.



BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow ;
" Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low ?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track :
" I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings,
Wouldst thou call the blest one back ?"





ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD."



It was in the year 1841 that a poetic Romance of several episodes, written in ballad style and entitled "The Sinless Child," was published in the Southern Literary Messenger and brought its author, a woman of thirty-five years, into general prominence, and gained for her an enviable position which she ever after maintained and fortified with a series of the finest sonnets which the literature of our country affords. "Her productions," says Reade, "are characterized rather by a passionate and lofty imagination, than by fancy, and a subtle vein of philosophy more than sentiment, though in the latter she is by no means deficient."

The maiden name of this lady was Prince. She is descended from old Puritan stock on both sides, and was born in Cumberland, near Portland, Maine, on the twelfth day of August, 1806. At an early age Miss Prince was married to Mr. Seba Smith, a newspaper editor whom she assisted in his editorial work. Mr. Smith, himself, was a man of considerable literary attainment, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Jack Downing," obtained a national reputation. He is also the author of "Powhattan; a metrical romance," and several shorter poems which appeared in the periodicals of the day. His magazine tales and essays were collected in 1850 and published under the title of "Down East."

Like most young women writers of that day, Mrs. Smith contributed her early productions to various periodicals, anonymously. It was not until her husband suffered business disaster that she commenced the open profession of authorship as a means of support for her family. Her first published work "Riches Without Wings" appeared in 1838; "The Sinless Child and other poems" was collected and issued in book form in New York, in 1841. In 1842, Mrs. Smith and her husband removed to New York where they have afterwards resided and the same year she published a novel entitled "The Western Captive" and also a fanciful prose tale "The Salamander; a Legend for Christmas."

Mrs. Smith is also the author of "The Roman Tribute, a tragedy in five acts," founded on the exemption of Constantinople from destruction by a tribute paid by Theodosius to the conquering general, Attila. She is also the author of a tragedy entitled "Jacob Leisler," which is founded upon a well known dramatic incident of the colonial history of New York. Both of these plays enjoyed in their day popular favor upon the stage. In 1847, she published "Woman and her needs," and in 1852, "Hints on Dress and Beauty." Subsequent to these came "The Bald



PHOEBE CARY



ALICE CARY



LUCY
LARCOM



LOUISE
CHANDLER
MOULTON



LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY



ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH

WOMEN POETS OF AMERICA

Eagle ; or the last of the Ramapaughs ;" "The News Boy ;" "Sagamor of Saco ;" "The Two Wives ;" "Kitty Howard's Journal," and "Destiny, a Tragedy."

Besides the above volumes, Mrs. Smith was the author of much fugitive verse and was also a liberal contributor of the current magazines of her day. The varied and peculiar merits of this author will appear to the reader of her writings, who must be impressed that in the drama, in the sonnet and in miscellaneous poems of imagination and fancy, she has vindicated her right to a place among the first poets of her sex, while her prose writings, though not largely read at this time, are characterized by the same subtle insight, analysis and delicacy of treatment which mark her poetry.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD."

It is difficult to select from a poem of which the parts make one harmonious whole ; but the history of "The Sinless Child" is illustrated all through with panel pictures which are scarcely less effective when separated from their series than when combined, and the reader will be gratified with a few of those which serve to exhibit the author's graceful play of fancy, and the pure vein of poetic sentiment as well as her manner and style in treating this masterpiece of its author.

THE STEP-MOTHER. (FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")



YOU speak of Hobert's second wife,
A lofty dame and bold :
I like not her forbidding air,
And forehead high and cold.
The orphans have no cause for grief,
She dare not give it now,
Though nothing but a ghostly fear
Her heart of pride could bow.

One night the boy his mother called :
They heard him weeping say—
"Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
And wipe his tears away!"
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,
And yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too,
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
The watch-dog howls with fear ;
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall :
What from is gliding near ?
No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom fills the space—
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With cold and leaden face !

What boots it that no other eye
Beheld the shade appear ?
The guilty lady's guilty soul
Beheld it plain and clear !
It slowly glides within the room,
And sadly looks around—
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek
With lips that gave no sound !

Then softly on the stepdame's arm
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
Like to a burning brand ;
And gliding on with noiseless foot,
O'er winding stair and hall,
She nears the chamber where is heard
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
She warmly tucked the bed,
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls
That clustered round his head.
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,
Hath nestled him to rest ;
The mother folds her wings beside—
The mother from the blest !

GUARDIAN ANGELS. (FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")



WITH downy pinion they enfold
The heart surcharged with wo,
And fan with balmy wing the eye
Whence floods of sorrow flow ;
They bear, in golden censers up,
That sacred gift a tear—
By which is registered the griefs
Hearts may have suffered here.

No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts—
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged Hope departs.
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail ;
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail :

Yet all becomes a discipline,
 To lure us to the sky;
 And angels bear the good it brings
 With fostering care on high.
 Though human hearts may weary grow,
 And sink to toil-spent sleep,
 And we are left in solitude
 And agony to weep:

Yet *they* with ministering zeal
 The cup of healing bring,
 And bear our love and gratitude
 Away, on heavenward wing;
 And thus the inner life is wrought,
 The blending earth and heaven—
 The love more earnest in its glow
 Where much has been forgiven!

THE BROOK.



HITHER away, thou merry Brook,
 Whither away so fast,
 With dainty feet through the meadow
 green,
 And a smile as you hurry past?"
 The Brook leaped on in idle mirth,
 And dimpled with saucy glee;
 The daisy kissed in lovingness,
 And made with the willow free.

I heard its laugh adown the glen,
 And over the rocky steep,
 Away where the old tree's roots were bare
 In the waters dark and deep;
 The sunshine flashed upon its face,
 And played with flickering leaf—
 Well pleased to dally in its path,
 Though the tarrying were brief.

"Now stay thy feet, oh restless one,
 Where droops the spreading tree,
 And let thy liquid voice reveal
 Thy story unto me."
 The flashing pebbles lightly rung,
 As the gushing music fell,
 The chiming music of the brook,
 From out the woody dell.

"My mountain home was bleak and high,
 A rugged spot and drear,
 With searching wind and raging storm,
 And moonlight cold and clear.
 I longed for a greeting cheery as mine,
 For a fond and answering look
 But none were in that solitude
 To bless the little brook.

"The blended hum of pleasant sounds
 Came up from the vale below,
 And I wished that mine were a lowly lot,
 To lapse, and sing as I go;
 That gentle things, with loving eyes,
 Along my path should glide,
 And blossoms in their loveliness
 Come nestling to my side.

"I leaped me down: my rainbow robe
 Hung shivering to the sight,
 And the thrill of freedom gave to me
 New impulse of delight.
 A joyous welcome the sunshine gave,
 The bird and the swaying tree;
 The spear-like grass and blossoms start
 With joy at sight of me.

"The swallow comes with its bit of clay,
 When the busy Spring is here.
 And twittering bears the moistened gift
 A nest on the eaves to rear;
 The twinkling feet of flock and herd
 Have trodden a path to me,
 And the fox and the squirrel come to drink
 In the shade of the alder-tree.

"The sunburnt child, with its rounded foot,
 Comes hither with me to play,
 And I feel the thrill of his lightsome heart
 As he dashes the merry spray.
 I turn the mill with answering glee,
 As the merry spokes go round,
 And the gray rock takes the echo up,
 Rejoicing in the sound.

"The old man bathes his scattered locks,
 And drops me a silent tear—
 For he sees a wrinkled, careworn face
 Look up from the waters clear.
 Then I sing in his ear the very song
 He heard in years gone by;
 The old man's heart is glad again,
 And a joy lights up his eye."

Enough, enough, thou homily brook!
 I'll treasure thy teachings well,
 And I will yield a heartfelt tear
 Thy crystal drops to swell;
 Will bear like thee a kindly love
 For the lowly things of earth,
 Remembering still that high and pure
 Is the home of the spirit's birth.

THE APRIL RAIN.

THE April rain—the April rain—
 I hear the pleasant sound;
 Now soft and still, like little dew,
 Now drenching all the ground.
 Pray tell me why an April shower
 Is pleasanter to see
 Than falling drops of other rain?
 I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 'tis really so—
 Or only hope the while,
 That tells of swelling buds and flowers,
 And Summer's coming smile.
 Whate'er it is, the April shower
 Makes me a child again;
 I feel a rush of youthful blood
 Come with the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb
 Within the darksome ground,
 I should love to hear the April rain
 So gently falling round;
 Or any tiny flower were I,
 By Nature swaddled up,
 How pleasantly the April shower
 Would bathe my hidden cup!

The small brown seed, that rattled down
 On the cold autumnal earth,
 Is bursting from its cerements forth,
 Rejoicing in its birth.

The slender spears of pale green grass
 Are smiling in the light,
 The clover opes its folded leaves
 As if it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,
 And upward turns his eye,
 As loving much to see the drops
 Come filtering from the sky;
 No doubt he longs the bright green leaves
 About his home to see,
 And feel the swaying summer winds
 Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,
 And cheerful sounds are heard,
 The young girl sings at the merry wheel
 A song like the wilding bird;
 The creeping child by the old, worn sill
 Peers out with winking eye,
 And his ringlets rubs with chubby hand,
 As the drops come pattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky,
 The truant boy is out,
 And hoop and ball are darting by
 With many a merry shout.
 Ay, sport away, ye joyous throng—
 For yours is the April day;
 I love to see your spirits dance
 In your pure and healthful play.

FLOWERS.

(FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")

EACH tiny leaf became a scroll
 Inscribed with holy truth,
 A lesson that around the heart
 Should keep the dew of youth;
 Bright missals from angelic throngs
 In every by-way left—
 How were the earth of glory shorn,
 Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;
 The fissured rock they press;
 The desert wild, with heat and sand,
 Shares, too, their blessedness:
 And wheresoe'er the weary heart
 Turns in its dim despair,
 The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
 Inviting it to prayer.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

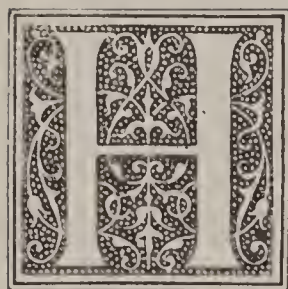
TIS said sweet Psyche gazed one night
 On Cupid's sleeping face—
 Gazed in her fondness on the wight
 In his unstudied grace:
 But he, bewildered by the glare
 Of light at such a time,
 Fled from the side of Psyche there
 As from a thing of crime.

Ay, weak the fable—false the ground—
 Sweet Psyche veiled her face—
 Well knowing Love, if ever found,
 Will never leave his place.
 Unfound as yet, and weary grown,
 She had mistook another:
 'Twas but Love's semblance she had found—
 Not Eros, but his brother!



LUCY LARCOM.

AUTHOR OF "HANNAH BINDING SHOES."



AD we visited the cotton mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, sixty years ago, we perhaps would not have noticed anything peculiar or different from other girls in the busy little body known as Lucy Larcom. She had left school in her early teens to help support the family by serving as an ordinary operative in a cotton factory. Yet this is where Lucy Larcom did her first work; and to the experiences she gained there can be traced the foundation of the literature—both prose and poetry—with which she has delighted and encouraged so many readers.

Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. Her father, a sea captain, died while she was a child, and her mother removed with her several children to Lowell, Massachusetts. For a while Lucy attended the public schools and at the age of ten years showed a talent for writing verses. In the cotton mill, she tells us, her first work was "doffing and replacing the bobbins in the machine. Next," she says, "I entered the spinning-room, then the dressing-room, where I had a place beside pleasant windows looking toward the river. Later I was promoted to the cloth-room, where I had fewer hours of confinement, without the noisy machinery, and it was altogether neater." The last two years, of her eight years' work in the mill, she served as book-keeper, and, during her leisure hours, pursued her studies in mathematics, grammar and English and German literature.

The female operatives in the Lowell mills published a little paper entitled "Offering," and it was to this that Miss Larcom contributed her first literary production, which was in the shape of a poem entitled "The River;" and many of her verses and essays, both grave and gay, may be found in the old files of this paper. Her first volume, "Similitudes," was compiled from essays which appeared originally in "Offering." Since then her name has found an honored place among the women writers of America. Among her early and best poems are "Hannah Binding Shoes" and "The Rose Enthroned," the latter being Miss Larcom's first contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly." She did not sign her name to the contribution and it was of such merit that one of the reviewers attributed it to the poet Emerson. Both Mr. Lowell, the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and the poet, Whittier, to whose papers she also contributed, praised her ability. Miss Larcom studied at Monticello Female Seminary, Illinois, and afterwards taught in some of the leading female schools in her native State. In 1859 appeared her book entitled "Ships in the Mist and Other Stories," and in 1866 was published "Breathings of

a Better Life." From 1866 to 1874 she was editor of "Our Young Folks," and in 1875 "An Idyl of Work, a Story in Verse," appeared. In 1880 "Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems" was published, and in 1881 "Among Lowell Mill Girls" appeared. In 1885 her poetical works were gathered and published in one volume. Of late, Miss Larcom's writings have assumed deeply religious tones in which the faith of her whole life finds ample expression. This characteristic is strongly noticeable in "Beckonings" (1886), and especially so in her last two books "As It Is In Heaven" (1891) and "The Unseen Friend" (1892), both of which embody her maturest thought on matters concerning the spiritual life.

One of the most admirable characteristics of Miss Larcom's life and her writings is the marked spirit of philanthropy pervading every thing she did. She was in sentiment and practically the working woman's friend. She came from among them, had shared their toils, and the burning and consuming impulse of her life was to better their condition. In this, she imitated the spirit of Him, who, being lifted up, would draw all men after Him.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.



POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

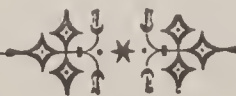
Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For the wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tears her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons;—
Never has one brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithless,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.





ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

“THE SISTER SPIRITS OF POESY.”



It would be difficult to treat the two poetic Cary sisters separately. Their work began, progressed through life and practically ended together. Few persons have written under the circumstances which at first appeared so disadvantageous. They had neither education nor literary friends, nor was their early lot cast in a region of literary culture—for they were reared in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the formative period of that Western country. But surely in the wild hills and valleys of their native West, they found

“Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Alice Cary was born in Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, April 20, 1820, and her sister Phoebe at the same place four years later. The two sisters studied at home together and, when eighteen years old, Alice began to write poems and sketches of rural life under the *nom de plume* of Patty Lee, which attracted considerable attention and displayed an ability which elicited encouragement from the editors of the periodicals to which she contributed. In the mean time, Phoebe Cary, following her sister's example, began to contribute, and, in 1850, the two sisters published their first volume of poems in Philadelphia. A volume of prose sketches entitled “Clover Nook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West,” by Alice Cary followed in 1851. In 1852, the Cary sisters removed to New York city where they chiefly resided during the remainder of their lives, returning occasionally to their early farm home. For some years they held weekly receptions in New York, which were attended by leading artistic and literary people. They earned by their pens—pure and womanly pens—sufficient to provide a competence for all their wants. They gathered a library, rich in standard works, to gratify their refined tastes and did much to relieve the needy with their charity. In 1853, Alice Cary issued a second series of her “Clover Nook Papers” and a third gleaned from the same field appeared in 1855, entitled “Clover Nook Children,” for the benefit of her more youthful readers. During the prolific years, from 1852 to 1855, she also published “Lyra and other Poems,” followed by “Hagar, a Story of To-day,” “Married, Not Mated,” and “Hollywood,” a collection of poems. In 1854, Phoebe Cary, also, published “Poems and Parodies.” In 1859 appeared her “Pictures of Country Life,” a series of tales, and “The Bishop's Son,” a novel. In 1867, appeared her

"Snowberries," a book for young folks. In 1866, Alice also published a volume entitled "Ballads, Lyrics and Hymns," which is a standard selection of her poetry and contains some of the sweetest minor poems in the language. Alice's "The Lover's Diary" appeared in 1868. It begins with the poem "Dreamland" and ranges with a series of exquisite lyrics of love through all the phases of courtship to married life. This was the last of her works published during her lifetime. During the same year (1868), Phoebe published the "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," a worthy companion volume to her sister's works, and in 1869 she aided her pastor, Chas. F. Deems, in editing "Hymns for All Christians."

In comparing the two sisters, it is noticeable that the poems of Alice are more thoughtful and more melodiously expressed. They are also marked with a stronger originality and a more vivid imagination. In disposition, Alice was pensive and tender, while Phoebe was witty and gay. Alice was strong in energy and patience and bore the chief responsibility of their household, allowing her sister, who was less passive and feminine in temperament, to consult her moods in writing. The disparity in the actual intellectual productions of the two sisters in the same number of years is the result, not so much of the mental inequality as of the superior energy, industry, and patience of the elder.

The considerate love and delicacy with which Alice and Phoebe Cary treated each other plainly indicated that they were one in spirit through life, and in death they were not long separated. Alice died at her home in New York City, February 12, 1871, in her fifty-first year. Phoebe, in sorrow over this bereavement, wrote the touching verses entitled "Light," and in confidence said to a friend: "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still. I feel her constantly drawing me." And so it seemed in reality, for, on the thirty-first day of July, six months after Alice Cary was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, Phoebe died at Newport, Rhode Island, whence her remains were removed and laid by her sister's side.

The two kindred sisters, so long associated on earth, were re-united. The influence they have left behind them, embalmed in their hymns of praiseful worship, their songs of love and of noblest sentiment, and their stories of happy childhood and innocent manhood and womanhood, will long remain to bless the earth and constitute a continual incense to their memory.

Besides the published works named above, both Alice and Phoebe left at their death uncollected poems enough to give each name two added volumes. Alice also left the manuscript of a completed novel.

PICTURES OF MEMORY. (ALICE CARY.)

AMONG the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all:
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden
 That sprinkle the vale below;
 Not for the milk-white lilies,
 That lead from the fragrant hedge,
 Coqueting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland
 Where the bright red berries rest,
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
 It seemed to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
 With eyes that were dark and deep—
 In the lap of that old dim forest
 He lieth in peace asleep:

Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And, one of the autumn eves,
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face:
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

NOBILITY. (ALICE CARY.)

HILDA is a lofty lady,
 Very proud is she—
 I am but a simple herdsman
 Dwelling by the sea.
 Hilda hath a spacious palace,
 Broad, and white, and high;
 Twenty good dogs guard the portal—
 Never house had I.

Hilda hath a thousand meadows—
 Boundless forest lands:
 She hath men and maids for service—
 I have but my hands.
 The sweet summer's ripest roses
 Hilda's cheeks outvie—
 Queens have paled to see her beauty—
 But my beard have I.

Hilda from her palace windows
 Looketh down on me,
 Keeping with my dove-brown oxen
 By the silver sea.
 When her dulcet harp she playeth,
 Wild birds singing nigh,
 Cluster, listening, by her white hands—
 But my reed have I.

I am but a simple herdsman,
 With nor house nor lands;
 She hath men and maids for service—
 I have but my hands.
 And yet what are all her crimsons
 To my sunset sky—
 With my free hands and my manhood
 Hilda's peer am I.

THE GRAY SWAN. (ALICE CARY.)

(From the Poetical Works of Alice and Phæbe Cary, 1876.)

TH tell me, sailor, tell me true,
 Is my little lad, my Elihu,
 A-sailing with your ship?"
 The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
 "Your little lad, your Elihu?"
 He said with trembling lip,—
 "What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
 Another such an one as he!
 What little lad, do you say?
 Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
 The moment I put him off my knee?
 It was just the other day
 The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—

"The other day? the *Swan*?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.

"Aye, aye, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."

"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"

"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,

The wild sea kissing her,—

A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?

I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!

The kerchief from your neck."

"Aye, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"

"Lawless! the man is going mad!

The best boy mother ever had,—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written a line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
To say he was alive!"

"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man, what would you have?"

Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise,—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;

But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea,—you rave,—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.

"My God! my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!

My blessed boy, my child!

My dead, my living child!"

TO THE EVENING ZEPHYR.*

ALICE CARY.



SIT where the wild-bee is humming,
And listen in vain for thy song;
I've waited before for thy coming,
But never, oh, never so long!
How oft with the blue sky above us,
And waves breaking light on the shore,
Thou, knowing they would not reprove us,
Hast kissed me a thousand times o'er!
Alone in the gathering shadows,
Still waiting, sweet Zephyr, for thee,

I look for the waves of the meadows,
And dimples to dot the blue sea.
The blossoms that waited to greet thee
With heat of the noontide oppressed,
Now flutter so light to meet thee,
Thou'rt coming, I know, from the west.
Alas! if thou findest me pouting,
'Tis only my love that alarms;
Forgive, then, I pray thee, my doubting,
And take me once more to thine arms!

DEATH SCENE.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)



DYING, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by,
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky;
Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,

When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal

On her spirit's vision fell ;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some convent picture,
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,

As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed ;
When we thought how with faith unshrinking
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And taking the hand of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenly side.

MEMORIES.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

"She loved me, but she left me."

MEMORIES on memories ! to my soul again
There come such dreams of vanished
love and bliss
That my wrung heart, though long inured
to pain,

Sinks with the fulness of its wretchedness :
Thou, dearer far than all the world beside !

Thou, who didst listen to my love's first vow—
Once I had fondly hoped to call thee bride :

Is the dream over ? comes that awakening now ?
And is this hour of wretchedness and tears
The only guerdon for my wasted years ?

And I did love thee—when by stealth we met
In the sweet evenings of that summer time,
Whose pleasant memory lingers with me yet,
As the remembrance of a better clime

Might haunt a fallen angel. And oh, thou—
Thou who didst turn away and seek to bind
Thy heart from breaking—thou hast felt ere now
A heart like thine o'ermastereth the mind :
Affection's power is stronger than thy will—
Ah, thou didst love me, and thou lovest me still.

My heart could never yet be taught to move
With the calm even pulses that it should :
Turning away from those that it should love,
And loving whom it should not, it hath wooed
Beauty forbidden—I may not forget ;
And thou, oh thou canst never cease to feel ;
But time, which hath not changed affection yet,
Hath taught at least one lesson—to conceal ;
So none but thou, who see my smiles, shall know
The silent bleeding of the heart below.

"EQUAL TO EITHER FORTUNE."*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

EQUAL to either fortune !" This should be
The motto of the perfect man and true—
Striving to stem the billow fearlessly,
And keeping steadily the right in view,
Whether it be his lot in life to sail
Before an adverse or a prosperous gale.

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word ;
Whether for him the popular voice of praise,
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard :
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.

"Equal to either fortune," Heaven designs,
Whether his destiny be repose or toil—
Whether the sun upon his palace shines,

Or calls him forth to plant the furrowed soil :
So shall he find life's blessings freely strewn
Around the peasant's cottage as the throne.

Man should dare all things which he knows are right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong ;
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Ready to live or die, even in that day
Which man from childhood has been taught to fear,
When, putting off its cumbrous weight of clay,
The spirit enters on a nobler sphere :
And he will be, whose life was rightly passed,
"Equal to either fortune" at the last.

LIGHT.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

This is one of the last poems. It was written after the death of her sister Alice, in 1871.

WHILE I hid mine eyes, I feared ;
 The heavens in wrath seemed bowed ;
 I look, and the sun with a smile breaks
 forth,
 And a rainbow spans the cloud.

I thought the winter was here,
 That the earth was cold and bare,
 But I feel the coming of birds and flowers,
 And the spring-time in the air.

I said that all the lips
 I ever had kissed were dumb ;
 That my dearest ones were dead and gone,
 And never a friend would come.

But I hear a voice as sweet
 As the fall of summer showers ;

And the grave that yawned at my very feet
 Is filled to the top with flowers !

As if 't were the midnight hour,
 I sat with gloom opprest ;
 When a light was breaking out of the east
 And shining unto the west.

I heard the angels call
 Across from the beautiful shore ;
 And I saw a look in my darling's eyes,
 That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,
 She had slipped from my embrace ;
 Now, lo ! I hold her fast once more,
 With the light of God on her face !

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LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



O modern poet among American women stands higher in the estimation of her literary peers, or in the social scale than does the author of "Bedtime Stories," "Some Women's Hearts," and "In the Garden of Dreams." Mrs. Moulton enjoys the triple distinction of being a writer of the most popular stories for children, of popular novels for grown people, and of some of the best poetry which any woman has contributed to our literature. In herself she presents the conscientious poet who writes for the purpose of instructing and benefiting, and, at the same time, one whose wares are marketable and popular. Not a few critics have placed her sonnets at the head of their kind in America. Her poetry has for its main characteristic a constant but not a rebellious sorrow expressed with such consistent ease and melody that the reader is led on with a most pleasurable sensation from stanza to stanza and arises from the reading of her verses with a mellowed and softer sympathy for his fellow-beings.

Louise Chandler was born at Pomfret, Connecticut, April 5, 1835, and her education was received in that vicinity. Her first book entitled "This, That and Other Poems" appeared when she was nineteen years of age. It was a girlish miscellany and sold remarkably well. After its publication, she passed one year in Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, New York, and it was during her first vacation from this school that she met and married the well-known Boston journalist, William Moulton. The next year was published "Juno Clifford," a novel, without her name attached. Her next publication, issued in 1859, was a collection of stories under the title of "My Third Book." Neither of these made a great success, and she published nothing more until 1873, when her now famous "Bedtime Stories for Children" was issued and attracted much attention. She has written five volumes of bright tales for children. In 1874 appeared "Some Women's Hearts" and "Miss Eyre from Boston." After this Mrs. Moulton visited Europe, and out of the memories of her foreign travel, she issued in 1881 a book entitled "Random Rambles," and six years later came "Ours and Our Neighbors," a book of essays on social subjects, and the same year she issued two volumes of poems. In 1889 she published simultaneously, in England and America, her most popular work, entitled "In the Garden of Dreams," which has passed through many editions with increased popularity. Mrs. Moulton has also edited three volumes of the poems of Philip Burke Marseton.

Mrs. Moulton's residence has been in Boston since 1855, with the exception of

sixteen consecutive summers and autumns which she passed in Europe. In London she is especially at home, where she lives surrounded by friends and friendly critics, who value both her winning personality and her literary art. She has been throughout her life a systematic worker, devoting a part of each day to literary labor. Aside from her books, she has done much writing for newspapers and periodicals. From 1870 to 1876 she was the Boston literary correspondent for the New York "Tribune," and for nearly five years she wrote a weekly letter reviewing new books and literary people for the Boston "Sunday Herald," the series of these letters closing in December, 1891.

Mrs. Moulton, while not admitting herself to be a hero worshipper, is full of appreciation of the great bygone names of honor, and enjoys with a keen relish the memory of the personal friendship she had with such immortals as Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell, on this side of the Atlantic, and with Swinburne, Tennyson and others, in Europe.

"IF THERE WERE DREAMS TO SELL."*

"If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?"—BEDDOES.



If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?
Hope's dear delusive spell,
Its happy tale to tell—
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again—
Youth's madding bliss and bane
I would recapture—
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seems void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more—
Slip through an open door
Into Life's glory—
Keep what I spent of yore,
Find what I lost before—
Hear an old story.

As it of old befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh :—
If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know too well
What I would buy?

WIFE TO HUSBAND.*



WHEN I am dust, and thou art quick and
glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days
we had,
What happy days, beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where, cold and still,
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that bygone bliss :
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side ;
My presence should not chill thy fair young bride ;
Only bethink thee how alone I lie :
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death ; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair howe'er *she* be.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.*



OW shall we know it is the last good-bye?
 The skies will not be darkened in that
 hour,
 No sudden light will fall on leaf or
 flower,
 No single bird will hush its careless cry,
 And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
 Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears

In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
 But there will come no voice of prophecy:
 No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
 Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
 For all the wild, unmitigated pain
 Of those who, parting clasp hands with despair."
 "Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
 Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

NEXT YEAR.



HE lark is singing gaily in the meadow, the
 sun is rising o'er the dark blue hills;
 But she is gone, the music of whose talk-
 ing was sweeter than the voice of
 summer rills.

Sometimes I see the bluebells of the forest, and think
 of her blue eyes;
 Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments:
 'tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard, and fall
 in thought to tangling up her hair;
 And sometimes round the sinless lips of childhood
 breaks forth a smile, such as she used to wear;

But never any pleasant thing, around, above us,
 seems to me like her love—
 More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er
 us, more constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning; she
 meets me not on any summer eve;
 But once at night I heard a low voice calling—"Oh,
 faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
 Next year, when larks are singing gaily in the meadow,
 I shall not hear their tone;
 But she in the dim, far-off country of the stranger
 will walk no more alone.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

(FROM "IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.")



OW shall I here her placid picture paint
 With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
 Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
 Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
 Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
 Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
 Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;

And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint.
 So have I seen her, in my darkest days
 And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
 Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
 Asking for strength, and sure it would be given;
 Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise—
 So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.

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FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

THE "WIDOW BEDOTT" AND "WIDOW SPRIGGINS."



It was back in the early forties in "Neal's Gazette" that the "Widow Bedott Table Talk" series of articles began to attract attention, and the question arose, Who is the Widow Bedott? for no one knew at that time that Mrs. Whitcher was the real author behind this *nom-de-plume*. James Neal himself—the well-known author of "Charcoal Sketches" and publisher of the magazine above referred to—was so struck with the originality and clearness of the first of the series when submitted that he sought a correspondence with the author, thinking it was a man, and addressed her as "My dear Bedott." Mrs. Whitcher often insisted that she must cease to write, as her humorous sketches were not relished by some of her neighbors whom they touched, but Mr. Neal would not hear to it. In a letter of September 10, 1846, he wrote: "It is a theory of mine that those gifted with truly humorous genius like yourself are more useful as moralists, philosophers and teachers than whole legions of the gravest preachers. They speak more effectually to the general ear and heart, even though they who hear are not aware of the fact that they are imbibing wisdom." Further on he adds: "I would add that Mr. Godey called on me to inquire as to the authorship of the "Bedott Papers," wishing evidently to obtain you for a correspondent to the "Ladies' Book."

For richness of humor and masterly handling of the Yankee dialect, certainly, the "Widow Bedott" and the "Widow Spriggins" occupy a unique space in humorous literature, and the influence she has exercised on modern humorists is more in evidence than most readers are aware of. Her husband, "Hezekiah Bedott," is a character who will live alongside of "Josiah Allen" as one of the prominent heroes of the humorous literature of our country. In fact, no reader of both these authors will fail to suspect that Miss Marietta Holley used "Hezekiah" as a model for her "Josiah;" while the redoubtable widow herself was enough similiar to "Samantha Allen" to have been her natural, as she, perhaps, was her literary, grandmother. Nor was Miss Holley alone in following her lead. Ever since the invention of "Hezekiah Bedott" by Mrs. Whitcher, an imaginary person of some sort, behind whom the author might conceal his own identity, has seemed to be a necessity to our humorists, as witness the *noms-de-plume* of "Artemus Ward," "Josh Billings," "Mark Twain," etc., under which our greatest American humorists have written.

Mrs. Whitcher was the daughter of Mr. Lewis Berry, and was born at Whitesboro,

New York, 1811, and died there in 1852. As a child she was unusually precocious. Before she learned her letters, even before she was four years old, she was making little rhymes and funny stories, some of which are preserved by her relatives. Her education was obtained in the village school of Whitesboro, and she began to contribute at an early age stories and little poems to the papers. After she had won considerable literary fame she was married, in 1847, to the Rev. Benjamin W. Whitcher, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Elmira, New York, where she resided with her husband for a period of three years, continuing to contribute her humorous papers to the magazine, and taking as her models her acquaintances at Elmira, as she had been accustomed to do at Whitesboro. The people of Elmira, however, were not so ready to be victimized, and turned against her such shafts of persecution and even insult for her ludicrous pictures of them as to destroy her happiness and her husband's usefulness as a minister to an extent that they were compelled to leave Elmira, and they removed to Whitesboro in 1850, where, as stated above, she died two years later.

Mrs. Whitcher was something of an artist as well as a writer and illustrated certain of her sketches with her own hands. During her life none of her works were published except in magazines and periodicals, but after her death these contributions were collected and published in book form; the first entitled "The Widow Bedott Papers," appearing in 1855, with an introduction by Alice B. Neal. In 1857 came "The Widow Spriggins, Mary Allen and Other Sketches," edited by Mrs. M. L. Ward Whitcher with a memoir of the author. We publish in connection with this sketch the poem "Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles" and also her own humorous comments on some of her poetry, about her husband Hezekiah, which she wrote to a friend, pausing as the various stanzas suggest, to throw in amusing side lights on neighborhood character and gossip.

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

(FROM THE "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.")



REVEREND sir, I do declare
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a lying there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without sich trouble as this ere
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction, are
Sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cheer you up,
If't wouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.



ROBT. J. BURDETTE



"JOSH BILLINGS"



"MARK TWAIN"



CHAS. FOLEN ADAMS
"YAWCOB STRAUSS"



"BILL NYE"



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

OUR NATIONAL HUMORISTS

THE WIDOW'S POETRY ABOUT HEZEKIAH AND HER COMMENTS ON THE SAME.

(FROM "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.")



ES,—he was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jenkins says (she 'twas Poll Bingham), *she* says, I never found it out till after he died, but that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest a piece with everything else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poetry I writ to his mem'ry, nobody wouldn't think I didnt set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it; it ginerally affects me wonderfully, seems to harrer up my feelin's; but I'll try. It begins as follers:—

He never jawed in all his life,
He never was onkind,—
And (tho' I say it that was his wife)
Such men you seldom find.

(That's as true as the Scripturs; I never knowed him to say a harsh word.)

I never changed my single lot,—
I thought 'twould be a sin—

(Though widder Jenkins says it's because I never had a chance.) Now 'tain't for me to say whether I ever had a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's them livin' that *might* tell if they wos a mind to; why, this poetry was writ on account of being joked about Major Coon, three years after husband died. I guess the ginerality o' folks knows what was the nature o' Majors Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss Jenkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the Major took her "Jack at a pinch,"—seein' he couldnt get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get,—but I goes on to say—

I never changed my single lot,
I thought 'twould be a sin,—
For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke,
His anger didnt last,
But vanished like tobacker smoke
Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be
The wife of such a man,

Tell the men that's after me
To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single jot,
He called the doctor in—

That's a fact,—he used to be scairt to death if any thing ailed me. Now only jest think,—widder Jenkins told Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) that she guessed the deacon didnt set no great store by me, or he wouldnt went off to confrence meetin', when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they couldnt git along without him no way. Parson Potter seldom went to confrence meetin', and when *he* wa'n't there, who was ther', pray tell, that knowed enough to take the lead if husband didnt do it? Deacon Kenipe hadent no gift, and Deacon Crosby hadent no inclination, and so it all come onto Deacon Bedott,—and he was always ready and willin' to do his duty, you know; as long as he was able to stand on his legs he continued to go to confrence meetin'; why, I've knowed that man to go when he couldnt scarcely crawl on account o' the pain in the spine of his back.

He had a wonderful gift, and he wa'n't a man to keep his talents hid up in a napkin,—so you see 'twas from a sense o' duty he went when I was sick, whatever Miss Jenkins may say to the contrary. But where was I? Oh!—

If I was sick a single jot,
He called the doctor in—
I sot so much store by Deacon Bedott
I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
That felt for all mankind,—
It made him feel amazin' bad
To see the world so blind.

Whiskey and rum he tasted not—

That's as true as the Scripturs,—but if you'll believe it, Betsy, Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jenkins said one day to their house how't she'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin! did you ever! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. I've knowed Poll Bingham from a gal, and

she never knowed how to speak the truth—besides she always had a partikkeler spite against husband and me, and between us tew I'll tell you why if you won't mention it, for I make it a pint never to say nothin' to injure nobody. Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself, but it's a long story, I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkins is eternally runnin' me down. See,—where had I got to? Oh, I remember now,—

Whisky and rum he tasted not,—
He thought it was a sin,—
I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
I never got married agin.

But now he's dead! the thought is killin',
My grief I can't control—
He never left a single shillin'
His widder to console.

But that wa'n't his fault—he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it ain't to be wondered at he didnt lay up nothin'—however, it didnt give him no great oneasiness,—he never cared much for airthly riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back,—begrudged folks their vittals when they come to his house! did you ever! why, he was the hull-souldest man I ever see in all my born days. If I'd such a husband as Bill Jinkins was, I'd hold my tongue about my neighbors' husbands. He was

a dretful mean man, used to git drunk every day of his life, and he had an awful high temper,—used to swear like all possest when he got mad,—and I've heard my husband say (and he wa'n't a man that ever said anything that wa'n't true),—I've heard *him* say Bill Jinkins would cheat his own father out of his eye teeth if he had a chance. Where was I? Oh! “His widder to console,”—ther ain't but one more verse, 'tain't a very lengthy poim. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he,—“What did you stop so soon for?”—but Miss Jinkins told the Crosby's *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun,—she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poitry o' hern,—I guess it would be astonishin' stuff; and mor'n all that, she said there wa'n't a word o' truth in the hull on't,—said I never cared tuppence for the deacon. What an everlastin' lie! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunatic Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I won't dwell on't.

I conclude as follers:—

I'll never change my single lot,—
I think 'twould be a sin,—
The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
Don't intend to git married agin.

Excuse my cryin'—my feelin's always overcomes me so when I say that poitry—O-o-o-o-o-o!





CHARLES F. BROWNE.

(ARTEMUS WARD).



ARTEMUS WARD first revealed to the world that humor is a characteristic trait of the Yankee, and he was the first to succeed in producing a type of comic literature distinctively American, purely the product of his original genius.

It is impossible to analyze his jokes or to tell why they are irresistibly funny, but it would be generally admitted that his best things are as much creations of genius as masterpieces of art are.

He was one of the kindest and most generous of men; he used his keen wit to smite evil customs and to satirize immoral deeds, and he went through his short life enjoying above everything to make people laugh and to laugh himself, but with all his play of wit there was a tinge of melancholy in his nature and a tendency to do the most unexpected things, a tendency which he never tried to control. He was born in Waterford, Maine, in 1834, and he came honestly by a view of humor from his father's side. He had only a most meagre school education, and at fourteen he set himself to learn the printer's trade, becoming one of the best typesetters in the country.

He drifted from place to place and finally became one of the staff of the "Commercial" at Toledo, Ohio, where he first displayed his peculiar richness of humor in his news reports. In 1857 he became local editor of the "Plain-Dealer" in Cleveland, and it was here his sketches were first signed Artemus Ward, a name which he took from a peculiar character who called on him once in his Cleveland office. He is described at this time as being in striking degree gawky and slouchy, with yellowish, straight hair, a loose swaggering gait, and strangely ill-fitting clothes, though as his popularity and position rose he took on more cultivated manners and grew very particular regarding his dress.

His first attempts at lecturing were not marked with success and he was forced to explain his jokes to his audiences to make the desired laugh come, but he soon attracted attention and multitudes flocked to hear the "grate showman," with his "moral wax figgers." In 1863 he crossed the continent and on this trip he collected material for his most humorous lectures and for the best of his chapters.

The Mormons furnished him with the material for his most telling lecture, and it was a mark of his genius that he was irresistibly drawn to Utah to study this peculiar type of American society.

He went to England in 1866, where, though in failing health, ending in premature death, he created almost a sensation and had flattering successes. The "Mormons" never failed to fill a hall and always carried his audiences by storm.

Some of his most brilliant articles were written for "Punch," and the American humorist was recognized as a typical genius; but he was a dying man while he was making his London audiences laugh at his spontaneous wit, and his life came to an end at Southampton, January 23, 1867.

He provided in his will for the establishment of an asylum for printers and for the education of their orphan children, an action which revealed, as many acts of his life had done, the kindly human spirit of the humorist.

His published books, which owe much of their charm to his characteristic spelling, are as follows: "Artemus Ward, His Book," and "Artemus Ward, His Travels" (1865), "Artemus Ward in London" (1867), "Artemus Ward's Lecture, as delivered in Egyptian Hall, London," edited by T. W. Robertson and E. P. Hingston (1869), and "Artemus Ward, His Works Complete," with biographical sketch by Melville D. Landon (1875).

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.



R. SHAKER," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein' sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect," sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitous?"

"Yay."

"Storm nigh, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess under-foot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, includin' trimmin's?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minit, and, thinkin' I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no livin' ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin' water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin' and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin' galls as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long, white caps, such as I spose female gots wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin' enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, casting shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forget Betsey Jane in my rapter, and sez I:

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Skaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they wus all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am willing to be Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they

was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin' quiet of course, so that the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you have no objections have you? to a innersent kiss at partin'?"

"Yay," they said, and I—yayed.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.



'VE been lingerin' by the tomb of the lamented Shakespeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of literatoor, you may publicate.

I told my wife Betsey, when I left home, that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the roses as groses, and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birth-place of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them'as sell picturs of his birth-place, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin' it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

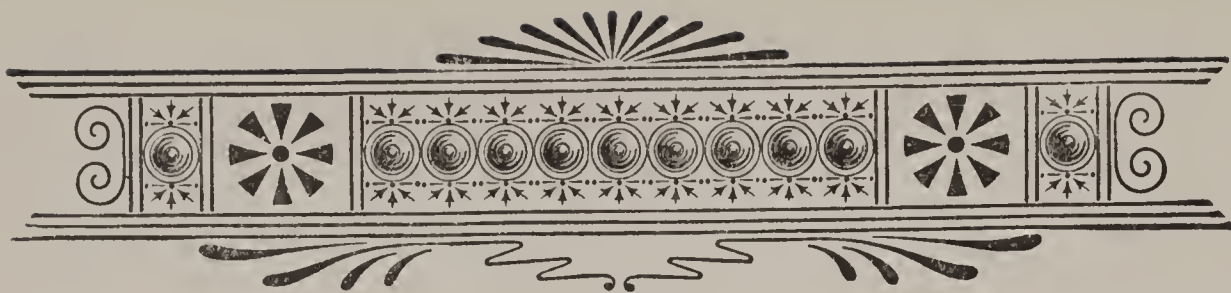
"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a

worthy villager; "Shakespeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me ~~this~~ was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin' I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

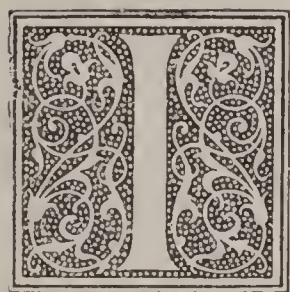
I pursood and captered him, and, after talking to him a spell in a sarkastic stile, I let him went.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentators, Shakesperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continner investigatin' Shakespeare's career, we shall not in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark coming from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin' there might be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow-pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorious career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified! That's so."



HENRY WHEELER SHAW.

(“JOSH BILLINGS.”)



It is astonishing what effect is produced by peculiarities of form or manner. It may be true that the writings of Thomas Carlyle owe much of their force and vigor to his disregard for grammatical rules and his peculiar arrangement of words and sentences; but one of the most surprising instances of this kind is in the fact that the “Essay on the Mule, by Josh Billings,” received no attention whatever, while the same contribution transformed into the “Essa on the Muel, bi Josh Billings,” was eagerly copied by almost every paper in the country. Josh Billings once said that “Chaucer was a great poit, but he couldn’t spel,” and apparently it was Mr. Shaw’s likeness, in this respect, to the author of “Canterbury Tales” which won him much of his fame.

He was the son of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, born in 1818, and entered Hamilton College; but being captivated by stories of Western life and adventure, abandoned college to seek his fortune in the West. The fortune was slow in coming, and he worked as a laborer on steamboats on the Ohio, and as a farmer, and finally drifted back to Poughkeepsie, New York, as an auctioneer. Here he wrote his first contribution to a periodical, “The Essa on the Muel,” which has been above mentioned.

The popularity of the revised form of this classic of poor spelling induced him to publish “Josh Billings’ Farmers’ Allminax,” which continued for ten years, having during a part of the time a circulation of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand copies per annum. In 1863 Mr. Shaw entered the lecture-field. His lectures being a series of pithy sayings without care or order, delivered in an apparently awkward manner. The quaintness and drollery of his discourse won very great popularity. For twenty years he was a regular contributor of “The New York Weekly,” and it is said that the articles which appeared in “The Century Magazine,” under the signature of “Uncle Esek,” were his. His published books are “Josh Billings, His Sayings;” “Josh Billings on Ice;” “Everybody’s Friend;” “Josh Billings’ Complete Works,” and “Josh Billings’ Spice Box.”

Mr. Shaw died in Monterey, California, in 1885.

JOSH BILLING'S ADVERTISEMENT.

(FROM "JOSH BILLINGS, HIS WORKS." 1876.)



KAN sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining eighty-five acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art into pastor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dalliance ov moss-tufted medder; streams ov sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse through this wilderness ov buty tew the low musik ov the kricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening sephir flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv-smitten harte ov a damsell. Fruits ov the tropicks, in golden buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun is ov Parian marble; the porch iz a single diamond, set with rubiz and the mother ov pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butiful than the starry vault of heaven. Hot and cold water bubbles and quirts in evry apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or

art could portray. The stables are worthy of the steeds ov Nimrod or the studs ov Akilles, and its hennery waz bilt expressly for the birds of paradise; while sombre in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught ov the dorg-house. Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze—here skulptors hav cut, here painters hav robbed the scene ov dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher diskovered the stun which made him the alkimist ov natur. Next, northward ov this thing ov buty, sleeps the residence and domain ov the Duke, John Smith, while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropicks, may be seen the barronial villy ov Earl Brown and the Duchess, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blue brest ov the ski, an angel may be seen each night dansing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B.—This angel goes with the place.)

MANIFEST DESTINY.



MANIFESS destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immediately strike back. Manifess destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condishun that man and things find themselves in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thare, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short

iz; but if he almost gits out and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about 10 seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting as near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a leetle old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov most tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifess destiny until yu see it. Thare is such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov

rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequense only for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it was a locomotiff machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. i thought i had it onse; it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a specimen ov the disseaze tew a magazine; the magazine man wrote me next day az follers:

"*Dear Sur*: You may be a phule, but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

LETTERS TO FARMERS.

BELOVED FARMERS: Agrikultur iz the mother ov farm produce; she is also the step-mother ov gardin sass.

Rize at half-past 2 o'clock in the morning, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds ov kandles, and grease yure boots. Wait pashuntly for dabrake. When day duz brake, then commence tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too mutch sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git rich on a farm, unless yu rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

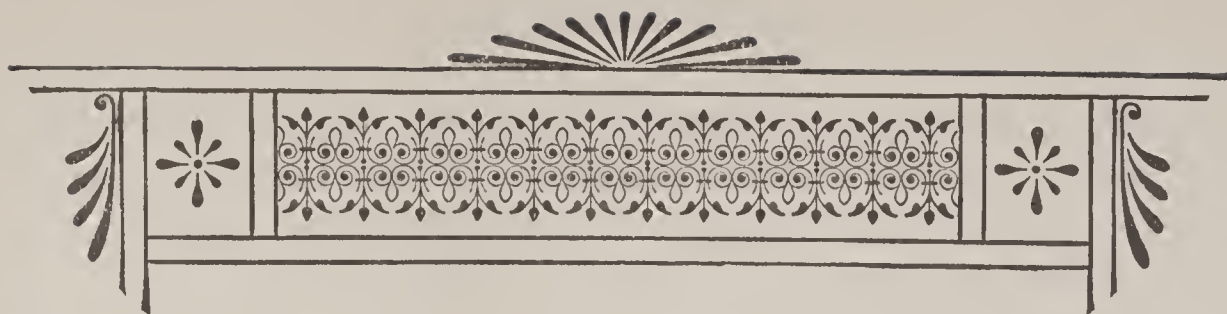
The happyest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer?—What iz a merchant?—What iz a doktor?—What iz a minister?—I answer, nothing!

A farmer is the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and two kords of kandles, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew. JOSH BILLINGS.





SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

(MARK TWAIN).



MARK TWAIN has a world wide reputation as the great American humorist, a reputation which has been steadily growing at home and abroad since the publication of "Innocents Abroad" in 1869, and he is undoubtedly one of the most popular authors in the United States. The story of his life is the record of a career which could have been possible in no other country in the world.

He was born in Florida in 1835, though most of his boyhood was passed at Hanibal, Mo., where he attended the village school until he was thirteen, which was his only opportunity for educational training. At this early age he was apprenticed to a printer and worked at this trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York. During his boyhood his great ambition, his one yearning, had been to become one day a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. He realized this ambition in 1851 and the experiences of this pilot life are told in his "Life on the Mississippi." His pen-name was suggested by the expression used in Mississippi navigation where in sounding a depth of two fathoms, the leadsman calls out, "Mark Twain!"

After serving in 1861 in Nevada as private secretary to his brother who was at this time secretary of the Territory, he became city editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise," and here his literary labors began, and the pseudonym now so familiar was first used.

In 1865, he was reporter on the staff of the San Francisco "Morning Call," though his newspaper work was interspersed with unsuccessful attempts at gold digging and a six months' trip to Hawaii.

This was followed by a lecture trip through California and Nevada, which gave unmistakable evidence that he had the "gift" of humor.

His fame, however, was really made by the publication of "Innocents Abroad" (Hartford, 1869), 125,000 copies of which were sold in three years. This book is a brilliant, humorous account of the travels, experiences and opinions of a party of tourists to the Mediterranean, Egypt, Palestine, France and Italy.

His next literary work of note was the publication of "Roughing It" (Hartford, 1872), which shook the sides of readers all over the United States. This contained inimitable sketches of the rough border life and personal experiences in California, Nevada and Utah. In fact all Mark Twain's literary work which bears the stamp of permanent worth and merit is personal and autobiographical. He is never so successful in works that are purely of an imaginative character.

In 1873, in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner, he produced a story entitled the "Gilded Age" which was dramatized and had a marked success on the stage. His other well-known works are: "Sketches Old and New;" "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876), a story of boy life in Missouri and one of his best productions, "Punch, Brothers, Punch" (1878); "A Tramp Abroad" (1880), containing some of his most humorous and successful descriptions of personal experiences on a trip through Germany and Switzerland; "The Stolen White Elephant" (1882); "Prince and the Pauper" (1882); "Life on the Mississippi" (1883); "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1885), a sequel to "Tom Sawyer;" "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (1896).

In 1884, he established in New York City the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., which issued in the following year the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, the profits from which publication to the amount of \$350,000 were paid to Mrs. Grant in accordance with an agreement previously signed with General Grant.

By the unfortunate failure of this company in 1895, Mark Twain found himself a poor man and morally, though not legally, responsible for large sums due the creditors. Like Sir Walter Scott, he resolved to wipe out the last dollar of the debt and at once entered upon a lecturing trip around the world, which effort is proving financially a success. He is also at work upon a new book soon to be published. His home is at Hartford, Connecticut, where he has lived in delightful friendship and intercourse with Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe and other literary characters of that city. His writings have been translated into German and they have met with large sales both in England and on the continent.

JIM SMILEY'S FROG.



WELL, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut,—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor,—Dan'l Web-

ster was the name of the frog,—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again, as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box,

and he used to fetch him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a feller,—a stranger in the camp he was,—came across him with his box, and says:

“What might it be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley says sorter indifferent like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain’t,—it’s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m! so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“May be you don’t,” Smiley says. “May be you understand frogs, and may be you don’t understand ’em; may be you’ve had experience, and may be you an’t only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll risk forty dollars that he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras County.

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, “Well, I’m only a stranger here, and I ain’t got no frog; but if I had a frog, I’d bet you.”

And then Smiley says, “That’s all right, that’s all right; if you’ll hold my box a minute, I’ll go and get you a frog.” And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dellars along with Smiley’s and set down to wait. So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled

him full of quail shot,—filled him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

“Now, if you’re ready, set him alongside of Dan’l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan’l, and I’ll give the word.” Then he says, “One—two—three—jump;” and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan’l gave a heave and hysted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wasn’t no use,—he couldn’t budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn’t no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn’t have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders,—this way,—at Dan’l, and says again, very deliberate, “Well, *I* don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan’l a long time, and at last he says, “I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there an’t something the matter with him, he ’pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.” And he ketched Dan’l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, “Why, blame my cats, if he don’t weigh five pound!” and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down, and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

UNCLE DAN’L’S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

(FROM “THE GILDED AGE” OF CLEMENS AND WARNER.)



DEEP coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape de-

veloped itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

“What is it? Oh, what is it, Uncle Dan’l!”

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit, we ain't ready—let these po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de old niggah if you's got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by the way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But, good Lord, dese chil'en don' b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' yo' knows, yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many onery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frends, jes' let 'em off dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole——"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked the lights winked out and the

coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well, now, dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben *now* if it warn't fo' dat prah! Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I *reckon*? Don't I *know* it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow!* *chow!* CHOW! an' a goin' on turrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' fer 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tech him."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You might take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considerable—ob *coase* dey was; but *dey* didn't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd been gals dey'd missed dey long haah (hair), maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"I dont know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a saying what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should I know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides don't it call 'em de *He*-brew chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de *she*-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take no notice when dey *do* read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—— My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be *two*."

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time sho'! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay, dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear everywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat means business, honey. He comin' now like he forgot sumfin. Come

'long, chil'en, time you's gone to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin!"

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted himself if the Lord heard him when he went by.

THE BABIES.

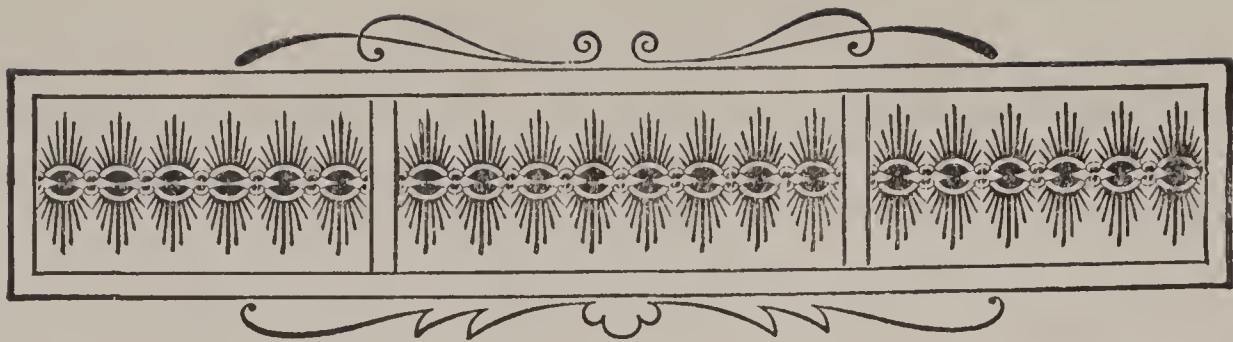
From a speech of Mark Twain at the banquet given in honor of Gen. Grant, by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Nov. 14, 1879.



TOAST:—"The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."

I like that. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if *he* didn't amount to anything! If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute,—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family head-quarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction—and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called

for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No,—you got up and got it. If he ordered his bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you,—you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right,—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccups. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along; sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin,"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2:30 in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark—with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself! Oh, you were under good discipline! And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rockaby baby in a tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too,—for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise,—"Go on!"—what did you do? You simply went on, till you disappeared in the last ditch.



MISS MARIETTA HOLLEY.

(“JOSIAH ALLEN’S WIFE.”)



HE poetic declaration that “genius unbidden rises to the top” is fully verified in the now famous “Josiah Allen’s Wife.” Miss Holley commenced to write at an early age both verses and sketches, but was so timid that she jealously hid them away from every eye until she had accumulated quite a collection of manuscript. This most famous humorist among women was born in a country place near Adams, New York, where she still lives, and where five generations of her ancestors have resided. Her first appearance in print was in a newspaper published in Adams. The editor of the paper, it is said, praised her article, and she was also encouraged by Charles J. Peterson, for whom she wrote later. She wrote also for “The Independent” and other journals. Most of her early articles were poems, and were widely copied both in America and Europe.

Miss Holley’s first pen-name was “Jemyme.” It was not until she wrote a dialectic sketch for “Peterson’s Magazine” that she began to sign her name as “Josiah Allen’s Wife.” This sketch brought her into prominence, and Elija Bliss, President of The American Publishing Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, it is said, against the protests of his company, published “Josiah Allen’s Wife” in book form, and encouraged her to write another book, which he issued under the name of “My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet’s” (1872). Since this Miss Holley’s fame has steadily increased, and she has issued a book every few years. “Samantha at the Centennial” appeared in 1877, describing the experiences of herself and Josiah at that great international exhibition. It is extremely humorous and added to her already great fame. “My Wayward Pardner” appeared in 1880. In 1882 she published “Miss Richards’ Boy,” a book of stories, but not written in dialect. All of the above works were issued by her Hartford publisher, as was also her illustrated poem entitled “The Mormon Wife.” In 1885 “Sweet Cicely, or Josiah Allen’s Wife as a Politician,” appeared in New York. In 1887 her famous book, “Samantha at Saratoga,” was issued in Philadelphia, for the manuscript of which she was paid \$10,000 in cash, in addition to which sum she also received a considerable amount from the “Ladies’ Home Journal” for parts of the work published in serial form in that magazine. Nearly a quarter of a million copies of her “Samantha at Saratoga” have already been sold. During the same year she issued a book of poems in New York, and further popularized her *nom-de-plume* by “Samantha Among the Brethren” in 1891. In 1893 “Samantha on the Race Problem” created con-

siderable amusement by the mixture of grotesque humor and philosophy on this much discussed and serious problem, the illustrations in the work adding no small quota to its popularity. In 1894 appeared "Samantha at the World's Fair" in which the experiences of herself and her partner, Josiah, are even more amusing than those at the Centennial in 1876.

Through all of Miss Holley's works there runs a vein of homely philosophy and practical common sense. It is in a most delightfully good-humored manner that she takes off the foibles and follies of "racin' after fashion." Her humor is remarkably wholesome, and while it is not remiss in laughter-provoking quality, is always clear, and above all things pure. Her books have been widely circulated both in America and in Europe, and some of them have been translated into other languages.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE CALLS ON THE PRESIDENT.*

Josiah Allen has a violent attack of political fever and his wife being greatly exercised over it finally concludes to visit Washington, and take the advice of the President on the disturbing question. This interview with the President is a fair example of the author's style.



AND so we wended our way down the broad, beautiful streets towards the White House.

Handsomere streets I never see. I had thought Jonesville streets wus middlin' handsome and roomy. Why, two double wagons can go by each other with perfect safety, right in front of the grocery-stores, where there is lots of boxes too; and wimmen can be a-walkin' there too at the same time, hefty ones.

But, good land! loads of hay could pass each other here, and droves of dromedaries, and camels, and not touch each other, and then there would be lots of room for men and wimmen, and for wagons to rumble, and perioguers to float up and down—if perioguers could sail on dry land.

Roomier, handsomer, well-shaded streets I never want to see, nor don't expect to. Why Jonesville streets are like tape compared with 'em; and Loontown and Toad Holler, they are like thread, No. 50 (allegory).

Bub Smith wus well acquainted with the President's hired man, so he let us in without parlay.

I don't believe in talkin' big as a general thing. But think'es I, Here I be, a-holdin' up the dignity of Jonesville: and here I be, on a deep, heart-searchin' errand to the Nation. So I said, in words and axents a good deal like them I have read of in "Children of the Abbey" and "Charlotte Temple,"—

"Is the President of the United States within?"

He said he was, but said sunthin' about his not receiving calls in the mornings.

But I says in a very polite way,—for I like to put folks at their ease, presidents or peddlers or anything,—

"It hain't no matter at all if he hain't dressed up; of course he wuzn't expectin' company. Josiah don't dress up mornin's."

And then he says something about "he didn't know but he was engaged."

Says I, "That hain't no news to me, nor the Nation. We have been a-hearin' that for three years, right along. And if he is engaged, it hain't no good reason why he shouldn't speak to other wimmen,—good, honorable married ones too."

"Well," says he, finally, "I will take up your card."

"No, you won't!" says I, firmly. "I am a Methodist! I guess I can start off on a short tower without takin' a pack of cards with me. And if I had 'em right here in my pocket, or a set of dominoes, I shouldn't expect to take up the time of the President of the United States a-playin' games at this time of the day." Says I, in deep tones, "I am a-carrien' errands to the President that the world knows not of."

He blushed up red; he was ashamed; and he said "he would see if I could be admitted."

* * * * *

I was jest a-thinkin' this when the hired man came back, and said,—

"The President would receive me."

"Wall," says I, calmly, "I am ready to be received."

So I follered him; and he led the way into a beautiful room, kinder round, and red-colored, with lots of elegant pictures and lookin'-glasses and books.

* * * * *

He then shook hands with me, and I with him. I, too, am a perfect lady. And then he drawed up a chair for me with his own hands (hands that grip holt of the same hellum that G. W. had gripped holt of. O soul! be calm when I think on't), and asked me to set down; and consequently I sot.

I leaned my umberell in a easy, careless position against a adjacent chair, adjusted my long green veil in long, graceful folds,—I hain't vain, but I like to look well,—and then I at once told him of my errents. I told him—

"I had brought three errents to him from Jonesville,—one for myself, and two for Dorlesky Burpy."

He bowed, but didn't say nothin': he looked tired. Josiah always looks tired in the mornin' when he has got his milkin' and barn-chores done, so it didn't surprise me. And havin' calculated to tackle him on my own errent first, consequently I tackled him.

I told him how deep my love and devotion to my pardner wuz.

And he said "he had heard of it."

And I says, "I s'pose so. I s'pose such things will spread, bein' a sort of a rarity. I'd heard that it had got out, 'way beyend Loontown, and all round."

"Yes," he said, "it was spoke of a good deal."

"Wall," says I, "the cast-iron love and devotion I feel for that man don't show off the brightest in hours of joy and peace. It towers up strongest in dangers and troubles." And then I went on to tell him how Josiah wanted to come there as a senator, and what a dangerous place I had always heard Washington wuz, and how I had felt it was impossible for me to lay down on my goose-feather pillow at home, in peace and safety, while my pardner was a-

grapplin' with dangers of which I did not know the exact size and heft. Then, says I, solemnly, "I ask you, not as a politician, but as a human bein', would you dast to let Josiah come?"

The President didn't act surprised a mite. And finally he told me, what I had always mistrusted, but never knew, that Josiah had wrote to him all his political views and aspirations, and offered his help to the government. And says he, "I think I know all about the man."

"Then," says I, "you see he is a good deal like other men."

And he said, sort o' dreamily, "that he was."

And then again silence rained. He was a-thinkin', I knew, on all the deep dangers that hedged in Josiah Allen and America if he come. And a-musin' on all the probable dangers of the Plan. And a-thinkin' it over how to do jest right in the matter,—right by Josiah, right by the nation, right by me.

Finally the suspense of the moment wore onto me too deep to bear, and I says, in almost harrowin' tones of anxiety and suspense,—

"Would it be safe for my pardner to come to Washington? Would it be safe for Josiah, safe for the nation?" Says I, in deeper, mournfuller tones,—

"Would you—would you dast to let him come?"

Pity and good feelin' then seemed to overpower for a moment the statesman and courteous diplomat.

And he said, in gentle, gracious tones, "If I tell you just what I think, I would not like to say it officially, but would say it in confidence, as from an Allen to an Allen."

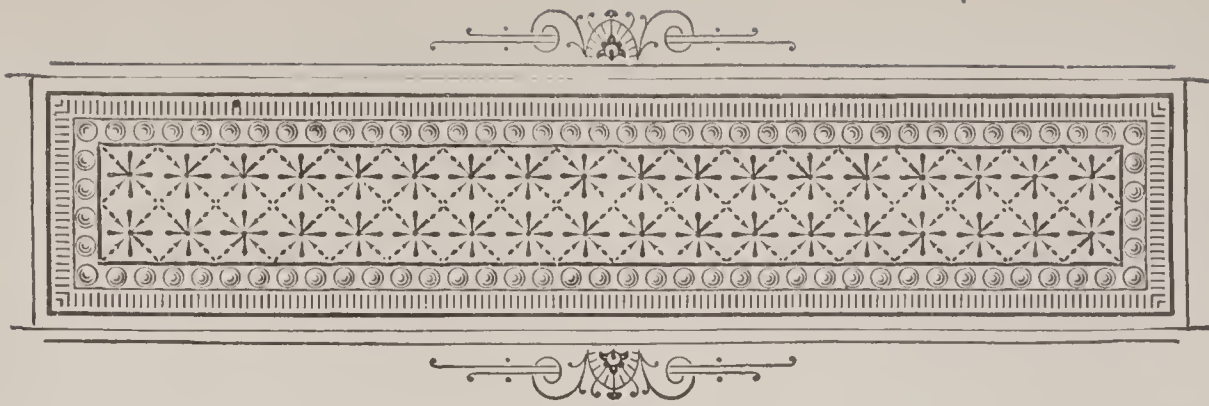
"Says I, "It shan't go no further."

And so I would warn everybody that it must *not* be told.

Then says he, "I will tell you. I wouldn't dast."

Says I, "That settles it. If human efforts can avail, Josiah Allen will not be United States Senator." And says I, "You have only confirmed my fears. I knew, feelin' as he felt, that it wuzn't safe for Josiah or the nation to have him come."

Agin he reminded me that it was told to me in confidence, and agin I want to say that it *must* be kep'.



CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS."



HE humorous and dialectic literature of America owes more to Charles Follen Adams perhaps than to any other contributor who has not made literature a business or depended upon his pen for his livelihood. There is not a pretentious book of humorous readings or popular selections of late years which has not enriched its pages from this pleasingly funny man who delineates the German-American character and imitates its dialect with an art that is so true to nature as to be well-nigh perfection. "The Puzzled Dutchman;" "Mine Vamily;" "Mine Modern-Law;" "Der Vater Mill;" "Der Drummer," and, above all, "Dot Leedle Yawcob Strauss," have become classics of their kind and will not soon suffer their author to be forgotten.

Charles Follen Adams was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 21, 1842, where he received a common school education, leaving school at fifteen years of age to take a position in a business house in Boston. This place he occupied until August, 1862, when he enlisted, at the age of twenty, in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, and saw service in a number of hard-fought battles. At Gettysburg, in 1863, he was wounded and held a prisoner for three days until the Union forces recaptured the town. After the close of the war he resumed business, and succeeded in placing himself at the head of a large business house in Boston, where he has continued to reside.

It was not until 1870 that Mr. Adams wrote his first poem, and it was two years later that his first dialectic effort, "The Puzzled Dutchman," appeared and made his name known. From that time he began to contribute "as the spirit moved him" to the local papers, "Oliver Optic's Magazine," and, now and then, to "Scribner's." In 1876 he became a regular contributor to the "Detroit Free Press," his "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" being published in that paper in June, 1876. For many years all his productions were published in that journal, and did much to enhance its growing popularity as a humorous paper.

As a genial, companionable man in business and social circles, Mr. Adams has as great distinction among his friends as he holds in the literary world as a humorist. His house is one of marked hospitality where the fortunate guest always finds a cordial welcome.

DER DRUMMER.*

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness righdt away?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I get "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I goulz imbort,

But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine,—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?
Der drummer.

HANS AND FRITZ.*

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who
lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its
pride:

With their pretzels and heer the spare moments were
spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geid*,—as they say,—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking,—his own simple language to quote,—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;"

When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I half dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,

"Yaw:

Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you
see,

I always remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

YAWCOB STRAUSS.*

HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see,

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese.—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse:
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it mit.—
 Mine cracious dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse:
 But nefer mind; der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
 Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene er der glim I douse.
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy.
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
 But ven he vas ashneep in ped,
 So guiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.*

HERE vas many qveer dings in dis land of
 der free,
 I neffer could qvite understand;
 Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
 As dhose in mine own faderland.
 Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishaps
 Mitout der least bit off a cause;
 Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee shaps
 Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a vwhite man so vicked as dot!
 Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?
 Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt id vas hot,
 Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
 Und dhen in dher vinter vhen Katrine vas sick
 Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
 Who made righdt avay oup dot fire so quick?
 Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righdts vellars I been
 Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboutt me;
 Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
 Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
 Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
 (A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!)
 Ef he goes for dot shap like some dousand off
 bricks,
 Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,
 Dot vomen vas boss off der house;
 But, dehn, neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she came.
 She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
 Und ven dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
 Und firewood to shplit oup und saw
 She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
 Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

YAWCOB'S DRIBULATIONS. †

(SEQUEL TO "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.")

MAYBE dot you don'd rememper,
 Eighdeen—dwendy years ago,
 How I dold aboutt mine Yawcob—
 Dot young rashkell, don't you know,
 Who got schicken-box und measles;
 Filled mine bipe mit Limburg sheeze;
 Cut mine cane oup indo dhrum-schticks,
 Und blay all sooch dricks as dhese.

Vell! dhose times dhey vas been ofer,
 Und dot son off mine, py shings!
 Now vas taller as hees fader,
 Und vas oup to all sooch dhings

Like shimnasdic dricks und pase pall;
 Und der oder day he say
 Dot he boxes mit "adthledics,"
 Somevheres ofer on Back Bay.

Times vas deeferent, now, I dold you,
 As vhen he vas been a lad;
 Dhen Katrine she make hees drowers
 Vrom der oldt vones off hees dad;
 Dhey vas cut so full und baggy,
 Dot id dook more as a fool
 To find oudt eef he vas going,
 Or vas coming home vrom school.

Now, dhere vas no making ofer
Off mine clothes to make a suit
For dot poy—der times vas schanged;
“Der leg vas on der oder boot;”
For vhen hees drowzers dhey gets dhin,
Und sort off “schlazy” roundt der knee,
Dot Mrs. Strauss she dake der sceessors
Und she cuts dhem down for me.

Shust der oder day dot Yawcob
Gife me von electric shock,
Vhen he say he vants fife-hundord
To invesht in railroadt schtock.
Dhen I dell him id vas beddher
Dot he leaf der schtocks alone,
Or some fellar dot vas schmardter
Dake der meat und leaf der bone.

Und vhen I vas got oxcited,
Und say he get “schwiped” und fooled,
Dhen he say he haf a “pointer”
Vrom soom frendts off Sage und Gould;

Und dot he vas on “rock bottom;”
Had der “inside drack” on “Atch—”
Dot vas too mooch for hees fader,
Und I coom oup to der scratch.

Dhen in bolitics he dabbles,
Und all qvesdions, great und schmalli,
Make no deeferent to dot Yawcob—
For dot poy he knows id all.
Und he say dot dhose oldt fogies
Must be laid oup on der shelf,
Und der governors und mayors
Should pe young men—like himself.

Vell! I vish I vas dransborted
To dhose days of long ago,
Vhen dot schaffer beat der milk-ban,
Und schkydoodled droo der schnow.
I could schtand der mumbs und measles,
Und der ruckshuns in der house;
Budt mine presentd dribulations
Vas too mooch for Meester Strauss.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.*

The copy for this selection was forwarded to us by the author himself with the notation on the side
“My First Dialect Poem.”



I'M a broken-hearted Deutscher,
Vots villed mit crief unt shame.
I dells you vot der drouble ish—
I does n't know my name.

You dinks it ferry vunny, eh?
Ven you der story hear.
You vill not wonder den so mooch,
It vas so shtrange und queer.

Mein mudder had dwo liddle dwins—
Dey vas me und mein brudder;
Ve lookt so very mooch alike
No von knew vich from toder.

Von of der poys was Yawcob
Und Hans der oder's name;
But den it made no different—
Ve both got called der same.

Vell, von of us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dat is so;
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mein mudder she don't know.

Und so I am in droubles;
I gan't git droo mein hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's living,
Or Yawcob vot is tead.

DER OAK AND DER VINE.†



DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis leedle shoke;
“A voman vas der glinging vine,
Und man, der shturdy oak.”

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust “tead proke,”
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
Und peen der shturdy oak.

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† From “Dialect Ballads.” Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

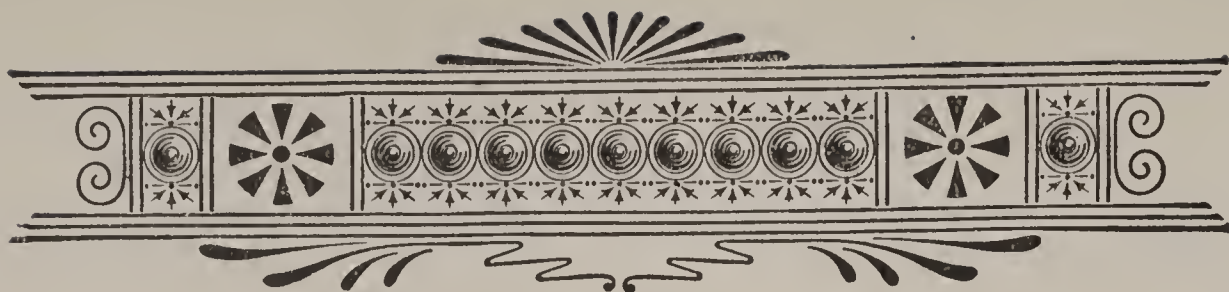
Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes!
 Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
 Mit glothes oudt on der lines;
 Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
 Und vvhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt comes,
 Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
 Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
 Dhose veary nighdts und days?
 Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
 Und cools dot fefered prow?
 More like id vas der tender vine
 Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here below,"
 Der boet von time said;
 Dhere's leedle dot man he don'd vant,
 I dink id means, inshted;
 Und ven der years keep rolling on,
 Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
 Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
 Und don'd so shturdy peen,
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
 To helb run life's masheen.
 In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
 In calm or shtormy veddher,
 'Twas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
 Should alvays gling togeddher.





EDGAR WILSON NYE.

(BILL NYE.)



AMONG those who have shaken the sides of the fun-loving citizens of the United States and many in the old world with genuine wit and droll humor, our familiar and purely American "Bill Nye" must be numbered.

Edgar Wilson Nye was a born "funny man" whose humor was as irrepressible as his disposition to breathe air. The very face of the man, while far from being homely, as is frequently judged from comic pictures of him, was enough to provoke the risibility of the most sedate and unsmiling citizens in any community. When Mr. Nye walked out on the platform to exhibit in his plain manner a few samples of his "Baled Hay," or offer what he was pleased to term a few "Remarks," or to narrate one or more of the tales told by those famous creatures of his imagination known as "The Forty Liars,"—before a word was uttered an infectious smile often grew into a roaring laugh.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born at Shirley, Maine, 1850. His parents removed to Wisconsin, and thence to Wyoming Territory when he was but a boy, and he grew up amid the hardships and humorous aspects of frontier life, which he has so amusingly woven into the warp and the woof of his early "yarns." Mr. Nye studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876; but practiced his profession only one year. Afterwards he reported for the newspapers, and, in 1878, began to write regularly a weekly humorous letter for the Sunday papers in the West. This he continued to do for several years, receiving good compensation therefor, and his reputation as a humorous writer grew steadily and rapidly.

In 1884, Mr. Nye came to New York and organized the Nye Trust, or Syndicate, through which a weekly letter from him should simultaneously appear in the journals of the principal cities of the Union. This increased his fame; and during the later years of his life he was engaged much of his time on the lecture platform, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with other prominent authors. He and the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, did considerable touring together and were enthusiastically welcomed wherever they went, the people invariably turning out in large numbers to enjoy a feast of fun and good feeling which this pair of prominent and typical Westerners never failed to treat them to.

Among the most humorous of Mr. Nye's recent writings were his famous letters from Buck's Shoals, North Carolina, where, in his imagination, he established himself as a southern farmer, and dealt out his rural philosophy and comments on cur-

rent events to the delight, not only of the farmers—many of whom imagined that he was really one of them—but of every class of readers throughout the country.

In 1894 Mr. Nye turned his attention to another branch of humor, and brought out "Bill Nye's History of the United States." The drollery and humor of this work is unsurpassed—the interest and delight of the reader being greatly enhanced by the fact that he followed the chronological thread of the real historic narrative on which he pours the sidelights of his side-splitting humor. The success of this book was so great that Mr. Nye was preparing to go abroad to write humorous histories of England and other European countries when he suddenly died in 1896, in the 47th year of his age.

After his death Mrs. Nye went abroad, stopping in Berlin for the education of her children. The royalty on "Bill Nye's" books brings an ample support for his family.

THE WILD COW.

(CLIPPING FROM NEWSPAPER.)



WHEN I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering water-melons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of a self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and she was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a common-place remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offence anywhere. I said, "So"—and she "soed." Then I told her to "hist" and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it.

Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window.

I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now of a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could trust me, it is all right.

MR. WHISK'S TRUE LOVE.



SO she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolin," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little cunning ear with the end of his moustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubtest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's Fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering."

"No," she unto him straightway did make answer, "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dross." He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter.

Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business. I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great coarse thing.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEW YORK.

FROM "BILL NYE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1894."

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THE author will now refer to the discovery of the Hudson River and the town of New York via Fort Lee and the 125th Street Ferry.

New York was afterwards sold for twenty-four dollars,—the whole island. When I think of this I go into my family gallery, which I also use as a swear room, and tell those ancestors of mine what I think of them. Where were they when New York was

sold for twenty-four dollars? Were they having their portraits painted by Landseer, or their disposition taken by Jeffreys, or having their Little Lord Fauntleroy clothes made?

Do not encourage them to believe that they will escape me in future years. Some of them died unregenerate, and are now, I am told, in a country where they may possibly be damned; and I will attend to the others personally.



Twenty-four dollars for New York! Why, my Croton-water tax on one house and lot with fifty feet four and one-fourth inches front is fifty-nine dollars and no questions asked. Why, you can't get a voter for that now.

Henry—or Hendrik—Hudson was an English navigator, of whose birth and early history nothing is known definitely, hence his name is never mentioned in many of the best homes of New York.

In 1607 he made a voyage in search of the North West Passage. In one of his voyages he discovered Cape Cod, and later on the Hudson River.

This was one hundred and seventeen years after Columbus discovered America; which shows that the discovering business was not pushed as it should have been by those who had it in charge.

Hudson went up the river as far as Albany, but,

finding no one there whom he knew, he hastened back as far as 209th Street West, and anchored.

He discovered Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait, and made other journeys by water, though aquatting was then in its infancy. Afterwards his sailors became mutinous, and set Hendrik and his son, with seven infirm sailors, afloat.

Ah! Whom have we here?

It is Hendrik Hudson, who discovered the Hudson River.

Here he has just landed at the foot of 209th Street, New York, where he offered the Indians liquor, but they refused.

How 209th. Street has changed!

The artist has been fortunate in getting the expression of the Indians in the act of refusing. Mr. Hudson's great reputation lies in the fact that he dis-

covered the river which bears his name; but the thinking mind will at once regard the discovery of an Indian who does not drink as far more wonderful.

Some historians say that this special delegation was swept away afterwards by a pestilence, whilst others, commenting on the incident, maintain that Hudson lied.

It is the only historical question regarding America not fully settled by this book.

Nothing more was heard by him till he turned up in a thinking part in "Rip Van Winkle."

Many claims regarding the discovery of various parts of the United States had been previously made. The Cabots had discovered Labrador; the Spaniards the southern part of the United States; the Norsemen had discovered Minneapolis; and Columbus had discovered San Salvador and had gone home to meet a ninety-day note due in Palos for the use of the *Pinta*, which he had hired by the hour.

But we are speaking of the discovery of New York.

About this time a solitary horseman might have been seen at West 209th Street, clothed in a little brief authority, and looking out to the west as he petulantly spoke in the Tammany dialect, then in the language of the blank-verse Indian. He began: "Another day of anxiety has passed, and yet we have not been discovered! The Great Spirit tells me in the thunder of the surf and the roaring cataract of the Harlem that within a week we will be discovered for the first time."

As he stands there aboard of his horse one sees that he is a chief in every respect, and in life's great drama would naturally occupy the middle of the stage. It was at this moment that Hudson slipped down the river from Albany past Fort Lee, and, dropping a nickle in the slot at 125th Street, weighed

his anchor at that place. As soon as he had landed and discovered the city, he was approached by the chief, who said: "We gates. I am on the committee to show you our little town. I suppose you have a power of attorney, of course, for discovering us?"

"Yes," said Hudson. "As Columbus used to say when he discovered San Salvador, 'I do it by the right vested in me by my sovereigns.' 'That oversizes my pile by a sovereign and a half,' says one of the natives; and so, if you have not heard it, there is a good thing for one of your dinner-speeches here."

"Very good," said the chief, as they jogged downtown on a swift Sixth Avenue elevated train towards the wigwams on 14th Street, and going at the rate of four miles an hour. "We do not care especially who discovers us so long as we hold control of the city organization. How about that, Hank?"

"That will be satisfactory," said Mr. Hudson, taking a package of imported cheese and eating it, so that they could have the car to themselves.

"We will take the departments, such as Police, Street-cleaning, etc., etc., etc., while you and Columbus get your pictures on the currency and have your graves mussed up on anniversaries. We get the two-moment horses and the country châteaux on the Bronx. Sabe?"

"That is, you do not care whose portrait is on the currency," said Hudson, "so you get the currency."

Said the man, "That is the sense of the meeting." Thus was New York discovered via Albany and Fort Lee, and five minutes after the two touched glasses, the brim of the schoppin and the Manhattan cocktail tinkled together, and New York was inaugurated.





JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

("UNCLE REMUS.")



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS has called himself "an accidental author," for while living on a plantation as a typesetter on a country newspaper he became familiar with the curious myths and animal stories of the negroes, and some time in the seventies he printed a magazine article on these folk-lore stories, giving at the same time some of the stories as illustration.

This article attracted attention and revealed to the writer the fact that the stories had a decided literary value, and his main literary work has been the elaboration of these myths.

The stories of "Uncle Remus" are, as almost everyone knows, not creations of the author's fancy, but they are genuine folk-lore tales of the negroes, and strangely enough many of these stories are found in varying forms among the American Indians, among the Indians along the Amazon and in Brazil, and they are even found in India and Siam, which fact has called out learned discussions of the origin and antiquity of the stories and the possible connection of the races.

Our author was born in Eatonton, a little village in Georgia, December 9, 1848, in very humble circumstances. He was remarkably impressed, while still very young, with the "Vicar of Wakefield," and he straightway began to compose little tales of his own.

In 1862 he went to the office of the "Countryman," a rural weekly paper in Georgia, to learn typesetting. It was edited and published on a large plantation, and the negroes of this and the adjoining plantations furnished him with the material out of which the "Uncle Remus" stories came.

While learning to set type the young apprentice occasionally tried his hand at composing, and not infrequently he slipped into the "Countryman" a little article, composed and printed, without ever having been put in manuscript form.

The publication of an article on the folk-lore of the negroes in "Lippincott's Magazine" was the beginning of his literary career, and the interest this awakened stimulated him to develop these curious animal stories.

Many of the stories were first printed as articles in the Atlanta "Constitution," and it was soon seen by students of myth-literature that these stories were very significant and important in their bearing on general mythology.

For the child they have a charm and an interest as "good stories," and they are told with rare skill and power, but for the student of ethnology they have special

value as throwing some light on the probable relation of the negroes with other races which tell similar folk-tales.

Mr. Harris has studied and pursued the profession of law, though he has now for many years been one of the editors of the Atlanta "Constitution," for which many of his contributions have been originally written.

He is also a frequent contributor both of prose and poetry to current literature, and he is the author of the following books: "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings; the Folk-lore of the Old Plantation" (New York, 1880), "Nights With Uncle Remus" (Boston, 1883), "Mingo and Other Sketches" (1883).

MR. RABBIT, MR. FOX, AND MR. BUZZARD.*

(FROM "UNCLE REMUS.")



ONE evening when the little boy whose nights with Uncle Remus are as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory, had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be—

"Ole Molly Har',
W'at you doin' dar,
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' yo' seegyar?"

As a matter of course this vague allusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

"Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless grashus, honey, dat he didn't. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Rabbit ef dat's de way you puttin' 'im down. Wat he gwine 'way fer? He mouter stayed sorter close twel the pitch rub off'n his ha'r, but twern't menny days 'fo' he wuz loping up en down de naberhood same as ever, en I dunno ef he wern't mo' sassier dan befo'.

"Seem like dat de tale 'bout how he got mixt up wid de Tar-Baby got 'roun' mongst de nabers.

Leas'ways, Miss Meadows en de girls got win' un' it, en de nex' time Brer Rabbit paid um a visit, Miss Meadows tackled 'im 'bout it, en de gals sot up a monstus gigglement. Brer Rabbit, he sot up des ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Don't ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en de gals wuz, en de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun ter me. Brer Rabbit, he sot dar, he did, sorter lam' like, en den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, en up en say, sezee:

"'Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss for thirty year; maybe mo', but thirty year dat I knows un,' sezee; en den he paid um his specks, en tip his beaver, en march off, he did, dez ez stiff en ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day, Brer Fox cum a callin', and w'en he gun fer to laff 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey ups and tells im 'bout w'at Brer Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his toof sho' nuff, he did, en he look mighty dumpy, but when he riz fer to go he up en say, sezee:

"'Ladies, I ain't 'sputing w'at you say, but I'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en spit um out right yer whar you kin see 'im,' sezee, en wid dat off Brer Fox marcht.

"En w'en he got in de big road, he shuck de dew off'n his tail, en made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit's house. W'en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz spectin' un him, en de do' wuz shut fas'. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain't ans'er. Brer Fox knock. No-

body ans'er. Den he knock agin—blam! blam! Den Brer Rabbit holler out, mighty weak:

“‘Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en fetch de doctor. Dat bit er parsley w'at I e't dis mawnin' is gittin' 'way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“‘I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. ‘Dere's gwinter be a party up at Miss Meadow's,' sezee. ‘All de gals'll be dere, en I promus' dat I'd fetch you. De gals, dey 'lowed dat hit wouldn't be no party 'ceppin I fotch you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

“Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en dar dey had it up and down sputin' en contendin'. Brer Rabbit say he can't walk. Brer Fox say he tote 'im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap 'im. Brer Fox 'low he won't. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote 'im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can't set in saddle less he have a bridle for to hol' by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin' at stumps 'long de road, en fling 'im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos' up to Miss Meadows's, en den he could git down en walk de balance ob de way. Brer Rabbit 'greed, en den Brer Fox lipt out atter de saddle en de bridle.

Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en he 'termin' fer ter out-do 'im; en by de time he koam his h'ar en twis' his mustarsh, en sorter rig up, yer come Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, en lookin' ez peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en stan' dar pawin' de ground en chompin' de bit same like sho' nuff hos, en Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en day amble off. Brer Fox can't see behime wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

“‘W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

“‘Short ain' de lef stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.

“Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise de udder foot.

“‘W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

“‘Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

“All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit

was puttin' on his spurrers, en w'en dey got close to Miss Meadows's, whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off en Brer Fox made a motion fer ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap the spurrers inter Brer Fox flanks, en you better b'lieve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en all de girls wuz settin' on de peazzer, en stidder stoppin' at de gate Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en den come gallopin' down de road en up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en den he santer inter de house, he did, en shake han's wid de gals, en set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in long puff, en den let hit out in a cloud, en squar hisse'f back, en holler out, he did:

“‘Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin' hoss fer our fambly? He sorter losin' his gait now, but I speck I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' or so,' sezee.

“En den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en de gals giggle, en Miss Meadows, she praise up de pony, en dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en couldn't he'p hisse'f.”

“Is that all, Uncle Remus?” asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

“Dat ain't all, honey, but 'twont do fer to give out too much cloff for ter cut one pa'r pants,” replied the old man sententiously.

When “Miss Sally's” little boy went to Uncle Remus the next night, he found the old man in a bad humor.

“I ain't tellin' no tales ter bad chilluns,” said Uncle Remus curtly.

“But, Uncle Remus, I ain't bad,” said the little boy plaintively.

“Who dat chunkin' dem chickens dis mawnin'? Who dat knockin' out fokes's eyes wid dat Yaller-bammer sling des 'fo' dinner? Who dat sickin' dat pinter puppy atter my pig? Who dat scatterin' my ingun sets? Who dat flingin' rocks on top er my house, w'ich a little mc' en one un em would er drap spang on my head!”

“Well, now, Uncle Remus, I didn't go to do it. I won't do so any more. Please, Uncle Remus, if you will tell me, I'll run to the house, and bring you some tea-cakes.”

“Seein' um's better'n hearin' tell un em,” replied the old man, the severity of his countenance relax-

ing somewhat; but the little boy darted out, and in a few minutes came running back with his pockets full and his hands full.

"I lay yo' mammy 'll 'spishun dat de rats' stum-mucks is widenin' in dis naberhood w'en she come fer ter count up 'er cakes," said Uncle Remus, with a chuckle.

"Lemme see. I mos' dis'member wharbouts Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit wuz."

"The rabbit rode the Fox to Miss Meadows's and hitched him to the horse-rack," said the little boy.

"W'y co'se he did," said Uncle Remus. "Co'se he did. Well, Brer Rabbit rid Brer Fox up, he did, en tied 'im to de rack, en den sot out in the peazzer wid de gals a smokin' er his seegyar wid mo' proudness dan w'at you mos' ever see. Dey talk, en dey sing, en dey play on de peanner, de gals did, twel bimeby hit come time for Brer Rabbit fer to be gwine, en he tell um all good-by, en strut out to de hoss-rack same's ef he was de king er der patter-rollers, en den he mount Brer Fox en ride off.

"Brer Fox ain't sayin' nuthin' 'tall. He des rack off, he did, en keep his mouf shet, en Brer Rabbit know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en he feel monstous skittish. Brer Fox amble on twel he git in de long lane, outer sight er Miss Meadows's house, en den he tu'n loose, he did. He rip en he r'ar, en he cuss en he swar; he snort en he cavort."

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"He wuz tryin' fer ter fling Brer Rabbit off'n his back, bless yo' soul! But he des might ez well er rastle wid his own shadder. Every time he hump hisse'f Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers in 'im, en dar dey had it up en down. Brer Fox fa'rly to' up de groun', he did, en he jump so high en he jump so quick, dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off. Dey kep' on gwine on dis way twel bimeby Brer Fox lay down en roll over, he did, en dis sorter unsettle Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got en his footses agin, Brer Rabbit wuz gwine thoo de underbresh mo' samer dan a race-hoss. Brer Fox, he lit out atter 'im, he did, en he push Brer Rabbit so close, dat it wuz 'bout all he could do fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer to git in, en he hatter lay down en res' en gadder his mine tergedder.

"While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' long, en seein' Brer Fox stretch out on the groun', he lit en view the premusses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en put his head on one side, en say to hisse'f like, sezee:

"'Brer Fox dead, en I so sorry,' sezee.

"'No I ain't dead, nudder,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer,' sezee, 'en I'm gwineter git 'im dis time, ef it take twel Chris'mus,' sezee.

"Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en keep Brer Rabbit dar wiles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all get still, Brer Rabbit sorter scramble down close ter de hole, he did, en holler out:

"'Brer Fox! Oh! Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox done gone, en nobody say nuthin.' Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad:

"'You needn't talk less you wanten,' sezee; 'I knows youer dar, an I ain't keerin', sezee. 'I dez wanten tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard try to talk like Brer Fox:

"'Wat you want wid Mr. Buzzard?' sezee.

"'Oh, nuthin' in 'tickler, 'cep' dere's de fattes' gray squir'l in yer dat ever I see,' sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was 'roun' he'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im,' sezee.

"'How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git him?' sez de Buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, dar's a little hole, roun' on de udder side er de tree,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here so he could take up his stan' dar, sezee, 'I'd drive dat squir'l out,' sezee.

"'Drive 'im out, den,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, 'en I'll see dat Brer Tukkey Buzzard gits 'im,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squir'l, en Brer Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en he des fly fer home.

"Well, Mr. Buzzard he feel mighty lonesome, he did, but he done prommust Brer Fox dat he'd stay, en he termin' fer ter sorter hang 'roun' en jine in de joke. En he ain't hatter wait long, nudder, kase

bimeby yer come Brer Fox gallopin' thoo de woods wid his axe on his shoulder.

" 'How you speck Brer Rabbit gittin' on, Brer Buzzard?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" 'Oh, he in dar,' sez Brer Buzzard, sezee. 'He mighty still, dough. I speck he takin' a nap,' sezee.

" 'Den I'm des in time fer te wake 'im up,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. En wid dat he fling off his coat, en spit in his han's, en grab de axe. Den he draw back en come down on de tree—pow! En eve'y time he come down wid de axe—pow!—Mr. Buzzard, he step high, he did, en hollar out:

" 'Oh, he in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho.'

" 'En eve'y time a chip ud fly off, Mr. Buzzard, he'd jump, en dodge, en hole his head sideways, he would, en holler:

" 'He in dar, Brer Fox. I done heerd 'im. He in dar, sho.'

" 'En Brer Fox, he lammed away at dat holler tree, he did, like a man mauling' rails, twel bimeby atter he done got de tree most' cut thoo, he stop fer ter ketch his bref, en he seed Mr. Buzzard laffin' behind his back, he did, en right den en dar, widout gwine enny fudder, Brer Fox he smelt a rat. But Mr. Buzzard, he keep on holler'n:

" 'He in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho. I done seed 'im.'

" 'Den Brer Fox, he make like he peepin' up de holler, en he say, sezee:

" 'Run yer, Brer Buzzard, en look ef dis ain't Brer Rabbit's foot hanging down yer.'

" 'En Mr. Buzzard, he come steppin' up, he did, same ez ef he were treddin' on kurkle-burrs, en he stick his head in de hole; en no sooner did he done dat dan Brer Fox grab 'im. Mr. Buzzard flap his wings, en scramble roun' right smartually, he did, but twan no use. Brer Fox had de 'vantage er de

grip, he did, en he hilt 'im right down ter de groun'. Den Mr. Buzzard squall out, sezee:

" 'Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox. 'Tu'n me loose,' sezee; 'Brer Rabbit'll git out. Youer gittin' close at 'im,' sezee, 'en leb'm mo' licks'll fetch 'im,' sezee.

" 'I'm nigher ter you, Brer Buzzard,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dan I'll be ter Brer Rabbit dis day,' sezee. 'Wat you fool me fer?' sezee.

" 'Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee; 'my ole 'oman waitin' for me. Brer Rabbit in dar,' sezee,

" 'Dar's a bunch er his fur on dat black-be'y bush,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dat ain't de way he come,' sezee.

" 'Den Mr. Buzzard up'n tell Brer Fox how 'twuz, en he low'd, Mr. Buzzard did, dat Brer Rabbit wuz de low-downest w'atsizname w'at he ever run up wid. Den Brer Fox say, sezee:

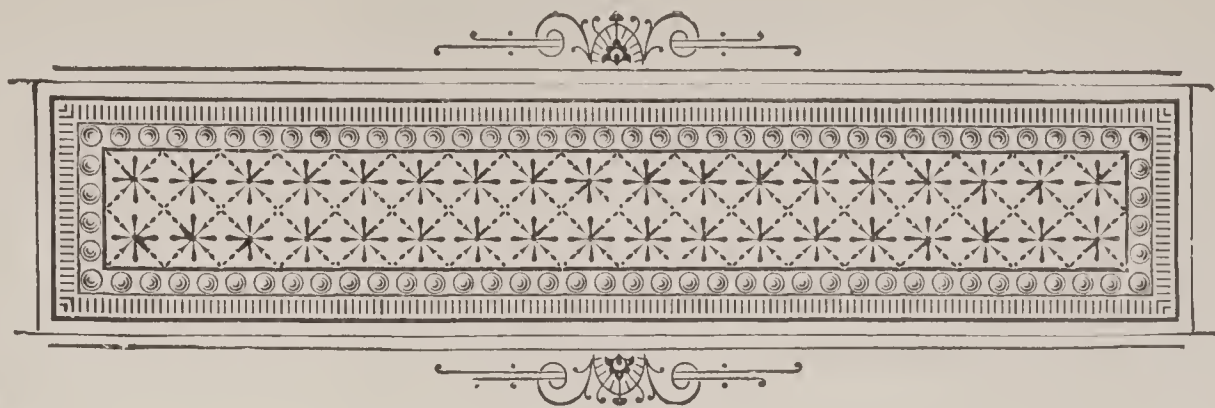
" 'Dat's needer here ner dar, Brer Buzzard,' sezee. 'I lef' you yer fer ter watch dish yer hole en I lef' Brer Rabbit in dar. I comes back en I fines you at de hole, en Brer Rabbit ain't in dar,' sezee. 'I'm gwinter make you pay fer't. I done bin tampered wid twel plum down ter de sap sucker'll set on a log en sassy me. I'm gwinter fling you in a bresh-heap en burn you up,' sezee.

" 'Ef you fling me on der fier, Brer Fox, I'll fly 'way,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee.

" 'Well, den, I'll settle yo' hash right now,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, en wid dat he grab Mr. Buzzard by de tail, he did, en make fer ter dash 'im 'gin de groun', but des 'bout dat time de tail fedders come out, en Mr. Buzzard sail off like wunner dese yer berloons, en ez he riz, he holler back:

" 'You gimme good start, Brer Fox,' sezee. en Brer Fox sot dar en watch 'im fly outer sight."





ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



THE American people have a kindly feeling for the men who make them laugh, and in no other country does a humorist have a more appreciative public. The result has been, that in a country in which the average native has a clearly marked vein of humor, the genuine "funny man" is always sure of a hearty welcome. We have a long list of writers and lecturers who have gained a wide popularity through their mirth-provoking powers, and "Bob Burdette" holds an honorable place in this guild of "funny men."

He was born in Greensborough, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1844, though he removed early in life to Peoria, Ill., where he received his education in the public schools.

He enlisted in the Civil War and served as a private from 1862 to the end of the war.

He began his journalistic career on the Peoria "Transcript," and, after periods of editorial connection with other local newspapers, he became associate editor of the Burlington "Hawkeye," Iowa. His humorous contributions to this journal were widely copied and they gave him a general reputation. His reputation as a writer had prepared the way for his success as a lecturer, and in 1877 he entered the lecture field, in which he has been eminently successful. He has lectured in nearly all the cities of the United States, and he never fails to amuse his listeners.

He is a lay preacher of the Baptist Church, and it is often a surprise to those who have heard only his humorous sayings to hear him speak with earnestness and serious persuasiveness of the deeper things of life, for he is a man of deep experiences and of pure ideals.

His most popular lectures have been those on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," "Home," and "The Pilgrimage of the Funny Man." He has published in book-form, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache and Other Hawkeyetems" (Burlington, 1877), "Hawkeyes" (1880), "Life of William Penn" (New York, 1882), a volume in the series of "Comic Biographies;" and "Innach Garden and other Comic Sketches" (1886).

He has been a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other current literature, and he has recently written a convulsive description of "How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle," which appeared in the *Wheelmen*.

He has for some years made his home at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and he enjoys a large circle of friends.

THE MOVEMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.*

ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Præger Landwirtschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything; he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a 200-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to-wit: six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off

on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands and the boy was happy.

Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fight. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up——"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretences, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It is not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into

trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to 86 all over, and to 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bold upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

20 P. H.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in the world are those infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

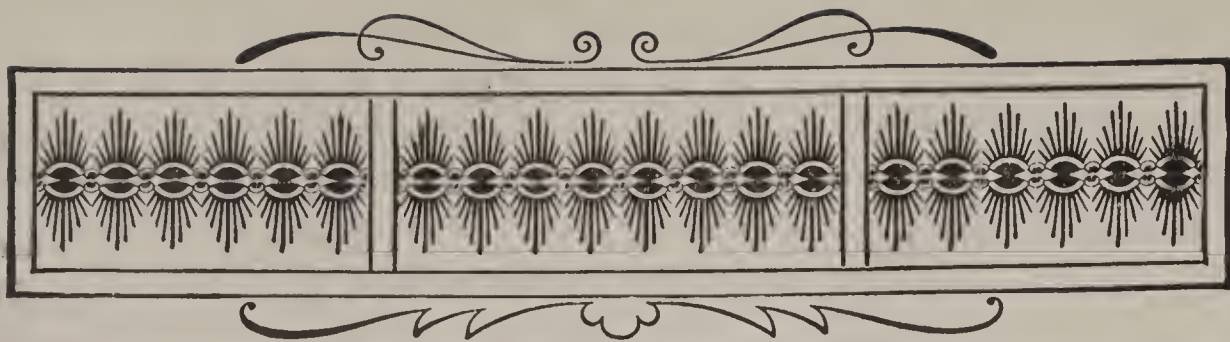
"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night lamp.

And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar, and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."



HE famous author of "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Old-Fashioned Girls," made her beginning, as have many who have done any good or acquired fame in the world, by depending on herself. In other words, she was the architect of her own fortune, and has left behind her works that will endure to gladden the hearts of millions of boys and girls. But she has done more. She has left behind her a record of a life within itself, a benediction and inspiration to every thoughtful girl who reads it.

While Miss Alcott always considered New England her home, she was actually born in Germantown, Philadelphia, November 29, 1832. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, after his marriage in New England, accepted a position as principal of a Germantown Academy, which he occupied from 1831 to 1834, and afterwards taught a children's school at his own residence, but he was unsuccessful and he returned to Boston in 1835, when Louisa was two years old.

From this time forward, Mr. Alcott was a close friend and associate of the poet and philosopher Emerson, sharing with him his transcendental doctrines, and joining in the Brook-Farm experiment of ideal communism at Roxbury, Mass. The Brook-Farm experiment brought Mr. Alcott to utter financial ruin, and after its failure he removed to Concord, where he continued to live until his death. It was at this time that Louisa, although a mere child, formed a noble and unselfish purpose to retrieve the family fortune. When only fifteen years of age, she turned her thoughts to teaching, her first school being in a barn and attended by the children of Mr. Emerson and other neighbors. Almost at the same time she began to compose fairy stories, which were contributed to papers; but these early productions brought her little if any compensation, and she continued to devote herself to teaching, receiving her own education privately from her father. "When I was twenty-one years of age," she wrote many years later to a friend, "I took my little earnings (\$20) and a few clothes, and went out to seek my fortune, though I might have sat still and been supported by rich friends. All those hard years were teaching me what I afterwards put into books, and so I made my fortune out of my seeming misfortune."

Two years after this brave start Miss Alcott's earliest book, "Fairy Tales," was published (1855). About the same time her work began to be accepted by the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines of reputation. During the winters of 1862 and '63 she volunteered her services and went to Washington and served as a nurse in the government hospitals, and her experiences here were embodied in a

series of graphic letters to her mother and sisters. These letters she revised and had printed in the "Boston Commonwealth" in the summer of 1863. They were afterwards issued in a volume entitled "Hospital Sketches and Camp-Fire Stories." This was her second book, which, together with her magazine articles, opened the way to a splendid career as an author.

Being naturally fond of young people, Miss Alcott turned her attention from this time forward to writing for them. Her distinctive books for the young are entitled "Moods" (1864); "Morning Glories" (1867); "Little Women" (1868), which was her first decided success; "An Old-Fashioned Girl" (1869); "Little Men" (1871); "Work" (1873); "Eight Cousins" (1875), and its sequel, "Rose in Bloom" (1877), which perhaps ranks first among her books; "Under the Lilacs" (1878); "Jack and Jill" (1880), and "Lulu's Library" (1885). Besides these she has put forth, at different times, several volumes of short stories, among which are "Cupid and Chow-Chow," "Silver Pitchers" and "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag."

From childhood Miss Alcott was under the tutelage of the Emersonian school, and was not less than her father an admirer of the "Seer of Concord." "Those Concord days," she writes, "were among the happiest of my life, for we had the charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, and Hawthornes, with their illustrious parents, to enjoy our pranks and join our excursions."

In speaking of Emerson she also wrote to a young woman a few years before her death: "Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson have done much to help me see that one can shape life best by trying to build up a strong and noble character, through good books, wise people's society, and by taking an interest in all reforms that help the world, . . . believing always that a loving and just Father cares for us, sees our weakness, and is near to help if we call." Continuing she asks: "Have you read Emerson? He is called a Pantheist, or believer in nature, instead of God. He was truly a Christian and saw God in nature, finding strength and comfort in the same sweet influence of the great Mother as well as the great Father of all. I, too, believe this, and when tired, sad or tempted, find my best comfort in the woods, the sky, the healing solitude that lets my poor, weary soul find the rest, the fresh hopes, the patience which only God can give us."

The chief aim of Miss Alcott seemed to have been to make others happy. Many are the letters treasured up by young authors who often, but never in vain, sought her advice and kind assistance. To one young woman who asked her opinion on certain new books, in 1884, she wrote: "About books; yes, I've read 'Mr. Isaacs' and 'Dr. Claudius,'* and like them both. The other, 'To Leeward,' is not so good; 'Little Pilgrim' was pretty, but why try to paint heaven? Let it alone and prepare for it, whatever it is, sure that God knows what we need and deserve. I will send you Emerson's 'Essays.' Read those marked. I hope they will be as helpful to you as they have been to me and many others. They will bear study and I think are what you need to feed upon now." The marked essays were those on "Compensation," "Love," "Friendship," "Heroism," and "Self-Reliance."

Miss Alcott's kindness for young people grew with her advancing years. Being a maiden lady without daughters of her own, she was looked up to and delighted in being considered as a foster-mother to aspiring girls all over the land. How

* These are the books that made F. Marion Crawford famous.

many times she wrote similar sentences to this: "Write freely to me, dear girl, and if I can help you in any way be sure I will." This was written to one she had never seen and only four years before her death, when she was far from well.

Miss Alcott died in Boston, March 6, 1888, at the age of fifty-six years, and just two days after her aged father, who was eighty-five years old, and who had depended on her many years, passed away. Though a great advocate of work for the health, she was, no doubt, a victim of overwork; for it is said she frequently devoted from twelve to fifteen hours a day to her literary labors, . . . besides looking after her business affairs and caring personally for her old father, for many years an invalid. In addition to this, she educated some of her poor relatives, and still further took the place of a mother to little Lulu, the daughter of her sister, May, who died when the child was an infant.

HOW JO MADE FRIENDS.*

(FROM "LITTLE WOMEN.")

THAT boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa don't know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a lot of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so."

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things, and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of "going over" was not forgotten; and, when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Laurence drive off, and then sailed out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she paused and took a survey. All quiet; curtains down to the lower windows; servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand, at the upper window.

"There he is," thought Jo; "poor boy, all alone, and sick, this dismal day! It's a shame! I'll toss up a snowball, and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him."

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened, and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded, and laughed, and flourished her broom, as she called out,—

"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven,—

"Better, thank you. I've had a horrid cold, and have been shut up a week."

"I'm sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?"

"Nothing; it's as dull as tombs up here."

"Don't you read?"

"Not much; they won't let me."

"Can't somebody read to you?"

"Grandpa does, sometimes; but my books don't interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time."

"Have some one come and see you, then."

"There isn't any one I'd like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak."

"Isn't there some nice girl who'd read and amuse you? Girls are quiet, and like to play nurse."

"Don't know any."

"You know me," began Jo, then laughed and stopped.

"So I do! Will you come, please?" cried Laurie.

"I'm not quiet and nice; but I'll come, if mother will let me. I'll go ask her. Shut that window, like a good boy, and wait till I come. . . ."

"Oh! that does me lots of good; tell on, please," he said, taking his face out of the sofa-cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elevated with her success, Jo did "tell on," all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books; and to Jo's delight she found

that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

"If you like them so much, come down and see ours. Grandpa is out, so you needn't be afraid," said Laurie, getting up.

"I'm not afraid of anything," returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

"I don't believe you are!" exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summer-like, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy; and so at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands, and pranced, as she always did when specially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleep-Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes; and, best of all, a great, open fireplace, with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depths of a velvet chair, and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction. "Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head, as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could say any more, a bell rang, and Jo

flew up, exclaiming with alarm, "Mercy me! it's your grandpa!"

"Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know," returned the boy, looking wicked.

"I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you are any the worse for it," said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

"I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm afraid you are very tired talking to me; it was so pleasant, I couldn't bear to stop," said Laurie gratefully.

"The doctor to see you, sir," and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

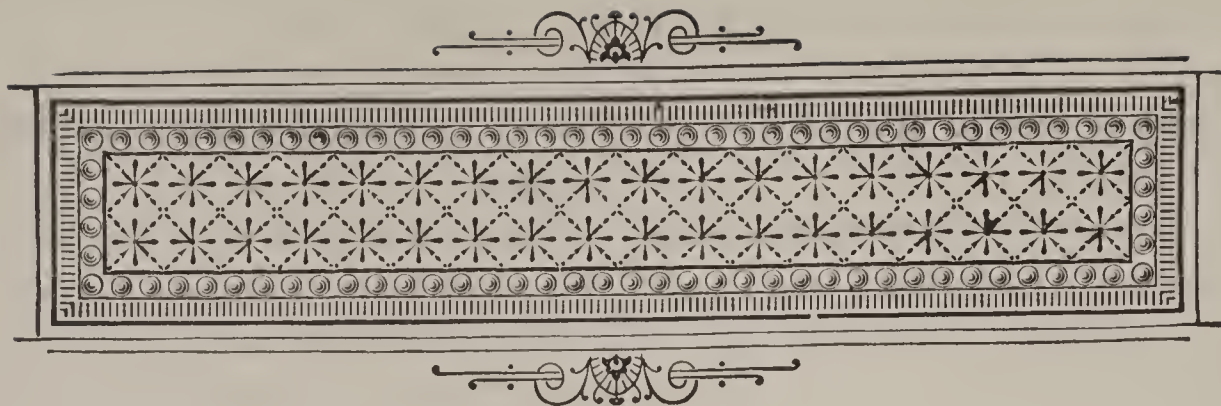
"Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him," said Laurie.

"Don't mind me. I'm as happy as a cricket here," answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the old gentleman, when the door opened again, and, without turning, she said decidedly, "I'm sure now that I shouldn't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as *my* grandfather, but I like him."

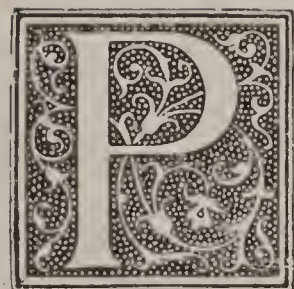
"Thank you, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her; and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.





WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS.

THE WELL-BELOVED WRITER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



PROBABLY no literary man in America has ministered to the pleasure of a greater number of our young people than William Taylor Adams, who is a native of Massachusetts and was born in Medway in 1822. He has devoted his life to young people; for more than twenty years as a teacher in the public schools of Boston, for many years a member of the school board of Dorchester, and since 1850 as a writer of stories. In his earlier life, he was the editor of a periodical known as "The Student and Schoolmate." In 1881 he began the publication of "Our Little Ones," and later "Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls." His first book was published in 1853; it was entitled "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," and had a large sale. It was followed by a collection of stories called "In Doors and Out," and in 1862 was completed "The Riverdale Series" of six volumes of stories for boys. Some of his other books are "The Boat Club;" "Woodville;" "Young America Abroad;" "Starry Flag;" "Onward and Upward;" "Yacht Club;" and "Great Western." In all he has written at least a thousand stories for newspapers, and published about a hundred volumes. Among these are two novels for older readers: "The Way of the World" and "Living Too Fast."

Mr. Adams' style is both pleasing and simple. His stories are frequently based upon scenes of history and their influence is always for good.

THE SLOOP THAT WENT TO THE BOTTOM.*

(FROM "SNUG HARBOR," 1883.)



TARBOARD your helm! hard a-starboard!" shouted Dory Dornwood, as he put the helm of the "Goldwing" to port in order to avoid a collision with a steam launch which lay dead ahead of the schooner.

"Keep off! you will sink me!" cried a young man in a sloop-boat, which lay exactly in the course of the steam launch. "That's just what I mean to do, if you don't come about," yelled a man at the wheel of

the steamer. "Why didn't you stop when I called to you?"

"Keep off, or you will be into me!" screamed the skipper of the sloop, whose tones and manner indicated that he was very much terrified at the situation.

And he had reason enough to be alarmed. It was plain, from his management of his boat, that he was but an indifferent boatman; and probably he did not know what to do in the emergency. Dory had noticed

* Copyright, Lee & Shepard.

the sloop coming up the lake with the steam launch astern of her. The latter had run ahead of the sloop, and had come about, it now appeared, for the purpose of intercepting her.

When the skipper of the sloop realized the intention of the helmsman of the steamer, he put his helm to port; but he was too late. The sharp bow of the launch struck the frail craft amidships, and cut through her as though she had been made of cardboard.

The sloop filled instantly, and, a moment later, the young man in her was struggling on the surface of the water. The boat was heavily ballasted, and she went down like a lump of lead. It was soon clear to Dory that the skipper could not swim, for he screamed as though the end of all things had come.

Very likely it would have been the end of all things to him, if Dory had not come about with the "Goldwing," and stood over the place where the young man was vainly beating the water with his feet and hands. With no great difficulty the skipper of the "Goldwing," who was an aquatic bird of the first water, pulled in the victim of the catastrophe, in spite of the apparent efforts of the sufferer to prevent him from doing so.

"You had a narrow squeak that time," said Dory Dornwood, as soon as he thought the victim of the disaster was in condition to do a little talking. "It is lucky you didn't get tangled up in the rigging of

your boat. She went to the bottom like a pound of carpet-tacks; and she would have carried you down in a hurry if you hadn't let go in short metre."

"I think I am remarkably fortunate in being among the living at this moment," replied the stranger, looking out over the stern of the "Goldwing." "That was the most atrocious thing a fellow ever did."

"What was?" inquired Dory, who was not quite sure what the victim meant by the remark, or whether he alluded to him or to the man in the steam launch.

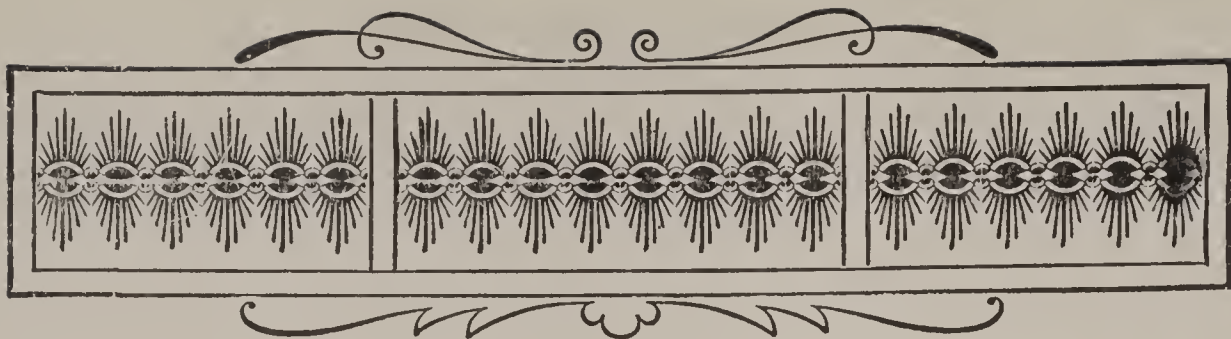
"Why, running into me like that," protested the passenger, with no little indignation in his tones.

"I suppose you came up from Burlington?" said Dory, suggestively, as though he considered an explanation on the part of the stranger to be in order at the present time.

"I have just come from Burlington," answered the victim, who appeared to be disposed to say nothing more. "Do you suppose I can get that boat again?"

"I should say that the chance of getting her again was not first-rate. She went down where the water is about two hundred and fifty feet deep; and it won't be an easy thing to get hold of her," replied Dory. "If you had let him run into you between Diamond Island and Porter's Bay, where the water is not more than fifty or sixty feet deep, you could have raised her without much difficulty. I don't believe you will ever see her again."





SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT.

FAVORITE WRITER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.



ONE of the earliest papers devoted especially to young children was "The Little Pilgrim," edited for a number of years under the name of "Grace Greenwood," by Mrs. Lippincott. It had a very wide popularity, and its little stories, poems, and page of puzzles brought pleasure into very many home circles. Mrs. Lippincott is the daughter of Doctor Thaddeus Clarke. She was born in Pompey, New York, in September, 1823, and lived during most of her childhood in Rochester. In 1842 she removed with her father to New Brighton, Pennsylvania, and in 1853 she was married to Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. She had early begun to write verses, and, in 1844, contributed some prose articles to "The New York Mirror," adopting the name "Grace Greenwood," which she has since made famous. Besides her work upon "The Little Pilgrim," she has contributed for many years to "The Hearth and Home," "The Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's Magazine," "The New York Independent," "Times," and "Tribune," to several California journals, and to at least two English periodicals. She was one of the first women to become a newspaper correspondent, and her letters from Washington inaugurated a new feature in journalism. She has published a number of books: "Greenwood Leaves;" "History of My Pets;" "Poems;" "Recollections of My Childhood;" "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe;" "Merrie England;" "Stories from Many Lands;" "Victoria, Queen of England," and others.

Mrs. Lippincott has lived abroad a great deal, and has been made welcome in the best literary circles in England and on the continent. During the war she devoted herself to the cause of the soldiers, read and lectured to them in camps and hospitals, and won the appreciation of President Lincoln, who used to speak of her as "Grace Greenwood, the Patriot." Although devoted to her home in Washington, she has spent much time in New York City, and has lived a life whose activity and service to the public are almost unequalled among literary women.

THE BABY IN THE BATH-TUB.*

(FROM "RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS," 1867.)



ANNIE! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!" cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stair- way of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morn-

* Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ing hue. In an instant there is a stir and a gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noiselessly through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery, and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister's first visit home, with her first baby; and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

"Well, I declare, if here isn't mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-month-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!"

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude layde* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood,—“simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas-Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the ‘Crouching Venus?’ and this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, radiant life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop,—these rosy, plashing feet and hands,—this laughing, roguish face,—these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land,—these ears, like dainty sea-shells,—these locks of gold, dripping diamonds,—and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely. I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits

there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity,—of painting her as *Madonna*.”

"Why, Cousin Nellie is getting poetical for once, over a baby in a bath-tub!"

"Well, Sophie, isn't it a subject to inspire *real* poets, to call out and yet humble the genius of painters and sculptors? Isn't it an object for the reverence of 'a glorious human creature,'—such a pure and perfect form of physical life, such a starry little soul, fresh from the hands of God? If your Plato teaches otherwise, Cousin Annie, I'm glad I've no acquaintance with that distinguished heathen gentleman; if your Carlyle, with his 'soul above buttons' and babies, would growl, and your Emerson smile icily at the sight, away with them!"

"Why, Nellie, you goose, Carlyle is 'a man and a brother,' in spite of his 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' and no ogre. I believe he is very well disposed toward babies in general; while Emerson is as tender as he is great. Have you forgotten his 'Threnody,' in which the sob of a mortal's sorrow rises and swells into an immortal's pean? I see that baby is very lovely; I think that Louise may well be proud of her. It's a pity that she must grow up into conventionalities and all that,—perhaps become some man's plaything, or slave."

"O *don't*, sister!—'sufficient for the day is the *worrimment* thereof.' But I think you and Nellie are mistaken about the *pride*. I am conscious of no such feeling in regard to my little Florence, but only of joy, gratitude, infinite tenderness, and solicitude."

Thus the young mother,—for the first time speaking, but not turning her eyes from the bath-tub.

"Ah, coz, it won't go! Young mothers are the proudest of living creatures. The sweetest and saintliest among you have a sort of subdued exultation, a meek assumption, an adorable insolence, toward the whole unmarried and childless world. I have never seen anything like it elsewhere."

"I have, in a bantam Biddy, parading her first brood in the hen-yard, or a youthful duck, leading her first little downy flock to the water."

"Ha, blasphemer! are you there?" cries Miss Nellie, with a bright smile, and a brighter blush. Blasphemer's other name is a tolerably good one,—Edward Norton,—though he is oftenest called "Our

Ned." He is the sole male representative of a wealthy old New England family,—the pride and darling of four pretty sisters, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," who adores him,—“a likely youth, just twenty-one,” handsome, brilliant, and standing six feet high in his stockings. Yet, in spite of all these unfavorable circumstances, he is a very good sort of a fellow. He is just home from the model college of the Commonwealth, where he learned to smoke, and, I blush to say, has a cigar in hand at this moment, just as he has been summoned from the garden by his pet sister, Kate, half-wild with delight and excitement. With him comes a brother, according to the law, and after the spirit,—a young, slender, fair-haired man, but with an indescribable something of paternal importance about him. He is the other proprietor of baby, and steps forward with a laugh and a “Heh, my little water-nymph, my Iris!” and by the bath-tub kneeling, catches a moist kiss from smiling baby lips, and a sudden wilting shower on shirt-front and collar, from moister baby hands.

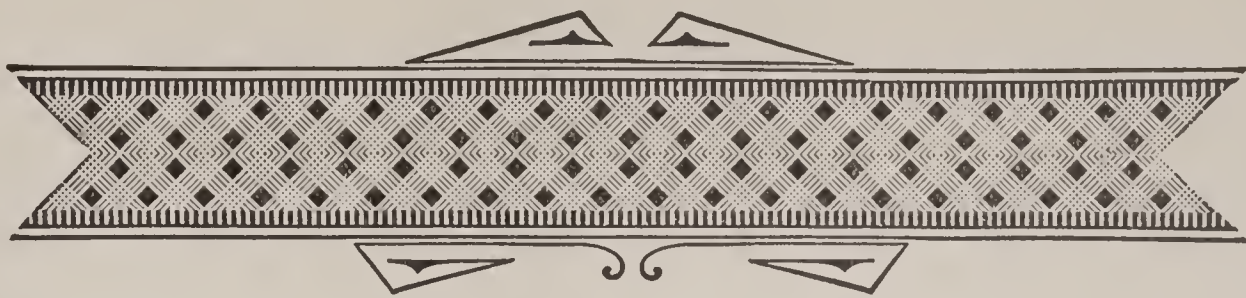
Young collegian pauses on the threshold, essaying to look lofty and sarcastic, for a moment. Then his eye rests on Nellie Lee's blushing face, on the red, smiling lips, the braids of gold, sprinkled with shining drops,—meets those sweet, shy eyes, and a sudden, mysterious feeling, soft and vague and tender, floods his gay young heart. He looks at baby again. “’Tis a pretty sight, upon my word! Let me throw away my cigar before I come nearer; it is incense too pro-

fane for such pure rites. Now give me a peep at Dian-the less! How the little witch revels in the water! A small Undine. Jolly, isn't it, baby? Why, Louise, I did not know that Floy was so lovely, such a perfect little creature. How fair she is? Why, her flesh, where it is not rosy, is of the pure, translucent whiteness of a water-lily.”

No response to this tribute, for baby has been in the water more than long enough, and must be taken out, willy, nilly. Decidedly nilly it proves; baby proceeds to demonstrate that she is not altogether cherubic, by kicking and screaming lustily, and striking out frantically with her little, dripping hands. But Madonna wraps her in soft linen, rolls her and pats her, till she grows good and merry again, and laughs through her pretty tears.

But the brief storm has been enough to clear the nursery of all save grandmamma and Auntie Kate, who draw nearer to witness the process of drying and dressing. Tenderly the mother rubs the dainty, soft skin, till every dimple gives up its last hidden drop-let; then, with many a kiss, and smile, and coo, she robes the little form in fairy-like garments of cambric, lace, flannel, soft as a moth's wing, and delicate embroidery. The small, restless feet are caught, and encased in comical little hose, and shod with Titania's own slippers. Then the light golden locks are brushed and twined into tendril-like curls, and lo! the beautiful labor of love is finished. Baby is bathed and dressed for the day.





HORATIO ALGER.



S a writer of books at once entertaining and at the same time of a healthy and earnest character a parent cannot recommend to his boys a more wholesome author than Horatio Alger, Jr. Mr. Alger always writes with a careful regard to truth and to the right principles. His heroes captivate the imagination, but they do not inflame it, and they are generally worthy examples for the emulation of boys.

At the same time he is in no sense a preacher. His books have the true juvenile flavor and charm, and, like the sugar pills of the homœopathist, carry the good medicine of morality, bravery, industry, enterprise, honor—everything that goes to make up the true manly and noble character, so subtly woven into the thread of his interesting narrative that the reader without detecting its presence receives the wholesome benefit.

Mr. Alger became famous in the publication of that undying book, “Ragged Dick ; or, Street Life in New York.” It was his first book for young people, and its success was so great that he immediately devoted himself to writing for young people, which he has since continued. It was a new field for a writer when Mr. Alger began, and his treatment of it at once caught the fancy of the boys. “Ragged Dick” first appeared in 1868, and since then it has been selling steadily until now it is estimated that over two hundred thousand copies of the series have passed into circulation. Mr. Alger possesses in an eminent degree that sympathy with boys which a writer must have to meet with success. He is able to enter into their plans, hopes, and aspirations. He knows how to look upon life as they do. He writes straight at them as one from their ranks and not down upon them as a towering fatherly adviser. A boy’s heart naturally opens to a writer who understands him and makes a companion of him. This, we believe, accounts for the enormous sale of the books of this writer. We are told that about three-quarters of a million copies of his books have been sold and that all the large circulating libraries in the country have several complete sets of them, of which but few volumes are found on the shelves at one time.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was born in Revere, Massachusetts, January 13, 1834. He graduated at Harvard University in 1852, after which he spent several years in teaching and newspaper work. In 1864 he was ordained as a Unitarian minister and served a Massachusetts church for two years. It was in 1866 that he took up his residence in New York and became deeply interested in the street boys and exerted what influence he could to the bettering of their condition. His experience in this work furnished him with the information out of which grew many of his later writings.

To enumerate the various volumes published by this author would be tedious. They have generally been issued in series. Several volumes complete one subject or theme. His first published book was "Bertha's Christmas Vision" (1855). Succeeding this came "Nothing to Do," a tilt at our best society, in verse (1857); "Frank's Campaign; or, What a Boy Can Do" (1864); "Helen Ford," a novel, and also a volume of poems (1866). The "Ragged Dick" series began in 1868, and comprises six volumes. Succeeding this came "Tattered Tom," first and second series, comprising eight volumes. The entire fourteen volumes above referred to are devoted to New York street life of boys. "Ragged Dick" has served as a model for many a poor boy struggling upward, while the influence of Phil the fiddler in the "Tattered Tom" series is credited with having had much to do in the abolishment of the *padrone* system. The "Campaign Series" comprised three volumes; the "Luck and Pluck Series" eight; the "Brave and Bold" four; the "Pacific Series" four; the "Atlantic Series" four; "Way to Success" four; the "New World" three; the "Victory Series" three. All of these were published prior to 1896. Since the beginning of 1896 have appeared "Frank Hunter's Peril," "The Young Salesman" and other later works, all of which have met with the usual cordial reception accorded by the boys and girls to the books of this favorite author. It is perhaps but just to say, now that Oliver Optic is gone, that Mr. Alger has attained distinction as the most popular writer of books for boys in America, and perhaps no other writer for the young has ever stimulated and encouraged earnest boys in their efforts to rise in the world or so strengthened their will to persevere in well-doing, and at the same time written stories so real that every one, young and old, delights to read them. He not only writes interesting and even thrilling stories, but what is of very great importance, they are always clean and healthy.

HOW DICK BEGAN THE DAY.*

(FROM "RAGGED DICK; OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK.")



WAKE up, there, youngster," said a rough voice.

Ragged Dick opened his eyes slowly and stared stupidly in the face of the speaker, but did not offer to get up.

"Wake up, you young vagabond!" said the man a little impatiently; "I suppose you'd lay there all day if I hadn't called you."

"What time is it?" asked Dick.

Seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock! I oughter've been up an hour ago. I know what 'twas made me so precious sleepy. I went to the Old Bowery last night and didn't turn in till past twelve."

"You went to the Old Bowery? Where'd you get your money?" asked the man, who was a porter in the employ of a firm doing business on Spruce Street.

"Made it on shines, in course. My guardian don't allow me no money for theatres, so I have to earn it."

"Some boys get it easier than that," said the porter, significantly.

"You don't catch me stealing, if that's what you mean," said Dick.

"Don't you ever steal, then?"

"No, and I wouldn't. Lots of boys does it, but I wouldn't."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. I believe there's some good in you, Dick, after all."

"Oh, I'm a rough customer," said Dick. "But I wouldn't steal. It's mean."

"I'm glad you think so, Dick," and the rough voice sounded gentler than at first. "Have you got any money to buy your breakfast?"

"No; but I'll soon have some."

While this conversation had been going on Dick had got up. His bed-chamber had been a wooden box, half full of straw, on which the young boot-black had reposed his weary limbs and slept as soundly as if it had been a bed of down. He dumped down into the straw without taking the trouble of undressing. Getting up, too, was an equally short process. He jumped out of the box, shook himself, picked out one or two straws that had found their way into rents in his clothes, and, drawing a well-worn cap over his uncombed locks, he was all ready for the business of the day.

Dick's appearance, as he stood beside the box, was rather peculiar. His pants were torn in several places, and had apparently belonged in the first instance to a boy two sizes larger than himself. He wore a vest, all the buttons of which were gone except two, out of which peeped a shirt which looked as if it had been worn a month. To complete his costume he wore a coat too long for him, dating back, if one might judge from its general appearance, to a remote antiquity.

Washing the hands and face is usually considered proper in commencing the day; but Dick was above such refinement. He had no particular dislike to dirt, and did not think it necessary to remove several dark streaks on his face and hands. But in spite of his dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was attractive. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well-dressed he would have been decidedly good-looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired distrust; but Dick had a straightforward manner that made him a favorite.

Dick's business hours had commenced. He had no office to open. His little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all who passed, addressing each with, "Shine your boots, sir?"

"How much?" asked a gentleman on his way to his office.

"Ten cents," said Dick, dropping his box, and sinking upon his knees on the sidewalk, flourishing his brush with the air of one skilled in his profession.

"Ten cents! Isn't that a little steep?"

"Well, you know 'taint all clear profit," said Dick, who had already set to work. "There's the *blacking* costs something, and I have to get a new brush pretty often."

"And you have a large rent, too," said the gentleman, quizzically, with a glance at a large hole in Dick's coat.

"Yes, sir," said Dick, always ready for a joke; "I have to pay such a big rent for my manshun up on Fifth Avenue that I can't afford to take less than ten cents a shine. I'll give you a bully shine, sir."

"Be quick about it then, for I am in a hurry. So your house is on Fifth Avenue, is it?"

"It isn't anywhere else," said Dick, and Dick spoke the truth there.

"What tailor do you patronize?" asked the gentleman, surveying Dick's attire.

"Would you like to go to the same one?" asked Dick, shrewdly.

"Well, no; it strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit."

"This coat once belonged to General Washington," said Dick, comically. "He wore it all through the Revolution, and it got tore some, 'cause he fit so hard. When he died he told his widder to give it to some smart young fellow that hadn't got none of his own: so she gave it to me. But if you'd like it, sir, to remember General Washington by, I'll let you have it reasonable."

"Thank you, but I wouldn't like to deprive you of it. And did your pants come from General Washington, too?"

"No, they was a gift from Lewis Napoleon. Lewis had outgrown 'em and sent 'em to me; he's bigger than me, and that's why they don't fit."

"It seems you have distinguished friends. Now, my lad, I suppose you would like your money."

"I shouldn't have any objection," said Dick.

* * * * *

And now, having fairly introduced Ragged Dick to my young readers, I must refer them to the next chapter for his further adventures.



EDWARD S. ELLIS.

WRITER OF POPULAR BOOKS FOR BOYS.



EDWARD S. ELLIS is one of the most successful of the large group of men and women who have made it their principal business to provide delightful books for our young people.

Mr. Ellis is a native of northern Ohio, born in 1840, but has lived most of his life in New Jersey. At the age of seventeen, he began his successful career as a teacher and was attached for some years to the State Normal School of New Jersey, and was Trustee and Superintendent of the schools in the city of Trenton. He received the degree of A. M. from Princeton University on account of the high character of his historical text-books; but he is most widely known as a writer of books for boys. Of these, he has written about thirty and continues to issue two new ones each year, all of which are republished in London. His contributions to children's papers are so highly esteemed that the "Little Folks' Magazine," of London, pays him double the rates given to any other contributor. Mr. Ellis's School Histories have been widely used as text-books and he has also written two books on Arithmetic. He is now preparing "The Standard History of the United States."

Besides those already mentioned, the titles of which would make too long a list to be inserted here, he has written a great many miscellaneous books.

Mr. Ellis abounds in good nature and is a delightful companion, and finds in his home at Englewood, New Jersey, all that is necessary to the enjoyment of life.

THE SIGNAL FIRE.*

(FROM "STORM MOUNTAIN.")



ALBOT FROST paused on the crest of Storm Mountain and looked across the lonely Oakland Valley spread out before him.

He had traveled a clean hundred miles through the forest, swimming rapid streams, dodging Indians and Tories, and ever on the alert for his enemies, who were equally vigilant in their search for him.

He eluded them all, however, for Frost, grim and grizzled, was a veteran backwoodsman who had been a border scout for a score of years or more, and he knew all the tricks of the cunning Iroquois, whose ambition was to destroy every white person that could be reached with rifle, knife, or tomahawk.

Frost had been engaged on many duties for the leading American officers, but he was sure that to-day

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was the most important of all; for be it known that he carried, hidden in the heel of his shoe, a message in cipher from General George Washington himself.

Frost had been promised one hundred dollars in gold by the immortal leader of the American armies, if he would place the piece of cipher writing in the hands of Colonel Nick Hawley, before the evening of the tenth day of August, 1777.

To-day was the tenth, the afternoon was only half gone, and Fort Defiance, with its small garrison under the command of Hawley, was only a mile distant in Oakland Valley. The vale spread away for many leagues to the right and left, and was a couple of miles wide at the point where the small border settlement was planted, with its stockade fort and its dozen families clustered near.

"Thar's a good three hours of sunlight left," muttered the veteran, squinting one eye toward the sultry August sky, "and I orter tramp to the fort and back agin in half that time. I'll be thar purty quick, if none of the varmints trip me up, but afore leavin' this crest, I'd like to cotch the signal fire of young Roslyn from over yender."

General Washington considered the message to Colonel Hawley so important that he had sent it in duplicate; that is to say, two messengers concealed the cipher about their persons and set out by widely different routes to Fort Defiance, in Oakland Valley.

Since the distance was about the same, and it was not expected that there would be much variation in speed, it was believed that, barring accidents, the two would arrive in sight of their destination within a short time of each other.

The other messenger was Elmer Roslyn, a youth of seventeen, a native of Oakland, absent with his father in the Continental Army, those two being the only members of their family who escaped an Indian massacre that had burst upon the lovely settlement some months before.

It was agreed that whoever first reached the mountain crest should signal to the other by means of a small fire—large enough merely to send up a slight vapor that would show against the blue sky beyond.

The keen eyes of Talbot Frost roved along the rugged mountain-ridge a couple of miles distant, in search of the tell-tale signal. They followed the craggy crest a long distance to the north and south of

the point where Roslyn had promised to appear, but the clear summer air was unsustained by the least semblance of smoke or vapor. The day itself was of unusual brilliancy, not the least speck of a cloud being visible in the tinted sky.

"That Elmer Roslyn is a powerful pert young chap," said the border scout to himself. "I don't think I ever seed his ekal, and he can fight in battles jes' like his father, Captain Mart, that I've heerd Gineral Washington say was one of the best officers he's got; but thar's no sense in his puttin' himself agin an old campaignor like *me*. I don't s'pose he's within twenty mile of Oakland yit, and he won't have a chance to kindle that ere signal fire afore to-morrer. So I'll start mine, and in case he should accidentally reach the mountain-top over yender afore sundown, why he'll see what a foolish younker he was to butt agin *me*."

Talbot Frost knew that despite the perils through which he had forced his way to this spot, the greatest danger, in all probability, lay in the brief space separating him from Fort Defiance in the middle of the valley.

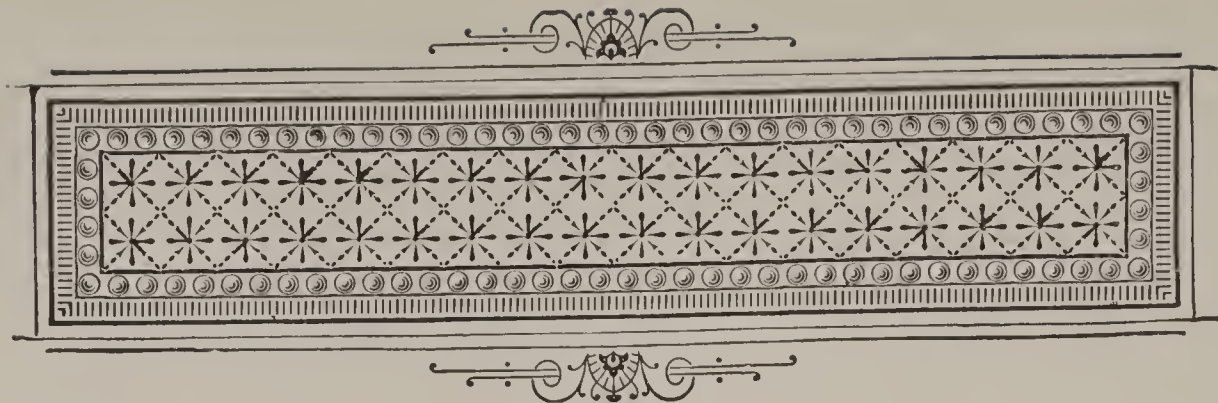
It was necessary, therefore, to use great care lest the signal fire should attract the attention of unfriendly eyes.

"I'll start a small one," he said, beginning to gather some dry twigs, "just enough for Elmer to obsarve by sarchin'—by the great Gineral Washington!"

To explain this exclamation of the old scout, I must tell you that before applying the flint and tinder to the crumpled leaves, Talbot Frost glanced across the opposite mountain-crest, two miles away.

As he did so he detected a fine, wavy column of smoke climbing from the rocks and trees. It was so faint that it was not likely to attract notice, unless a suspicious eye happened to look toward that part of the sky.

"By gracious! It's him!" he exclaimed, closing his mouth and resuming command of himself. "That ere young Roslyn is pearter than I thought; if he keeps on at this rate by the time he reaches my years he'll be the ekal of *me*—almost. Wall, I'll have to answer him; when we meet I'll explanify that I give him up, and didn't think it was wuth while to start a blaze."



MARTHA FINLEY.

THE GIRLS' FRIEND.



MARTHA FINLEY, author of the "Elsie Books," etc., amounting in all to about one hundred volumes, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, April 26, 1828, in the house of her grandfather, Major Samuel Finley, of the Virginia Cavalry, in the War of the Revolution, and a personal friend of Washington, who, while President, appointed him "Collector of Public Monies" for the Northwestern Territory of which Ohio was then a part. In the war of 1812-14 Major Finley marched to Detroit to the assistance of General Hull, at the head of a regiment of Ohio volunteers in which his eldest son, James Brown Finley, then a lad of eighteen, was a lieutenant. On Hull's disgraceful surrender those troops were paroled and returned to their homes in Ohio. James Finley afterwards became a physician and married his mother's niece, Maria Theresa Brown. Martha was their sixth child. In the spring of 1836 Dr. Finley left Ohio for South Bend, Indiana, where he resided until his death in 1851.

Something more than a year later Martha joined a widowed sister in New York city and resided there with her for about eighteen months. It was then and there she began her literary career by writing a newspaper story and a little Sunday-school book. But she was broken down in health and half blind from astigmatism; so bad a case that the oculist who years afterward measured her eyes for glasses, told her she would have been excusable had she said she could not do anything at all. But she loved books and would manage to read and write in spite of the difficulty of so doing; and a great difficulty it was, for in the midst of a long sentence the letters would seem to be thrown into confusion, and it was necessary to look away from the book or close her eyes for an instant before they would resume their proper positions.

But orphaned and dependent upon her own exertions, she struggled on, teaching and writing, living sometimes in Philadelphia with a stepmother who was kind enough to give her a home, sometimes in Phoenixville, Pa., where she taught a little select school. It was there she began the Elsie Series which have proved her most successful venture in literature. The twenty-second volume, published in 1897, is entitled *Elsie at Home*. The author has again and again proposed to end the series, thinking it long enough, but public and publishers have insisted upon another and yet another volume. The books have sold so well that they have made



MARTHA FINLEY
AUTHOR OF
ELSIE SERIES



EDWARD S. ELLIS
AUTHOR OF
YOUNG PIONEER SERIES



HORATIO ALGER JR.
AUTHOR OF
RAGGED DICK SERIES



"OLIVER OPTIC"
THE BOYS FRIEND



LOUISA M. ALCOTT
AUTHOR OF *LITTLE WOMEN*



SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT
GRACE GREENWOOD

POPULAR WRITERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

her a lovely home in Elkton, Maryland, whither she removed in 1876 and still resides, and to yield her a comfortable income.

But her works are not all juveniles. "Wanted a Pedigree," and most of the other works in the Finley Series are for adults, and though not so very popular as the Elsie Books, still have steady sales though nearly all have been on the market for more than twenty years.

ELSIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.*

(FROM "ELSIE DINSMORE.")



HE school-room at Roselands was a very pleasant apartment. Within sat Miss Day with her pupils, six in number.

"Young ladies and gentlemen," said she, looking at her watch, "I shall leave you to your studies for an hour; at the end of which time I shall return to hear your recitations, when those who have attended properly to their duties will be permitted to ride out with me to visit the fair."

"Oh! that will be jolly!" exclaimed Arthur, a bright-eyed, mischief-loving boy of ten.

"Hush!" said Miss Day sternly; "let me hear no more such exclamations; and remember that you will not go unless your lessons are thoroughly learned. Louise and Lora," addressing two young girls of the respective ages of twelve and fourteen, "that French exercise must be perfect, and your English lessons as well. Elsie," to a little girl of eight, sitting alone at a desk near one of the windows, and bending over a slate with an appearance of great industry, "every figure of that example must be correct, your geography lesson recited perfectly, and a page in your copy-book written without a blot."

"Yes, ma'am," said the child meekly, raising a pair of large soft eyes of the darkest hazel for an instant to her teacher's face, and then dropping them again upon her slate.

"And see that none of you leave the room until I return," continued the governess. "Walter, if you miss one word of that spelling, you will have to stay at home and learn it over."

"Unless mamma interferes, as she will be pretty sure to do," muttered Arthur, as the door closed on Miss Day, and her retreating footsteps were heard passing down the hall.

For about ten minutes after her departure, all was

quiet in the school-room, each seemingly completely absorbed in study. But at the end of that time Arthur sprang up, and, flinging his book across the room, exclaimed, "There! I know my lesson; and if I didn't, I shouldn't study another bit for old Day, or Night either."

"Do be quiet, Arthur," said his sister Louise; "I can't study in such a racket."

Arthur stole on tiptoe across the room, and coming up behind Elsie, tickled the back of her neck with a feather.

She started, saying in a pleading tone, "Please, Arthur, don't."

"It pleases me to do," he said, repeating the experiment.

Elsie changed her position, saying in the same gentle, persuasive tone, "O Arthur! *please* let me alone, or I never shall be able to do this example."

"What! all this time on one example! you ought to be ashamed. Why, I could have done it half a dozen times over."

"I have been over and over it," replied the little girl in a tone of despondency, "and still there are two figures that will not come right."

"How do you know they are not right, little puss?" shaking her curls as he spoke.

"Oh! please, Arthur, don't pull my hair. I have the answer—that's the way I know."

Well, then, why don't you just set the figures down. I would."

"Oh! no, indeed; that would not be honest."

"Pooh! nonsense! nobody would be the wiser, nor the poorer."

"No, but it would be just like telling a lie. But I can never get it right while you are bothering me so," said Elsie, laying her slate aside in despair. Then

taking out her geography, she began studying most diligently. But Arthur continued his persecutions—tickling her, pulling her hair, twitching the book out of her hand, and talking almost incessantly, making remarks, and asking questions; till at last Elsie said, as if just ready to cry, “Indeed, Arthur, if you don’t let me alone, I shall never be able to get my lessons.”

“Go away, then; take your book out on the veranda, and learn your lessons there,” said Louise. “I’ll call you when Miss Day comes.”

“Oh! no, Louise, I cannot do that, because it would be disobedience,” replied Elsie, taking out her writing materials.

Arthur stood over her criticising every letter she made, and finally jogged her elbow in such a way as to cause her to drop all the ink in her pen upon the paper, making quite a large blot.

“Oh!” cried the little girl, bursting into tears, “now I shall lose my ride, for Miss Day will not let me go; and I was so anxious to see all those beautiful flowers.”

Arthur, who was really not very vicious, felt some compunction when he saw the mischief he had done. “Never mind, Elsie,” said he, “I can fix it yet. Just let me tear out this page, and you can begin again on the next, and I’ll not bother you. I’ll make these two figures come right, too,” he added, taking up her slate.

“Thank you, Arthur,” said the little girl, smiling through her tears; “you are very kind, but it would not be honest to do either, and I had rather stay at home than be deceitful.”

“Very well, miss,” said he, tossing his head, and walking away, “since you won’t let me help you, it is all your own fault if you have to stay at home.”

Elsie finished her page, and, excepting the unfortunate blot, it all looked very neat indeed, showing plainly that it had been written with great care. She then took up her slate and patiently went over and over every figure of the troublesome example, trying to discover where her mistake had been. But much time had been lost through Arthur’s teasing, and her mind was so disturbed by the accident to her writing that she tried in vain to fix it upon the business in hand; and before the two troublesome figures had been made right, the hour was past and Miss Day returned.

“Oh!” thought Elsie, “if she will only hear the

others first;” but it was a vain hope. Miss Day had no sooner seated herself at her desk than she called, “Elsie, come here and say that lesson; and bring your copy-book and slate, that I may examine your work.”

Elsie tremblingly obeyed.

The lesson, though a difficult one, was very tolerably recited; for Elsie, knowing Arthur’s propensity for teasing, had studied it in her own room before school hours. But Miss Day handed back the books with a frown, saying, “I told you the recitation must be perfect, and it was not. There are two incorrect figures in this example,” said she, laying down the slate, after glancing over its contents. Then taking up the copy-book, she exclaimed, “Careless, disobedient child! did I not caution you to be careful not to blot your book? There will be no ride for you this morning. You have failed in everything. Go to your seat. Make that example right, and do the next; learn your geography lesson over, and write another page in your copy-book; and mind, if there is a blot on it, you will get no dinner.”

Weeping and sobbing, Elsie took up her books and obeyed.

During this scene Arthur stood at his desk pretending to study, but glancing every now and then at Elsie, with a conscience evidently ill at ease. She cast an imploring glance at him, as she returned to her seat; but he turned away his head, muttering, “It’s all her own fault, for she wouldn’t let me help her.”

As he looked up again, he caught his sister Lora’s eyes fixed on him with an expression of scorn and contempt. He colored violently, and dropped his upon his book.

“Miss Day,” said Lora, indignantly, “I see Arthur does not mean to speak, and as I cannot bear to see such injustice, I must tell you that it is all his fault that Elsie has failed in her lessons; for she tried her very best, but he teased her incessantly, and also jogged her elbow and made her spill the ink on her book; and to her credit she was too honorable to tear out the leaf from her copy-book, or to let him make her example right; both which he very generously proposed doing after causing all the mischief.”

“Is this so, Arthur?” asked Miss Day, angrily. The boy hung his head, but made no reply.

"Very well, then," said Miss Day, "you too must stay at home."

"Surely," said Lora, in surprise, "you will not keep Elsie, since I have shown you that she was not to blame."

"Miss Lora," replied her teacher, haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I am not to be dictated to by my pupils."

Lora bit her lip, but said nothing, and Miss Day went on hearing the lessons without further remark.

In the meantime the little Elsie sat at her desk, striving to conquer the feelings of anger and indignation that were swelling in her breast; for Elsie, though she possessed much of "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," was not yet perfect, and often had a fierce contest with her naturally quick temper. Yet it was seldom, very seldom that word or tone or look betrayed the existence of such feelings; and it was a common remark in the family that Elsie had no spirit.

The recitations were scarcely finished when the door opened and a lady entered dressed for a ride.

"Not through yet, Miss Day?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, we are just done," replied the teacher, closing the French grammar and handing it to Louise.

"Well, I hope your pupils have all done their duty this morning, and are ready to accompany us to the fair," said Mrs. Dinsmore. "But what is the matter with Elsie?"

"She has failed in all her exercises, and therefore has been told that she must remain at home," replied Miss Day with heightened color and in a tone of

anger; "and as Miss Lora tells me that Master Arthur was partly the cause, I have forbidden him also to accompany us."

"Excuse me, Miss Day, for correcting you," said Lora, a little indignantly; "but I did not say *partly*, for I am sure it was *entirely* his fault."

"Hush, hush, Lora," said her mother, a little impatiently; "how can you be sure of any such thing; Miss Day, I must beg of you to excuse Arthur this once, for I have quite set my heart on taking him along. He is fond of mischief, I know, but he is only a child, and you must not be too hard upon him."

"Very well, madam," replied the governess stiffly, "you have of course the best right to control your own children."

Mrs. Dinsmore turned to leave the room.

"Mamma," asked Lora, "is not Elsie to be allowed to go too?"

"Elsie is not my child, and I have nothing to say about it. Miss Day, who knows all the circumstances, is much better able than I to judge whether or no she is deserving of punishment," replied Mrs. Dinsmore, sailing out of the room.

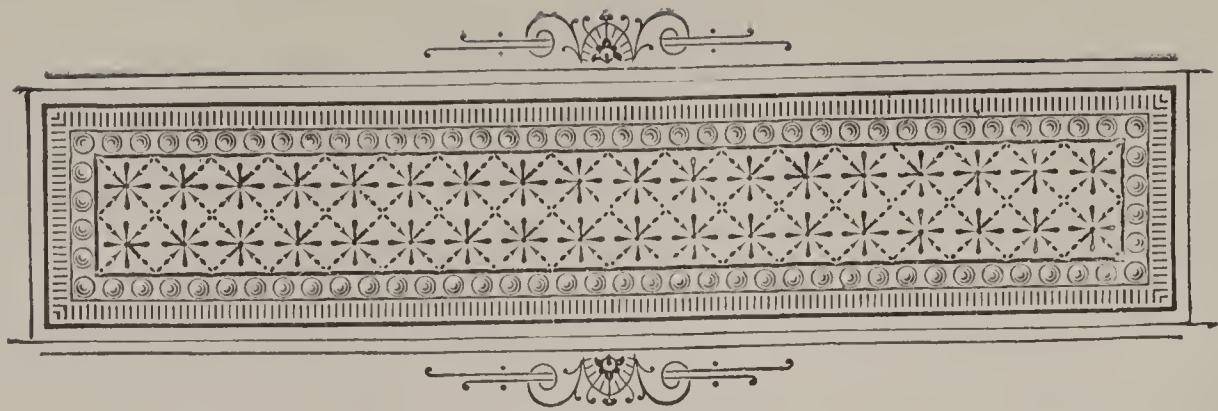
"You will let her go, Miss Day?" said Lora, inquiringly.

"Miss Lora," replied Miss Day, angrily, "I have already told you I was not to be dictated to. I have said Elsie must remain at home, and I shall not break my word."

"Such injustice!" muttered Lora, turning away.

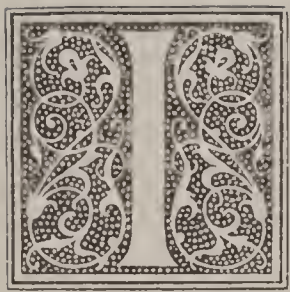
Miss Day hastily quitted the room, followed by Louise and Lora, and Elsie was left alone.





MARY MAPES DODGE,

EDITOR OF "ST. NICHOLAS" MAGAZINE.



It would be difficult to name a writer of later years who has done more to delight the children with bright and chatty sunny-day stories than this estimable woman. While her mind has all the maturity, power, good judgment and strength of our best writers, her heart seems never to have grown out of the happy realm of childhood. It is for them that she thinks, and it is for them that she writes her charming stories when she is in her happiest moods. Not that she cannot write for grown up people, for she has given them several books—very good ones too. She edited "Hearth and Home" at one time, and many a mother remembers her good advice in bright and cheerful editorials, on the art of home-making, and on the care and training of children. She is also a humorous writer of considerable ability. "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question" is one of her most amusing sketches. Mary Mapes was born in New York city, in 1838. Prof. James Mapes, the scientist, was her father. She married Mr. William Dodge, a lawyer, who lived only a few years, and it was after his death that she began to write for the "Hearth and Home" to which Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe were at that time, also, contributors.

In 1864 Mrs. Dodge's first volume entitled, "Irving Stories," for children, appeared. It met with great success, and in 1865 she issued her second volume, "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," a charming story for boys and girls. The scene was laid in Holland. The book was so popular that it was translated into French, German, Dutch, Russian and other languages and became a little classic. She wrote a number of other books, among which are "A Few Friends, and How They Amused Themselves" (1869); "Rhymes and Jingles" (1874); "Theophilus and Others;" "Along the Way," a volume of poems, and "Donald and Dorothy."

In 1873 the "St. Nicholas" Magazine for young folks was commenced and Mrs. Dodge was made its editor, which position she still retains in 1897, and its popularity and brightness have given her a permanent place in the hearts of the boys and girls for the last quarter century.

Mrs. Dodge has long been a leader in the literary and artistic circles in New York, where she has a pleasant home. She had two fine boys of her own and it is said her first stories were written for their amusement. One of her sons died in 1881. The other, a successful inventor and manufacturer, lives in Philadelphia.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.*

(FROM "DONALD AND DOROTHY.")



JUST as Donald and Dorothy were about to end the outdoor visit to the Danbys, described in our last chapter, Coachman Jack was seen in a neighboring field, trying to catch Mr. Reed's spirited mare, "Lady," that had been let out to have a run. He had already approached her without difficulty and slipped a bridle over her head, but she had started away from him, and he, feeling that she had been allowed playtime enough, was now bent on recapturing her.

Instantly a dozen Danby eyes were watching them with intense interest. Then Donald and Ben, not being able to resist the impulse, scampered over to join in the race, closely followed by Dan and Fandy. Gregory, too, would have gone, but Charity called him back.

It was a superb sight to see the spirited animal, one moment standing motionless at a safe distance from Jack, and the next, leaping about the field, mane and tail flying, and every action telling of a defiant enjoyment of freedom. Soon, two grazing horses in the same field caught her spirit; even Don's pony, at first looking soberly over a hedge in the adjoining lot, began frisking and capering about on his own account, dashing past an opening in the hedge as though it were as solid a barrier as the rest. Nor were Jack and the boys less frisky. Coaxing and shouting had failed, and now it was an open chase, in which, for a time, the mare certainly had the advantage. But what animal is proof against its appetite? Clever little Fandy had rushed to Mr. Reed's barn, and brought back in his hat a light lunch of oats for the mare, which he at once bore into her presence, shaking it temptingly, at the same time slowly backing away from her. The little midget and his hatful succeeded, where big man and boys had failed. The mare came cautiously up and was about to put her nose into the cap, when Jack's stealthy and sudden effort to seize the bridle made her start sidewise away from him. But here Donald leaped forward at the other side, and caught her before she had time to escape again.

Jack was too proud of Don's quickness to appear surprised; so, disregarding the hilarious shout of the Danby boys, he took the bridle from the young master

with an off-hand air, and led the now gentle animal quietly towards the stable.

But Dorothy was there before him. Out of breath after her brisk run, she was panting and tugging at a dusty side-saddle hanging in the harness-room, when Jack and the mare drew near.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "help me to get this down! I mean to have some fun. I'm going to ride that mare back to the field!"

"Not you, Miss Dorry!" exclaimed Jack. "Take your own pony, an' your own saddle, an' it's a go; but this 'ere mare'd be on her beam ends with you in no time.

"Oh, no, she wouldn't, Jack! She knows me perfectly. Don't you, Lady? Oh, do, Jack! That's a good Jack. *Please* let me! Don's there, you know."

Dorry said this as if Don were a regiment. By this time, the side-saddle, yielding to her vigorous efforts, had clattered down from its peg, with a peculiar buckle-and-leathery noise of its own.

"Won't you, Jack? Ah, *won't* you?"

"No, miss, I won't!" said Jack, resolutely.

"Why, Jack, I've been on her before. Don't you know? There isn't a horse on the place that could throw me. Uncle said so. Don't you remember?"

"So he did!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling proudly. "The Capt'n said them very words. An'," glancing weakly at the mare, "she's standin' now like a skiff in a calm. Not a breath in her sails—"

"Oh, do—*do*, Jack!" coaxed Dorry, seizing her advantage, "quick! They're all in the lot yet. Here, put it on her!"

"I'm an old fool," muttered Jack to himself, as, hindered by Dorry's busy touches, he proceeded to saddle the subdued animal; "but I can't never refuse her nothin'—that's where it is. Easy now, miss!" as Dorry, climbing up on the feed-box in laughing excitement, begged him to hurry and let her mount. "Easy now. There! You're on. high and dry. Here" (tugging at the girth), "let me tauten up a bit! Steady now! Don't try no capers with her, Miss Dorry, and come back in a minute. Get up, Lady!—get up!"

The mare left the stable so slowly and unwillingly,

that Jack slapped her flank gently as she moved off. Jog jog went Lady out through the wide stable doorway, across the yard into the open field. Dorry, hastily arranging her skirts and settling herself comfortably upon the grand but dingy saddle (it had been Aunt Kate's in the days gone by), laughed to herself, thinking how astonished they all must be to see her riding Lady back to them. For a moment she playfully pretended to be unconscious of their gaze. Then she looked up.

Poor Dorry! Not a boy, not even Donald, had remained in the field! He and the little Danbys were listening to one of Ben's stories of adventure. Even the two horses and Don's pony were quietly nosing the dry grass in search of green tufts.

"I don't care," she murmured gayly, overcoming her disappointment. "I mean to have a ride, any way. Get up, Lady!"

Lady *did* get up. She shook her head, pricked up her ears, and started off at a beautiful canter across the fields.

"How lovely!" thought Dorry, especially pleased at that moment to see several figures coming toward her from the Danby yard; "it's just like flying!"

Whether Lady missed her master's firm grip upon the rein, or whether she guessed her rider's thought, and was inspired by the sudden shouts and hurrahs of the approaching boys, can never be known. Certain it is that by the next moment Dorry, on Lady's back, was flying in earnest,—flying at great speed round and round the field, but with never an idea of falling off. Her first feeling was that her uncle and Jack wouldn't be pleased if they knew the exact character of the ride. Next came a sense of triumph, because she felt that Don and the rest were seeing it all, and then a wild consciousness that her hat was off, her hair streaming to the wind, and that she was keeping her seat for dear life.

Lady's canter had become a run, and the run soon grew into a series of leaps. Still Dorry kept her seat. Young as she was, she was a fearless rider, and at first, as we have seen, rather enjoyed the prospect of a tussle with Lady. But as the speed increased, Dorry found herself growing deaf, dumb and blind in the breathless race. Still, if she could only hold on, all would be well; she certainly could not consent to be conquered before "those boys."

Lady seemed to go twenty feet in the air at every leap. There was no merry shouting now. The little boys stood pale and breathless. Ben, trying to hold Don back, was wondering what was to be done, and Charity was wringing her hands.

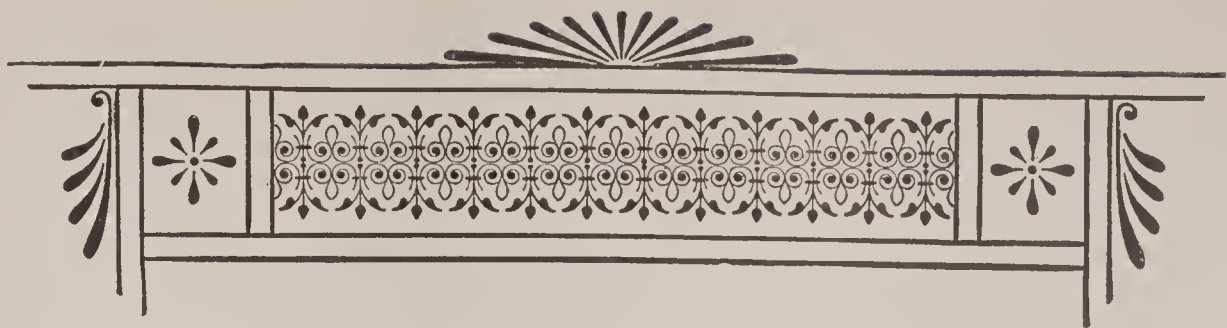
"Oh, oh! She'll be thrown!" cried the girls.

"Not a bit of it!" insisted Donald. "I've seen Dot on a horse before." But his looks betrayed his anxiety. "See! the mare's trying to throw her now! But she can't do it—she can't do it! Dot understands herself, I tell you,—Whoa-o!—Let me go!" and, breaking from Ben, he tore across the field, through the opening in the hedge, and was on his pony's back in a twinkling. How he did it, he never knew. He had heard Dorry scream, and somehow that scream made him and his pony one. Together, they flew over the field; with a steady, calm purpose, they cut across Lady's course, and soon were at her side. Donald's "Hold on, Dot!" was followed by his quick plunge toward the mare. It seemed that she certainly would ride over him, but he never faltered. Grasping his pony's mane with one hand, he clutched Lady's bridle with the other. The mare plunged, but the boy's grip was as firm as iron. Though almost dragged from his seat, he held on, and the more she struggled, the harder he tugged,—the pony bearing itself nobly, and quivering in eager sympathy with Donald's every movement. Jack and Ben were now tearing across the field, bent on rescue; but they were not needed. Don was master of the situation. The mare, her frolic over, had yielded with superb grace, almost as if with a bow, and the pony was rubbing its nose against her steaming side.

"Good for you, Dot!" was Donald's first word. "You held on magnificently."

Dorothy stroked Lady's hot neck, and for a moment could not trust herself to look up. But when Jack half-pulled, half-lifted her from the saddle, and she felt the firm earth beneath her, she tottered and would have fallen, had not Donald, frightened at her white face, sprung to the ground just in time to support her.

"Shiver my timbers!" growled Jack, "if ever I let youngsters have their way again!" But his eyes shone with a strange mixture of self-reproach and satisfaction as he looked at Dorry.



HORACE GREELEY,

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN JOURNALISM.



THE men of whom we love to read are those who stand for some great principle, whose lives and deeds exemplify its power. When we think of patriotism, the figure of Washington rises before us, as the man whose life, above all others, was controlled by pure love of country. Practical wisdom, shrewdness, and thrift are embodied in Benjamin Franklin. Astor and Girard represent the power of accumulation; Stewart, Carnegie, and Pullman, the power of organization; and so, when we consider the power of the press, the image which comes up before our mental view is that of Horace Greeley. In almost every personal quality there have been men who far surpassed him,—men who were greater as politicians, as organizers, as statesmen, as speakers, as writers,—but in the one respect of influencing public opinion through the press, of “making his mind the mind of other men,” no man in America has ever wielded such power as the great editor and founder of the New York “Tribune.”

Horace Greeley was one of the poor country boys who have afterward become the bone and sinew of the Republic. He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1811. His father, Zaccheus Greeley, was a struggling farmer. He moved to Vermont in 1821, and a few years later to the western part of Pennsylvania. Horace was a precocious child; and his mother, Mary Woodburn, who was of Scotch-Irish stock, used to recite to him ballads and stories, so that he really acquired a taste for literature before the age at which many children conquer the alphabet.

In his fifteenth year Horace felt that he could endure farming no longer, and at last procured from his father a reluctant consent that he should definitely seek employment as a printer. He found the longed-for opportunity at East Poultney, Vermont, in the office of the “Northern Spectator.”

In 1830, before Horace’s apprenticeship ended, the “Spectator” collapsed, and he was again set adrift. His father had removed to Western Pennsylvania, and the boy turned his face in that direction. After working for a few months on different country papers, he resolved to try his fortune in New York, and went to that city in August, 1831.

After two years of labor as a printer, so arduous that during much of the time it extended to fourteen hours a day, Mr. Greeley commenced his first editorial work upon a weekly paper called the “New Yorker” of which he was part owner and which lasted until March, 1841, when it went under, with a credit on its books of

\$10,000 due to Mr. Greeley for editing the paper, all of which was sunk with the wreck.

In the famous campaign of 1840, when Harrison was "sung and shouted into the presidential chair," Greeley started a small weekly called the "Log Cabin." He threw all his spirit and energy into it; he made it lively, crisp, and cheap. It attained an almost unheard-of success, reaching editions of eighty and ninety thousand. It was continued for several months after the triumphant election of Harrison, and then merged into the New York "Tribune," which Greeley started at this time, the first issue appearing April 10, 1841.

The new enterprise soon became successful. It was helped at the start by a bitter attack from the "Sun," then in the hands of Moses Y. Beach. The defense and rejoinders were equally pungent and amusing. Mr. Greeley always throve best upon opposition. His spicy retorts, and especially his partisan enthusiasm, forced the attention of the public, and the subscription-list of the "Tribune" soon rose from hundreds to thousands; by the third week in May it had 10,000 names on its books.

One thing in particular gave the "Tribune" eminence; that was Greeley's policy of employing as contributors the best writers of the time. To name all the able men and women who thus won fame for both themselves and the "Tribune," would make a list too long to print; but among them may be mentioned Bayard Taylor, whose "Views Afoot" first appeared in the form of letters to the "Tribune;" Margaret Fuller, whose articles gave her a wide reputation; George Ripley, Moncure D. Conway, Sydney Howard Gay, and George W. Smalley; and for years Thomas Hughes, the popular author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," sent frequent and able letters from London. The result of this liberal policy was to make the "Tribune" indispensable to people of intelligence, even though utterly opposed to its political views.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress, but his strength was as a journalist, not as a legislator. At the close of his brief term he retired from Congress, and during the stormy decade preceding the Civil War he made the "Tribune" a mighty power. He warmly espoused the cause of freedom, and denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the endless aggressions of the slave power with a vigor and pertinacity which made him one of the best-hated men in America. His course was not always consistent; and he often brought upon his head the wrath of friends as well as enemies. Moreover, in the conduct of a great daily paper much must be left to the judgment of subordinates; and all their mistakes were, of course, laid to the charge of their chief. Many of the old readers of the "Tribune" supposed that every line in the paper was actually written by Horace Greeley. He rarely took the trouble to justify or explain; and, therefore, while in one sense one of the best-known men in the country, he was one of the most misunderstood. Mr. Greeley had no time or thought for personal explanations; he was bent upon saving the country,—individuals could take care of themselves.

During the war Mr. Greeley's course was somewhat erratic and unstable, but he kept a hold upon a large class of readers who believed in him, to whom he was a mental and moral lawgiver, who refused to believe any evil of him; and, if some visitor to the city—for a large proportion of "Tribune" readers were country, and particularly Western, people—on coming back, reported that in an interview with Mr.

Greeley the editor had indulged in unlimited profanity, the unlucky individual was incontinently discredited and voted a calumniator.

In the years following the war, Greeley's pen was more busy than ever. Beside his editorial writing in the "Tribune," he prepared the second volume of his war history, "The American Conflict," and his delightful autobiography, "Recollections of a Busy Life." He was always intensely interested in the growth of the West, where he had made a memorable tour in 1859, extending to Salt Lake City; and now he unceasingly advocated western emigration. His terse advice, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," became a sort of national watchword, and many thousands of Eastern people resolved to turn their faces toward the empire of the West.

In 1872 a curious political combination was made. Probably such a surprise was never sprung upon the country as the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency, by a convention of "Liberal Republicans" and bolting Democrats. That he should be defeated at the polls was inevitable. He worked hard through the canvass, traveling and addressing meetings; body and mind suffered from the fatigue and excitement. To add to his troubles, Mrs. Greeley, who had been out of health for a considerable time, died at this period; his health gave way; he became unable to sleep; and sleeplessness was followed by inflammation of the brain, which soon ended his life.

Horace Greeley sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island, on a hill overlooking the beautiful bay of New York, and within sight of the great city where his busy life was spent.

A DEBTOR'S SLAVERY.

(FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.")

THE *New Yorker* was issued under my supervision, its editorials written, its selections made for the most part by me, for seven years and a half from March 22, 1834. Though not calculated to enlist partisanship, or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to 9,000; and it might under better business management (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time), have proved profitable and permanent. That it did not was mainly owing to these circumstances: 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as it should have been. 2. It was never really published, though it had half-a-dozen nominal publishers in succession. 3. It was sent to subscribers on credit, and a large share of them never paid for it, and never will, while the cost of collecting from others ate up the proceeds. 4. The machinery of railroads, expresses, news companies, news offices, etc., whereby literary periodicals are now mainly disseminated, did not then exist. I believe that just such a paper issued to-day, properly published and advertised, would obtain a circulation of 100,000 in less time than was required to give the *New Yorker* scarcely a tithe of that aggregate, and would make money for its owners, instead of nearly starving them, as mine did. I was worth at least \$1,500 when it was started; I worked hard and lived frugally throughout its existence; it subsisted for the first two years on the profits of our job-work; when I, deeming it established, dissolved with my partner, he taking the jobbing business and I the *New Yorker*, which held its own pretty fairly thenceforth till the commercial revulsion of 1837 swept over the land, whelming it and me in the general ruin.

I had married in 1836, deeming myself worth \$5,000, and the master of a business which would


thenceforth yield me for my labor at least \$1,000 per annum; but, instead of that, or of any income at all, I found myself obliged throughout 1837 to confront a net loss of about \$100 per week—my income averaging \$100, and my inevitable expenses \$200. It was in vain that I appealed to delinquents to pay up; many of them migrated; some died; others were so considerate as to order the paper stopped, but very few of these paid; and I struggled on against a steadily rising tide of adversity that might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I call on this or that friend with intent to solicit a small loan to meet some demand that could no longer be postponed nor evaded, and, after wasting a precious hour, leave him, utterly unable to broach the loathsome topic. I have borrowed \$500 of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him \$5 for the use of it till Monday morning, when I somehow contrived to return it. Most gladly would I have terminated the struggle by a surrender; but, if I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have paid money for my weekly supply of paper—so that would have availed nothing. To have stopped my journal (for I could not give it away) would have left me in debt, beside my notes for paper, from fifty cents to two dollars each, to at least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance; and that is the worst kind of bankruptcy. If anyone would have taken my business and debts off my hands, upon my giving him my note for \$2,000, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type, if nothing better offered. If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than \$5,000 to \$7,000, I have only to say that even \$1,000 of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfil every engagement yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged, and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horrors of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for a five years' struggle with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of

trusting friends—promising to return or pay for it when required—and had betrayed this confidence through insolvency.

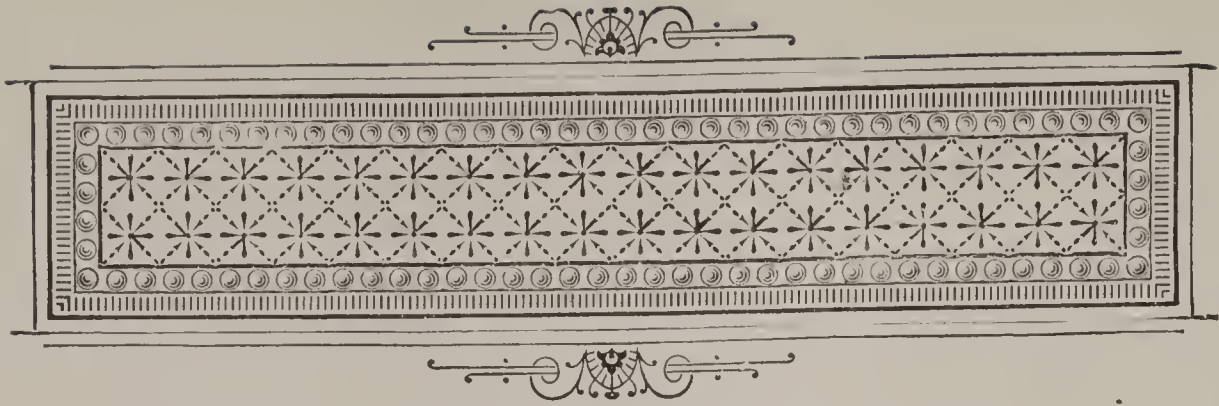
I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would "go into business"—that is, into debt—tomorrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shinning," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt.

Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—"Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!" Of course I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations, and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all that he owes; I speak of *real* debt—which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.

THE PRESS.

ONG slumbered the world in the darkness
 of error,
 And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a
 pall;
 To the sceptre and crown men abased them in terror,
 Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall;
 When a voice, like the earthquake's, revealed the
 dishonor—
 A flash, like the lightning's, unsealed every eye,
 And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
 While round it men gathered to conquer or die!
 'Twas the voice of the Press, on the startled ear
 breaking,
 In giant-born prowess, like Pallas of old;
 'Twas the flash of intelligence, gloriously waking
 A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold,
 And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
 Sought a lasting retreat from its powerful control,
 And the chains which bound nations in ages
 benighted,
 Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the mole.
 Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of Freedom!
 Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of
 truth;
 We pledge to her cause (and she has but to need
 them),
 The strength of our manhood, the fire of our
 youth;
 Should despots e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
 Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
 We pledge that the earth shall close o'er our
 deploring,
 Or view her in gladness and freedom again.
 But no!—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
 A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds,
 And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
 Her champion who triumphs—her martyr who
 bleeds;
 And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
 While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
 Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong
 emotion,
 And the earth echoes deep with "Long Life to
 the Press!"





CHARLES A. DANA.

THE FAMOUS EDITOR OF THE "SUN."



HE man who with Greeley made the New York "Tribune" one of the greatest powers in the land, and who, from 1868 to 1897, was the chief and managing editor of the New York "Sun," is certainly entitled to rank among our foremost men. Charles A. Dana lived a remarkable life, a life of strenuous effort and of continuous and notable achievement. He was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1819, but his early life was passed at the village of Gaines, in Western New York, in Buffalo, and at Guildhall, Vermont. One of his earliest recollections was of being tied to a post with his mother's garter because he had run away and gotten himself very muddy, thus displaying, at three years old, the restless spirit of enterprise which did much to make him the man he was. When he was eleven years old he returned to Buffalo to be a clerk in his uncle's dry goods store. He was very successful as a salesman, and remained in the establishment until the failure of the business, in 1837, when he determined to prepare himself for college. He said that he found the elements of Latin very hard and disagreeable work, and he had the greatest difficulty in remembering the paradigms. Two winter terms at a country school, in his early boyhood, and two years at Harvard completed Mr. Dana's systematic education, as too close application affected his eyesight, and he was obliged to withdraw from college at the end of his sophomore year. He had cultivated such a taste for languages, however, that no year since passed which he did not devote in part to serious study, and he became master of most spoken languages except the Slavonic and Oriental, and he began, at the age of seventy-five, the study of Russian. Harvard College afterward conferred upon him the degree which he was prevented from earning in the regular way, and is proud to count him among her most honored sons.

After leaving college Mr. Dana joined that remarkable body of men and women who conducted the Brook Farm experiment. He distinguished himself as one of the very few practical men among that band of philosophers, and gained, while at Brook Farm, a little experience in the newspaper business in conducting a publication known as "The Harbinger," which was the organ of the association.

In 1844 his eyes had sufficiently recovered to enable him to do regular work, and he obtained employment under Elizur Wright, better known as an insurance actuary than as an editor, but who then conducted "The Chronotype," an orthodox newspaper, which was a great favorite with the Congregational ministers of New

England. Mr. Wright used to enjoy telling how "Dana always had a weakness for giving people with fixed convictions something new to think about," and how he illustrated this weakness during the absence of his chief by writing strong editorials against the doctrine of a bill. This piece of enterprise involved the editor-in-chief in the labor of writing a personal letter to each of his ministerial subscribers, and to many others explaining how the paper "had been left in charge of a young man without mellow journalistic experience." Mr. Dana's compensation was five dollars per week, and at this amount it remained until 1847, when he joined the staff of the New York "Tribune" at ten dollars, a figure which was gradually increased to fifty dollars, which was the highest salary he ever received on the "Tribune." Many delightful stories are told of the intercourse of Dana and Greeley. The part they took in politics, the fight against slavery, the organization of the Republican Party, Mr. Dana's loyal support of Greeley's aspirations for political preferment, all these are a part of the political history of our country. Just before joining the "Tribune" staff Mr. Dana was married to Miss Eunice MacDaniel, of New York. Of his delight in family life no testimony can be stronger than his own words written during a brief interval of leisure: "I have been busy with my children, drawing them about in old Bradley's one-horse wagon, rowing and sailing with them on the bay and sound, gathering shells on the shore with them, picking cherries, lounging on the grass with the whole tribe about me. There's no delight like that in a pack of young children of your own. . . . A house without a baby is inhuman."

During these busy years Mr. Dana, together with Mr. Ripley, edited "The American Cyclopaedia," a work which is a monument of his care and learning and patient labor; and he also prepared and published a "Household Book of Poetry," one of the very best collections of its kind, and one which has found its way into a very large number of American homes and contributed in no small measure to further the cause of good literature. In 1862 there came about a radical difference between Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana as to the proper policy of the "Tribune" in regard to the war. The result was Mr. Dana's withdrawal from the paper. He was immediately asked by Mr. Stanton to audit a large number of disputed claims in the quartermaster's office at Cairo. This led to his appointment as Assistant Secretary of War, which position he held until the end of the Rebellion. About one-third of his time during this period was spent with the armies at the front. In this way he served as the confidential agent of the administration, and was once styled by Mr. Lincoln "the eyes of the Government at the front." His reports were remarkable for their unconventional form, their brevity, and the completeness and accuracy with which they placed Stanton and Lincoln in possession of the exact facts. "Miles of customary military reports," says a recent writer, "were worth less to Lincoln than half a dozen of Dana's vivid sentences."

After the close of the war Mr. Dana spent one year in Chicago as editor of "The Republican." He had been deceived about the financial basis of the enterprise, and was in no way responsible for its failure. Returning to New York, he organized the company which purchased the old "Sun" property, and started the paper on a long career of success and of influence. He was probably the most independent man who ever managed a great newspaper. He possessed the power of working without

that conscious effort which characterizes the activity of most men, and which seems to be the source of so many early break-downs. He was not easily disturbed. At the "Sun" office, they like to tell a doubtful story of the old days when the work of the paper was conducted in four small rooms. The city editor came hurriedly in exclaiming, "Mr. Dana, there's a man out there with a cocked revolver. He is very much excited. He insists on seeing the editor-in-chief." "Is he very much excited?" said Mr. Dana, hardly looking up from his work, "if you think it worth the space, ask Amos Cummings if he will kindly see the gentleman and write him up." A noted sensational clergyman once volunteered to write, under an assumed name, for the "Sun." He foolishly tried to adapt himself to what he imagined was the irresponsible tone of a Sunday paper, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Dana enjoyed writing in blue pencil across the back of his first article, "This is too wicked."

During the winter the great editor occupied his house on Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street, but his summer house was on a little island, two or three miles from Glen Cove, which his wide knowledge of trees and fruits and flowers enabled him to make a singularly delightful spot. In the summer of 1897, when Mr. Dana was approaching his eightieth year, and still continued to manage his great newspaper, surrounded by a corps of trained and efficient men, he was attacked with a serious illness, and passed away on the afternoon of October 17th. It is doubted whether any other man has left his mark more deeply on the nineteenth century than has the famous editor of the "Sun."

ROSCOE CONKLING.

(THE NEW YORK "SUN," APRIL 18, 1888.)



HE most picturesque, striking, and original figure of American politics disappears in the death of Roscoe Conkling. Alike powerful and graceful in person, he towered above the masses of men in the elasticity of his talents and the peculiarities and resources of his mental constitution as much as he did in form and bearing. Yet his career cannot be called a great success, and he was not a great man.

But he was an object of great love and admiration to an extraordinary circle of friends, including not alone those who shared his opinions, but many who were utterly opposed to them. He was by nature a zealous partisan, and it was his inclination to doubt the good sense and the disinterestedness of those who were on the other side; but, nevertheless, the strongest instinct of his nature was friendship, and his attachments stood the test of every trial except such as trench upon his own personality. This he guarded with the swift jealousy of most intense selfhood, and no one could in any way impinge upon it and remain

his friend. Then, his resentments were more lasting and more unchangeable than his friendships. This, in our judgment, was the great weakness of the man. Who can say that in his innermost heart Conkling did not deplore it? At any rate, the candid observer who sums up his history must deplore it for him. "And the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

For a long period Mr. Conkling was a great political power in New York and in the country. This was during the culmination of General Grant. Originally Conkling was not friendly to Grant, and when the latter appointed his first Cabinet, the Senator's condemnation was unreserved and stinging. This attitude was maintained during nearly the whole of Grant's first year in the Presidency. At that time Senator Fenton stood near the President and dispensed the political bounty of the Administration. This Conkling could not endure, and when Congress met in December, 1869, he was full of war. But it

soon got abroad that Fenton was a candidate for the Presidency. This settled the difficulty and brought the rival Senator into intimate relations with the President. This position he ever afterwards maintained, and it formed the most successful and to him the most satisfactory portion of his life. When Grant was finally defeated at Chicago in 1880, and all hopes of his restoration to the White House was obliterated, the Senator soon abandoned the field of his renown, and went back to the disappointments and struggles of private life.

As we have said, friendship was the greatest positive force in Mr. Conkling's character, and there never was any hesitation or any meanness in his bestowal of it. In this respect he was the most democratic of men. He was just as warmly devoted to persons holding low places in the social scale as to the great and powerful, and he was just as scrupulous in his observation of all the duties of a friend toward the one kind of people as toward the other. There was nothing snobbish about him. He would go as far and exert himself as greatly to serve a poor man who was his friend as to serve one who was rich and mighty. This disposition he carried into politics. He had very little esteem for office-giving as a political method; but if a friend of his wanted a place, he would get it for him if he could. But no important politician in New York ever had fewer men appointed on the ground that they were his friends or supporters. His intense and lofty pride could not thus debase itself.

It is esteemed a high thing that with all the powers he wielded and the opportunities opened to him under a President the least scrupulous ever known in our history as regards jobbery and corruption, Mr. Conkling never pocketed a copper of indecent and dishonorable gain in the course of his public life. It is a high thing, indeed, and his bitterest enemies cannot diminish the lustre of the fact. The practice of public robbery was universal. Thievery was rampant everywhere in the precincts of the Administration. The Secretary of the Navy plundered millions. The Secretary of War sold public places and put the swag in his pocket. The Secretary of the Interior was forced by universal indignation to resign his ill-used office. The private secretaries of the President dealt in whiskey and defrauded the

revenue. The vast gambling scheme of Black Friday had its fulcrum within the portals of the White House, and counted the President's own family among its conspirators. It was a period of shameless, ineffable, unblushing villainy pervading the highest circles of public power. And while all Republican statesmen, leaders, and journalists knew it, condoned it, defended it even, the best they could, Mr. Conkling was the special spokesman, advocate, and orator of the Administration which was the creator of a situation so unprecedented and revolting. But while he thus lived and moved in the midst of corruption, he was not touched by it himself. The protector of brigands and scoundrels before the tribunal of public opinion, he had no personal part in their crimes and no share in their spoils. As the poet went through hell without a smutch upon his garments, so the proud Senator, bent chiefly upon the endurance of the Republican party, came out of that epoch of public dishonesty as honest and as stainless as he entered it.

In the records of the higher statesmanship it can be said that there is very much to the credit of Mr. Conkling's account. As a parliamentary champion he had perhaps no superior; but others appear to have originated and perfected the measures to which in either House of Congress he gave the support of potent logic, fertile illustration, aggressive repartee, and scathing sarcasm. We do not recall a single one of the great and momentous acts of Congress which were passed in his time, of which he can certainly be pronounced the author. Yet his activity was prodigious, and it was a strange freak of his complicated character to bring before the House or Senate, through others, propositions which he thought essential. His hand could often be recognized in motions and resolutions offered on all sides of the chamber, and often by members with whom he was not known to be familiar.

The courage of Mr. Conkling, moral as well as personal, was of a heroic strain. After his mind was made up, he feared no odds, and he asked no favor. He dared to stand out against his own party, and he, a Republican, had the nerve to confront and defy the utmost power of a Republican administration. There was something magnanimous, too, in the way he bore misfortune. After the death of a distinguished

man, with whom he had been very intimate, it was ascertained that his estate instead of being wealthy, was bankrupt. Mr. Conkling was an endorser of his notes for a large sum of money, and saying calmly, "He would have done as much for me," he set himself to the laborious task of earning the means to pay off the debt. He paid it in no long time, and we don't believe that any man ever heard him murmur at the necessity.

In social life Mr. Conkling endeared himself to his intimates, not only by the qualities which we have endeavored to describe and indicate, but by the richness of his conversation, and the wit and humor—sometimes rather ponderous—with which it was seasoned, and by the stores of knowledge which he revealed. His reading had been extensive, especially in English literature, and his memory was surprisingly tenacious. Many of the most impressive passages of oratory and of literature he could repeat by heart. He was fond of social discussion on all sorts of questions, and liked no one the less who courteously disagreed with him.

As a lawyer, we suppose that his great ability was in cross-examination and with juries. The exigencies and the discussive usage of political life prevented that arduous, persevering application to pure law which is necessary to make a great jurist; but his intellectual powers were so vigorous and so accurate

that he made up the deficiency of training and habit, and no one can doubt that, if he had given himself to the law alone, he would have gained a position of the very highest distinction. As it was, the most eminent counsel always knew that he had a formidable antagonist when Mr. Conkling was against him; and every court listened to his arguments, not merely with respect, but with instruction.

We shall be told, of course, that the supreme fault of this extraordinary mind was in perfection of judgment; and when we consider how largely his actions were controlled by pride and passion, and especially by resentment, we must admit that the criticism is not wholly without foundation. There was also in his manner that which might justify the belief that often he was posing for effect, like an actor on the stage; and we shall not dispute that so at times it may have been. But there are so few men who are entirely free from imperfection, and so many who inherit from their ancestors characteristics which ought to be disapproved, that we may well overlook them when they are combined with noble and admirable gifts. And after all has been said, even those whom he opposed most strenuously, and scorned or resisted most unrelentingly, may remember that we are all human, while they let fall a tear and breathe a prayer to heaven as the bier of Roscoe Conkling passes on its way to the grave.





HORACE GREELEY.



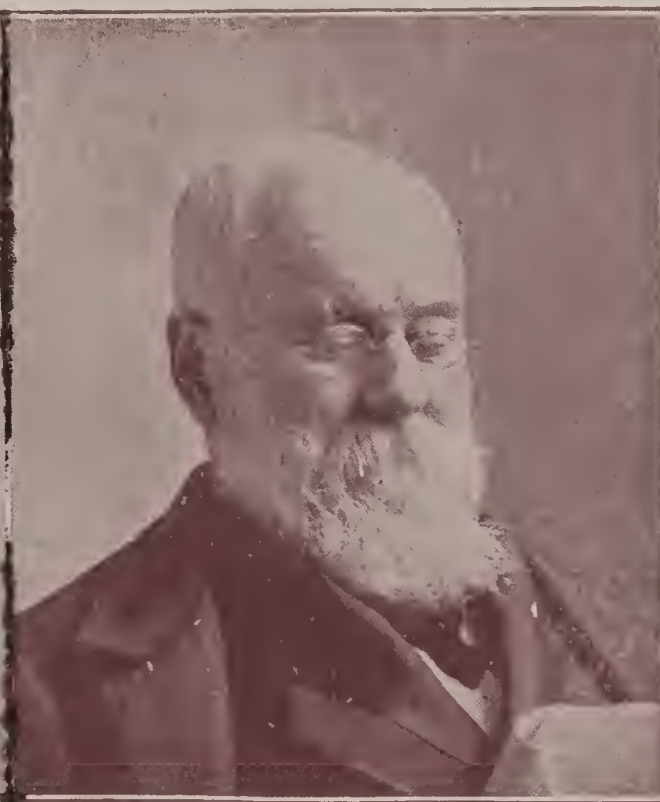
MURAT HALSTEAD.



ALBERT SHAW.



LYMAN ABBOTT.



CHAS. A. DANA.



HENRY W. WATTERSON.



WHITELAW REID.

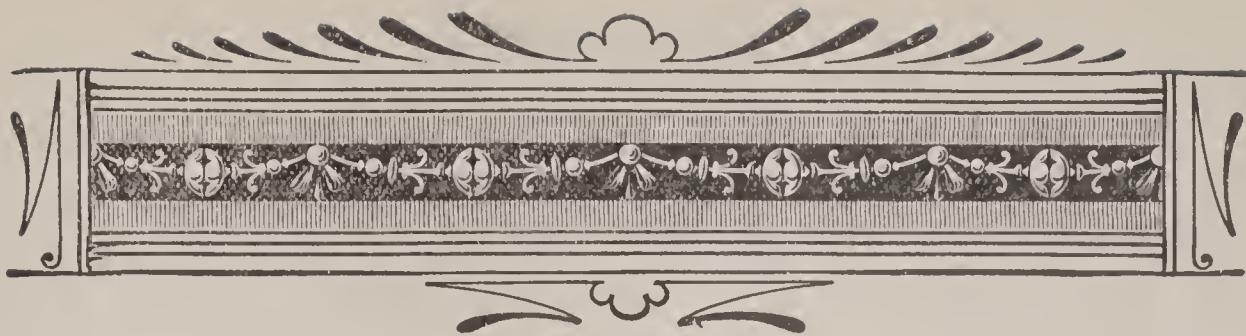


JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

NOTED AMERICAN JOURNALISTS AND MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTORS.



LYMAN ABBOTT.

PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, EDITOR OF "THE OUTLOOK."



IDE sympathies and broad Christian charity are potent factors in the uplifting of men, and there have been many in America who have exhibited these characteristics, but few possess them to a greater degree than the present pastor of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Lyman Abbott. He comes of good New England stock, and was born December 18, 1835, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. He is the third son of Jacob Abbott, so dear to the children of the past generation, as the author of those books which were the delight of the childhood of many still living—the "Rollo Books," the "Jonas Books," and the "Lucy Books." The plain, practical, broad common sense in Jacob Abbott, which dictated the composition of these attractive realistic stories, has been inherited in large measure by his son. Lyman Abbott was graduated from the University of the City of New York, in 1853, then studied law and was admitted to the bar. He soon found that the ministry had greater attraction for him than the law, and after studying theology with his uncle, John S. C. Abbott, so well-known as the author of the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," he was ordained in 1860, a minister of the Congregational Church. He went the same year to take charge of a congregation at Terre Haute, Indiana. After five years' work he became discouraged, for there seemed to be little or no fruit from his labors. He came to the conclusion that, after all, he had mistaken his calling, and so in 1865 he accepted the position of Secretary to the American Freedman's Commission, an office which took him to New York. Returning to Terre Haute on a visit, he saw that his previous labors had not been in vain, but had brought forth abundant fruit in the lives of former members of his congregation. It was perhaps this fact that induced him to re-enter the ministry, and for three years to be the pastor of the New England Church in New York. He did not, however, lay aside the literary work he had taken up while connected with the Freedman's Association. He conducted the "Literary Record" in "Harper's Monthly," and became editor of "The Illustrated Christian Weekly" in 1871. Resigning his connection with other papers he became joint editor with Henry Ward Beecher of the "Christian Union" in 1876, and its chief editor in 1881. After some years the name of the paper was changed to "The Outlook," as indicating more nearly the character of the journal. In October, 1887, after the death of Henry Ward Beecher, he was chosen temporary Pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, and later he was invited to remain permanently at the head of that large

congregation. He has written much, and has published a number of volumes, nearly all upon religious subjects, but his influence has been chiefly exerted through the pulpit, and especially through the columns of the "Christian Union" and "The Outlook," one of the most ably conducted weeklies in the country. Popular in its presentation, trenchant in its comments upon contemporary men and events, clear and unmistakable in its position, few papers have a more decided influence upon their readers. Its tone is high, and its view of what is going on in the world is wide and comprehensive. All subjects are treated fearlessly and independently, and truth, purity, and earnestness in religion and politics are insisted upon. Not the least interesting columns of the paper are those devoted to "Notes and Queries," where, in a few well-chosen words, the difficulties of correspondents are answered, and at the same time valuable lessons are enforced. Lyman Abbott is one of the leaders of liberal Christian thought, is sympathetic with every movement for the advancement of mankind, a strong believer in practical Christianity, and a hater of all kinds of cant.

As a speaker differing widely from his great predecessor in the Plymouth pulpit, Lyman Abbott's success is due to the clearness with which he presents his subject, to his earnestness, and to his practical way of putting things.

THE JESUITS.*

(FROM "DICTIONARY OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.")

JESUITS is the popular name of a Society more properly entitled "The Society of Jesus"—of all the Religious Orders of the Roman Catholic Church the most important. The Society of Jesus was founded in 1554 by Ignatius Loyola. He was a Spanish cavalier; was wounded in battle; was by his wounds, which impaired the use of one of his legs, deprived of his military ambition, and during his long confinement found employment and relief in reading a Life of Christ, and Lives of the Saints. This enkindled a new ambition for a life of religious glory and religious conquest. He threw himself, with all the ardor of his old devotion, into his new life; carried his military spirit of austerity and self-devotion into his religious career; exchanged his rich dress for a beggar's rags; lived upon alms; practiced austerities which weakened his iron frame, but not his military spirit; and thus he prepared his mind for those diseased fancies which characterized this period of his extraordinary career.

He possessed none of the intellectual requirements which seemed necessary for the new leadership which he proposed to himself. The age despised learning, and left it to the priests; and this Spanish cavalier,

at the age of thirty-three, could do little more than read and write. He commenced at once, with enthusiasm, the acquisition of those elements of knowledge which are ordinarily acquired long before that age. He entered the lowest class of the College of Barcelona, where he was persecuted and derided by the rich ecclesiastics, to whose luxury his self-denial was a perpetual reproach. He fled at last from their machinations to Paris, where he continued his studies under more favorable auspices. Prominent among his associates here was Francis Xavier, a brilliant scholar, who at first shrunk from the ill-educated soldier; yet gradually learned to admire his intense enthusiasm, and then to yield allegiance to it and its possessor. Several other Spaniards were drawn around the ascetic. At length, in 1534, Loyola, and five associates, in a subterranean chapel in Paris, pledged themselves to a religious life, and with solemn rites made sacred their mutual pledges to each other to God.

Loyola introduced into the new order of which he was the founder, the principle of absolute obedience which he had acquired in his military career. The name given to its chief was the military title of

"General." The organization was not perfected, so as to receive the sanction of the Pope, until 1541. Its motto was *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*—"To the greater Glory of God." Its vows embraced not only the obligations of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience, but also a pledge on the part of every member to go as missionary to any country which the Pope might designate. Loyola was himself the first General of the new Order. Its Constitution, due to him, is practically that of an Absolute Monarchy. The General is elected by a General Congregation, selected for the purpose by the whole body of professed members in the various Provinces. He holds his office for life. A Council of Assistants aid him, but he is not bound by their vote. He may not alter the Constitution of the Society; and he is subject to deposition in certain contingencies; but no instance of the deposition of a General has ever occurred. Practically his will is absolute law, from which there is no appeal.

The Jesuits are not distinguished by any particular dress or peculiar practices. They are permitted to mingle with the world, and to conform to its habits, if necessary for the attainment of their ends. Their widest influence has been exhibited in political circles, where, as laymen, they have attained the highest political positions without exciting any suspicion of their connection with the Society of Jesus; and in education they have been employed as teachers, in which position they have exercised an incalculable influence over the Church. . . . It should be added that the enemies of the Order allege that, in addition to the public and avowed Constitution of the Society, there is a secret code, called *Monita Secreta*—"Secret Instructions"—which is reserved exclusively for the private guidance of the more advanced members. But as this Secret Code is disavowed by the Society—and since its authority is at least doubtful—it is not necessary to describe it here in detail.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.*

(FROM "OLD TESTAMENT SHADOWS.")



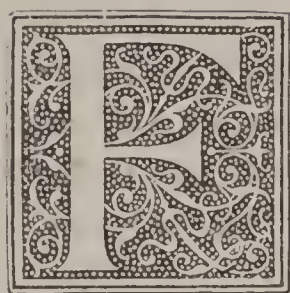
THE story of Sodom and Gomorrah epitomizes the Gospel. Every act in the great, the awful drama of life is here foreshadowed. The analogy is so perfect that we might almost be tempted to believe that the story is a prophetic allegory, did not nature itself witness its historic truthfulness. The fertile plain contained, imbedded in its own soil, the elements of its own destruction. There is reason to believe that this is true of this world on which we live. A few years ago an unusually brilliant star was observed in a certain quarter of the heavens. At first it was thought to be a newly discovered sun; more careful examination resulted in a different hypothesis. Its evanescent character indicated combustion. Its brilliancy was marked for a few hours—a few nights at most—then it faded, and was gone. Astronomers believe that it was a burning world. Our own earth is a globe of living fire. Only a thin crust intervenes between us and this fearful interior. Ever and anon, in the rumbling earthquake, or the sublime volcano, it gives us warning of its presence. These are themselves gospel messengers. They say if we would but hear them—

"Prepare to meet thy God." The intimations of science confirm those of Revelation: "The heavens and the earth. . . . are kept in store, reserved unto the fire against the Day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men." What was true of Sodom and Gomorrah—what was true of the earth we live on—is true of the human soul. It contains within itself the instruments of its own punishment. There is a fearful significance in the words of the Apostle: "After thy hardness and impenitent heart treasureth up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath." Men gather, with their own hands, the fuel to feed the flame that is not quenched; they nurture in their own bosoms the worm that dieth not. In habits formed never to be broken; in words spoken, incapable of recall; in deeds committed, never to be forgotten; in a life wasted and cast away that can never be made to bloom again, man prepares for himself his own deserved and inevitable chastisement. "Son, remember!"—to the soul who has spent its all in riotous living, there can be no more awful condemnation.



HENRY WATTERSON.

EDITOR OF THE LOUISVILLE "COURIER-JOURNAL."



FEW men connected with modern journalism have wider influence than Henry Watterson. He was born in Washington, D. C., in 1850, and because of defective eyesight, was educated chiefly by a private tutor. Entering journalism, at first in Washington and later in Tennessee, he made his reputation as editor of the "Republican Banner," in Nashville. He served in the Confederate Army in various capacities, being a staff officer at one time and Chief of Scouts in General Joseph E. Johnston's army in 1864. After the war he returned to Nashville, but soon removed to Louisville, Kentucky, where he succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of the "Journal." In the following year he succeeded in uniting with the "Journal," the "Courier" and the "Times," thus founding the "Courier-Journal," of which he has since been editor, and which, under his management, has come to be one of the foremost papers of the country.

Mr. Watterson has taken a prominent part in politics, having been a member of every Presidential convention beginning with 1876. He was a personal friend and a resolute follower of Samuel J. Tilden. He has often appeared as a public speaker, particularly in political campaigns, and his judgment has had great weight in the councils of the Democratic party. Mr. Watterson is a pronounced "free-trader," but has had no sympathy with the political movements under the leadership of Grover Cleveland.

He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals and has edited one or two books, notably that entitled "Oddities of Southern Life and Character." The sustained vigor of his mind, the force of his personality and the wide-spread admiration for his abilities, make Mr. Watterson one of the leading men, not only of his party, but of the country.

THE NEW SOUTH.

(FROM "SPEECH AT THE NATIONAL BANKERS' CONVENTION, LOUISVILLE, KY., OCTOBER 11, 1883.")



IT was not, however, to hear of banks and bankers and banking that you did me the honor to call me before you. I am told that to-day you are considering that problem which has so disturbed the politicians—the South—and that you wish me to talk to you about the South. The South! The South! It is no problem at all. I thank God that at last we can say with truth, it is simply a geographic expression. The whole story of the South may be summoned up in a sentence: She was rich, and she

lost her riches ; she was poor and in bondage ; she was set free, and she had to go to work ; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. You can see it was a groundhog case. The soil was here, the climate was here, but along with them was a curse, the curse of slavery. God passed the rod across the land and smote the people. Then, in His goodness and mercy, He waved the wand of enchantment, and lo, like a flower, His blessing burst forth ! Indeed, may the South say, as in the experience of men it is rare for any to say with perfect sincerity :

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. She lived from hand to mouth. We had our debts and our niggers. Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our niggers. Under the new we pay our niggers and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and can exclaim with the old darkey at the camp-meeting, who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting, “ Bless the Lord ! I’m gettin’ fatter an’ fatter ! ”

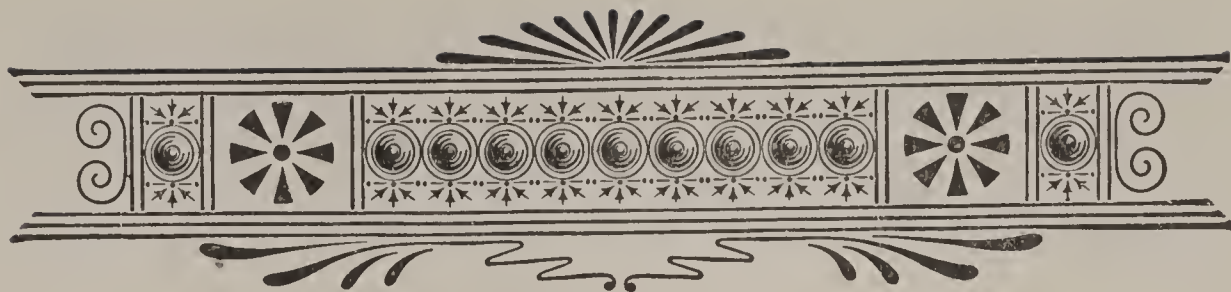
The truth is, that behind the great ruffle the South wore to its shirt, there lay concealed a superb manhood. That this manhood was perverted, there is no doubt. That it wasted its energies upon trifles, is beyond dispute. That it took a pride in cultivating what it called “ the vices of a gentleman,” I am afraid must be admitted. But, at heart, it was sound ; from that heart flowed honest Anglo-Saxon blood ; and, when it had to lay aside its “ store-clothes ” and put on its homespun, it was equal to the emergency. And the women of the South took their place by the side of the men of the South, and, with spinning-wheel and ploughshare, together they made a stand against the wolf at the door. That was fifteen years ago, and to-day there is not a reward offered in a single Southern State for wolf-skins. The fact is, the very wolves have got ashamed of themselves and gone to work.

I beg you to believe that, in saying this, my purpose is neither to amuse nor mislead you. Although my words may seem to carry with them an unbusiness-like levity, I assure you that my design is wholly

business-like. You can see for yourselves what the South has done ; what the South can do. If all this has been achieved without credit, and without your powerful aid—and I am now addressing myself to the North and East, which have feared to come South with their money—what might not be achieved if the vast aggregations of capital in the fiscal centres should add this land of wine, milk and honey to their fields of investment, and give us the same chief rates which are enjoyed by nearer, but not safer, borrowers ? The future of the South is not a whit less assured than the future of the West. Why should money which is freely loaned to Iowa and Illinois be refused to Alabama and Mississippi ? I perfectly understand that business is business, and that capital is as unsectional as unsentimental. I am speaking from neither spirit. You have money to loan. We have a great country to develop.

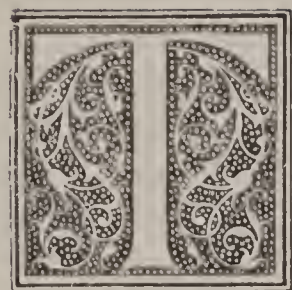
We need the money. You can make a profit off the development. When I say that we need money, I do not mean the sort of money once demanded by an old Georgia farmer, who, in the early days, came up to Milledgeville to see General Robert Toombs, at the time a director of the State Bank. “ Robert,” says he, “ the folks down our way air in need of more money.” The profane Robert replied : “ Well, how in —— are they going to get it ? ” “ Why,” says the farmer, “ can’t you *stomp* it ? ” “ Suppose we do *stomp* it, how are we going to redeem it ? ” “ Exactly, Robert, exactly. That was just what I was coming to. You see the folks down our way air agin redemption.” We want good money, honest money, hard money, money that will redeem itself.

We have given hostages to fortune and our works are before you. I know that the capital is proverbially timid. But what are you afraid of ? Is it our cotton that alarms you, or our corn, or our sugar ? Perhaps it is our coal and iron. Without you, in truth, many of these products must make slow progress, whilst others will continue to lie hid in the bowels of the earth. With you the South will bloom as a garden and sparkle as a gold-mine ; for, whether you tickle her fertile plains with a straw or apply a more violent titillation to her fat mountain-sides, she is ready to laugh a harvest of untold riches.



MURAT HALSTEAD.

JOURNALIST AND POLITICIAN.



HE editor of "The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette" may be ranked as one of the greatest living journalists. He has directed the policy first of "The Commercial" and then of "The Commercial Gazette" for a space of forty years, and has wielded an influence over the people of the vast region in which his paper circulates, and, indeed, upon the whole nation, hardly second to that of any other single man. Sometimes mistaken, but always honest, fearless and persistent, his work as a journalist may be cited as a model of excellence, and he may well be described as typical of the highest form of American manhood. He is now sixty-seven years of age, but he bears his years with such buoyancy and retains so fully his powers of mind and body that he distinguished himself in 1896 by going as special correspondent to the scene of the rebellion in Cuba, writing from that island, not only a daily letter to "The New York Journal" on the military and political situation, but also a series of daily articles in "The Standard-Union," describing the manners and customs of Havana, and relating incidents of life in the tropics in a delightfully characteristic manner.

Mr. Halstead is a native of Butler County, Ohio, a locality which has produced its full share of the notable men of our time. As the inhabitants of the neighborhood were of Welsh extraction, with no one of Irish descent among them, the name, "Paddy's Run," borne by their Post Office, was a cause of great offence to them. A strong party, however, among whom was Mr. Halstead, made consistent opposition to every effort to change the name, but, though the struggle was long, the whimsical title which referred to an almost forgotten incident in General Wayne's expedition had finally to be abandoned, and the fastidious inhabitants now have their mail addressed to "Shandon." The Halstead family came from North Carolina at the time when so many of her noble sons bore practical testimony to their belief in free institutions by refusing to remain longer in a slave state, and making, in many cases, the greatest sacrifices in order to live on free soil in the Northwest Territory.

Murat Halstead grew up on a farm and made his way through the Farmer's College, at College Hill, Ohio, as so many men of his class have done, by alternating college work with teaching a district school. He went immediately from college into newspaper life, contributing a great variety of articles to the Cincinnati papers, and in 1853 joined the staff of "The Commercial." He soon became part owner and controlling editor. The success of his paper has been continuous from that

time, and the fact is due in greatest measure to the foresight, energy and skill of Mr. Halstead. He became prominent in a national sense during the presidential campaign of 1856, and he was probably the only man who was present at all the national conventions of 1860, and one of the very few who foresaw the terrible conflict which was to follow. He had seen the hanging of John Brown, and reported it in vigorous fashion for his paper, and he was the Washington correspondent of "The Commercial" during the trying sessions of Congress which followed. He served as correspondent at the front during a part of the war, and "The Commercial" was no small factor in the national councils during that stormy time. His independence of mind is shown in his frequent criticism of the policy of the government. On one occasion he wrote a long letter to Secretary Stanton censuring in the strongest terms the measures which had been taken and outlining those which, in his opinion, would result in success. The document was afterwards filed away in the archives of the war department, bearing an inscription characteristic of the grim humor of the great war secretary: "How to Conduct the War—Halstead, M."

He went to Europe in 1870 with the purpose of joining the French armies, but not succeeding, managed to attach himself to those of the Germans. The experiences thus obtained not only furnished the basis of his newspaper correspondence at the time, but supplied the material for a number of delightfully instructive magazine articles. He has since visited Europe on several occasions, and in 1874 formed one of a distinguished company which made a journey to Iceland and took part in the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of its settlement. In 1872 Mr. Halstead again demonstrated his independence by breaking loose from the regular organization of the Republican party and taking part in the bolt which resulted in the nomination of Greeley for the Presidency. He was not long, however, in getting back into the ranks, but his unwillingness to submit to party discipline and his persistence in criticising men and measures when he considered that they were opposed to the public interest, has probably been the means of preventing him from election on at least one occasion to the United States Senate. When he was nominated by President Harrison to be Minister to Germany, it was undoubtedly the same cause which insured his rejection in the Senate.

For many years the "Cincinnati Gazette" and the "Commercial" had continued an energetic rivalry. Their political attitude was very much the same, and there was everything to gain and little to lose by the consolidation of the two papers which occurred early in the eighties, with Mr. Halstead as editor-in-chief, and Mr. Richard Smith, of the "Gazette," as business Manager. Since 1884 Mr. Halstead has made his headquarters in Washington or New York; his editorial contributions going by telegraph to his paper and for several years past he has been editor of the Brooklyn "Standard Union," and has contributed very largely to other papers, his signed articles upon the money question in "The New York Herald" being notable examples of his ability as a writer and of his grasp of the great questions of the time. The amount of work turned off by such a writer is prodigious. He says that he has undoubtedly written and published an average of more than a million words a year for forty years. If put in book form this would make in the aggregate some five hundred volumes of good size.

Mr. Halstead was married in 1857 to Miss Mary Banks. They have four grown sons, all engaged in journalism; three younger ones, and three daughters. Their family life has been all that such life should be, and the present generation of the Halsteads bears every promise of maintaining the high standard of honest thought and persistent effort set by the florid faced man, whose large figure and massive head—hair and beard long since snow white—seem likely to be conspicuous in many presidential conventions yet to come, as they have been in almost every one for nearly half a century

TO THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR.

(FROM ADDRESS ON THE MAXIMS, MARKETS, AND MISSIONS OF THE PRESS," DELIVERED BEFORE THE WISCONSIN PRESS ASSOCIATION, 1889.)



WE need to guard against ways of exclusiveness—against the assumption that for some mysterious reason the press has rights that the people have not; that there are privileges of the press in which the masses and classes do not participate. The claim of privilege is a serious error. One either gains or loses rights in a profession. We have the same authority to speak as editors that we have as citizens. If we use a longer "pole to knock the persimmons," it is because we have a larger constituency for our conversational ability; that doesn't affect rights. It simply increases responsibility. One can say of a meritorious man or enterprise, or of a rascally schemer or scheme, as an editor the same that he could as a citizen, a tax-payer, a lawyer, minister, farmer, or blacksmith. It conduces to the better understanding of our business to know that we are like other folks, and not set apart, baptized, anointed, or otherwise sanctified, for an appointed and exclusive and unique service.

It is in our line of occupation to buy white paper, impress ink upon it in such form as may be expressive of the news and our views, and agreeable to our friends or disagreeable to our foes, and sell the sheet when the paper becomes, by the inking thereof, that peculiar manufactured product, a newspaper, for a margin of profit. We are as gifted and good as anybody, so far as our natural rights are concerned, and are better or worse according to our behavior. It is our position to stand on the common ground with the people, and publish the news, and tell the truth about it as well as we can; and we shall, through influences certain in their operation, find the places wherein we belong. No one can escape the logic of his labor.

Communications from young gentlemen in, or fresh from college, or active in other shops, who propose to go into journalism or newspaperdom, and want to know how to do it, are a common experience, for there is a popular fascination about our employment. There is nothing one could know—neither faculty to perform nor ability to endure—perfection of recollection, thoroughness in history, capacity to apply the lessons of philosophy, comprehension of the law, or cultivated intuition of the Gospel—that would not be of service going into newspaperdom. But it is beyond me to prescribe a course of study. It is easier, when you have the knack, to do than to tell.

When the young man comes to say that he would be willing to undertake to run a newspaper—and we know that young man as soon as we see his anxious face at the door—and we sympathize with him, for we may remember to have been at the door instead of the desk, and willing to undertake the task of the gentleman who sat at the desk and asked what was wanted—when, perhaps, the youth at the door had in his pocket an essay on the "Mound Builders" that he believed was the news of the day—and we don't like to speak unkindly to the young man. But there are so many of him. He is so numerous that he is monotonous, and it is not always fair to utter the commonplaces of encouragement. It is well to ask the young man, who is willing to come in and do things, what he has done (and often he hasn't done anything but have his being). What is it that he knows how to do better than anyone else can do it? If there be anything, the question settles itself, for one who knows how to do right well something that is to do, has a trade. The world is under his feet, and its hardness is firm footing. We must ask what the

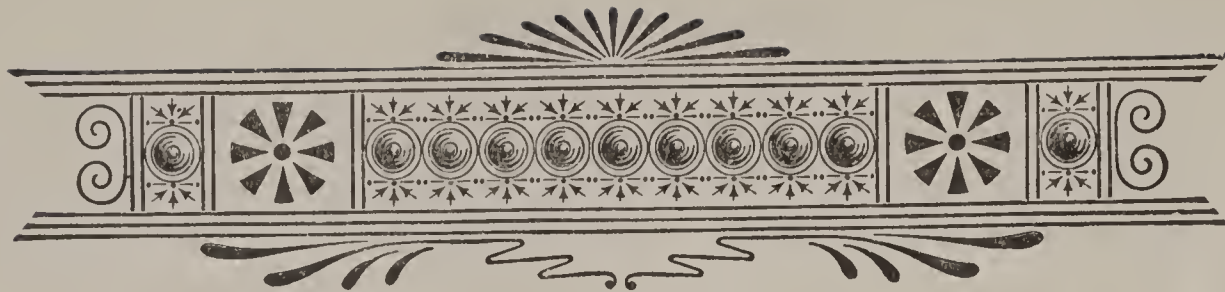
young man wants to do? and he comes back with the awful vagueness that he is willing to do anything; and that always means nothing at all. It is the intensity of the current of electricity that makes the carbon incandescent and illuminating. The vital flame is the mystery that is immortal in the soul and in the universe.

Who can tell the young man how to grasp the magic clew of the globe that spins with us? There is no turnpike or railroad that leads into journalism. There are vacancies for didactic amateurs. Nobody is wanted. And yet we are always looking out for somebody, and once in awhile he comes. He does not ask for a place, but takes that which is his. Do not say to the young man there are no possibilities. There certainly are more than ever before. Young

man, if you want to get into journalism, break in. Don't ask how. It is the finding of it out that will educate you to do the essential thing. The young man must enter the newspaper office by main strength and awkwardness, and make a place for himself.

The machines upon which we impress the sheets we produce for the market—and we all know how costly they are in their infinite variety of improvements, for the earnings of the editor are swept away by the incessant, insatiable requirements of the press-maker—this facile mechanism is not more changeable than the press itself, in its larger sense—and the one thing needful, first and last, is man. With all the changes, the intelligence of the printer and the personal force of the editor are indispensable.





WHITELAW REID.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."



HERE is an old adage which declares "fortune favors the brave." This seems to be eminently true in the case of Whitelaw Reid, than whose life few in American literature are more inspiring to the ambitious but poor youth struggling upward for recognition among his fellow-men; for it was by dint of hard work, heroic energy and unflagging perseverance that he has worked himself from the ranks of obscurity to one of the most prominent and honorable positions in modern journalism.

Whitelaw Reid was born near Xenia, Ohio, October 27, 1837. The principle of industry was early inculcated in his life; and, besides doing his share in the work of the family, he found so much time for study that he graduated from the Miami University before he was twenty years of age and was actively engaged in journalism and politics before his majority,—making speeches in the Fremont campaign on the Republican side,—and was made editor of the "Xenian News" when only twenty-one years of age. When the Civil War began, he had attained such a reputation as a newspaper writer that the "Cincinnati Gazette" sent him to the field as its special correspondent. He made his headquarters at Washington, and his letters concerned not only the war, but dwelt as well on the current politics. These attracted attention by their thorough information and pungent style. He made excursions to the army wherever there was prospect of active operation, was aide-de-camp to General Rosecrans and was present at the battles of Shiloh and Gettysburg. In 1863, he was elected Librarian of the House of Representatives at Washington, in which capacity he served until 1866. After the war, he engaged for one year in a cotton plantation in Louisiana and embodied the result of his observations in his first book entitled "After the War" (1867).

One of the most important of all the State histories of the Civil War is Mr. Reid's "Ohio in the War," which was issued in two volumes in 1868. It contained elaborate biographies of the chief Ohio participants of the army and a complete history of that State from 1861 to 1865. This work so attracted Horace Greeley, of the New York "Tribune," that he employed Mr. Reid as an editorial writer upon his paper, and the latter removed to New York City in 1868, and after Mr. Greeley's death, in 1872, succeeded as editor-in-chief and principal owner of the "Tribune." "Schools of Journalism" appeared in 1871, and "Scholars in Politics" in 1873.

The Legislature of New York in 1878 manifested the popular esteem in which Mr. Reid was held by electing him to be a regent of the State University for life. He was also offered by President Hayes the post of Minister to Germany and a similar appointment by President Garfield, both of which he declined, preferring rather to devote his attention to his paper, which was one of the leading organs of the Republican Party in the United States. In 1879, Mr. Reid published a volume entitled "Some Newspaper Tendencies," and in 1881 appeared his book, "Town Hall Suggestions." During President Harrison's administration, though he had already twice declined a foreign portfolio, he accepted, in 1889, the United States mission to France. At the Republican Convention which met at Chicago in 1892, he was nominated for Vice-President of the United States and ran on the ticket with President Harrison.

Mr. Reid has a magnificent home in the vicinity of New York, where he delights with his charming family, consisting of a wife and several children, to entertain his friends. He has traveled extensively in foreign countries and many of the celebrities of Europe have enjoyed the hospitality of his palatial home. In 1897, Whitelaw Reid was appointed a special envoy to represent the United States at the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. His wife attended him on this mission, and, in company with the United States Ambassador, Colonel John Hay, they were the recipients of many honors, among which was an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Reid to visit the Queen on the afternoon of July 6, when they dined with Her Majesty, and, at her special request, slept that night in Windsor Castle. It may be of interest to state in this connection that, though Mr. Reid was the United States' special envoy, he and his secretaries are said to have paid their own expenses. This statement, if it be true, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Reid is a very wealthy man, evinces a liberality in the service of the government which should not pass unnoticed.

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"PICTURES OF A LOUISIANA PLANTATION." *

(FROM "SOME SOUTHERN REMINISCENCES.")

I SPENT a year or two, after the close of the war in the Southern States, mostly on Louisiana and Alabama cotton-plantations; and I shall try to revive some recollections of that experience.

It was one of those perfect days which Louisianians get in February, instead of waiting, like poor Massachusetts Yankees, till June for them, when I crossed from Natchez to take possession of two or three river plantations on which I dreamed of making my fortune in a year. The road led directly down the levee. On the right rolled the Mississippi, still far below its banks, and giving no sign of the flood that a few months later was to drown our hopes. To the left stretched westward for a mile the unbroken expanse of cotton land, bounded by the dark fringe of cypress and the swamp. Through a drove of scrawny cattle and broken-down mules, pasturing on the rich Bermuda grass along the levee, under the lazy care of the one-armed "stock-minder," I made my way at last down a grassy lane to the broad-porched, many-windowed cottage propped up four or five feet from the damp soil by pillars of cypress, which the agent had called the "mansion." It looked out pleasantly from the foliage of a grove of China and pecan trees, and was flanked, on the one hand by a beautifully cultivated vegetable garden, several acres in extent, and on the other by the "quarters,"—a double row of cabins, each with two rooms and a projecting roof, covering an earthen-floored porch. A street, over-

grown with grass and weeds, ran from the "mansion" down between the rows of cabins, and stopped at the plantation blacksmith and carpenter shop. Behind each cabin was a little garden, jealously fenced off from all the rest with the roughest of cypress pickets, and its gate guarded by an enormous padlock. "Niggers never trust one another about their gardens or hen-houses," explained the overseer, who was making me acquainted with my new home.

* * * * *

I rode out first, that perfect day, among the gang of a hundred and fifty negroes, who, on these plantations, were for the year to compromise between their respect and their newborn spirit of independence by calling me Mistah instead of Massa, there were no forebodings. Two "plough-gangs" and two "hoe-gangs" were slowly measuring their length along the two-mile front. Among each rode its own negro driver, sometimes lounging in his saddle with one leg lodged on the pommel, sometimes shouting sharp,



A COTTON FIELD IN LOUISIANA.

abrupt orders to the delinquents. In each plough-gang were fifteen scrawny mules, with corn-husk collars, gunny-bags, and bedcord plough-lines. The Calhoun ploughs (the favorite implement through all that region, then, and doubtless still, retaining the name given it long before war was dreamed of) were rather lazily managed by the picked hands of the plantation. Among them were several women, who proved among the best laborers of the gang. A quarter of a mile ahead a picturesque sight presented itself. A great crowd of women and children, with a

few aged or weakly men among them, were scattered along the old cotton-rows, chopping down weeds, gathering together the trash that covered the land, and firing little heaps of it, while through the clouds of smoke came an incessant chatter of the girls, and an occasional snatch of a camp-meeting hymn from the elders. "Gib me some backey, please," was the first salutation I received. They were dressed in a stout blue cottonade, the skirts drawn up to the knees, and reefed in a loose bunch at the waists; brogans of incredible sizes covered their feet, and

there was a little waste of money on the useless decency of stockings, but gay bandannas were wound in profuse splendor around their heads.

The moment the sun disappeared every hoe was shouldered. Some took up army-blouses or stout men's overcoats, and drew them on; others gathered fragments of bark to kindle their evening fires, and balanced them nicely on their heads. In a moment the whole noisy crowd was filing across the plantation towards the quarters, joining the plough-gang, pleading for rides on the mules, or flirting with the drivers, and looking as much like a troop flocking to a circus or rustic fair as a party of weary farm-laborers. At the house the drivers soon reported their grievances. "Dem women done been squabblin' 'mong dei' selves dis a'ternoon. so I's hardly git any wuck at all out of 'em." "Fanny and Milly done got sick to-day; an' Sally heerd dat her husban's mustered out ob de army, an' she gone up to Natchez to fine him." "Dem sucklers ain't jus' wuf nuffin at all. 'Bout eight o'clock dey goes off to de quarters of deir babies, an' I don' nebber see nuffin mo' ob 'em till 'bout elebben. Den de same way in de a'ternoon, till I's sick ob de hull lot. De moody (Bermuda grass) mighty tough 'long heah, an' I couldn't make dem women put in deir hoes to suit me nohow." Presently men and women trooped up for the ticket representing their day's work. The women were soon busy preparing their supper of mess pork and early vegetables; while the plough-gang gathered about the overseer. "He'd done promise dem a drink o' whiskey, if dey'd finish dat cut, and dey'd done it." The whiskey was soon forthcoming, well watered with a trifle of Cayenne pepper to conceal the lack of spirit, and a little tobacco soaked in it to preserve the color. The most drank it down at a gulp from the glass into which, for one after another, the overseer poured "de lowance." A few, as their turns came, passed up tin cups and went off with their treasure, chuckling about "de splendid toddy we's hab to-night." Then came a little trade with the overseer at "the store." Some wanted a pound or two of sugar; others, a paper of needles or a bar of soap; many of the young men, "two bits' wuf" of candy or a brass ring. In an hour trade was over, and the quarters were as silent as a churchyard. But, next morning, at four o'clock, I was aroused by the shrill "driber's horn." Two hours later it was blown again, and,

looking from my window just as the first rays of light came level across the field, I saw the women filing out, with their hoes, and the ploughmen leisurely sauntering down to the stables, each with corn-husk collar and bedcord plough-lines in his hands. The passion for whiskey among the negroes seemed universal. I never saw a man, woman or child, reckless young scapegrace or sanctimonious old preacher, among them, who would refuse it; and the most had no hesitancy in begging it whenever they could. Many of them spent half their earnings buying whiskey. That sold on any of the plantations I ever visited or heard of was always watered down at least one-fourth. Perhaps it was owing to this fact, though it seemed rather an evidence of unexpected powers of self-restraint, that so few were to be seen intoxicated.

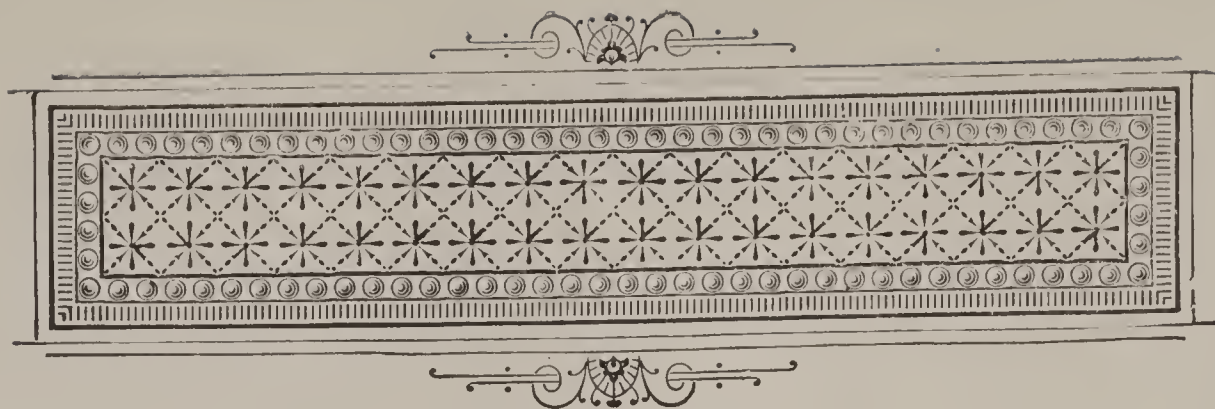
During the two or three years in which I spent most of my time among them, seeing scores and sometimes hundreds in a day, I do not remember seeing more than one man absolutely drunk. He had bought a quart of whiskey, one Saturday night, at a low liquor shop in Natchez. Next morning early he attacked it, and in about an hour the whiskey and he were used up together. Hearing an unusual noise in the quarters, I walked down that way and found the plough-driver and the overseer both trying to quiet Horace. He was unable to stand alone, but he contrived to do a vast deal of shouting. As I approached, the driver said, "Horace, don't make so much noise; don't you see Mr. R.?" He looked around as if surprised at learning it.

"Boss, is dat you?"

"Yes."

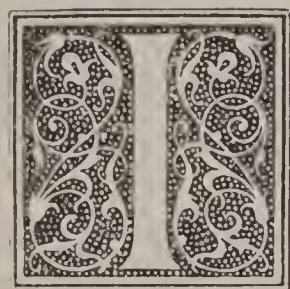
"Boss, I's drunk; boss, I's 'shamed o'-myself! but I's drunk! I 'sarve good w'ipping. Boss,—boss, s-s-slap me in de face, boss."

I was not much disposed to administer the "slapping;" but Horace kept repeating, with a drunken man's persistency, "Slap me in de face, boss; please, boss." Finally I did give him a ringing cuff on the ear. Horace jerked off his cap, and ducked down his head with great respect, saying, "T'ank you, boss." Then, grinning his maudlin smile, he threw open his arms as if to embrace me, and exclaimed, "Now kiss me, boss!" Next morning Horace was at work with the rest, and though he bought many quarts of whiskey afterwards, I never saw him drunk again.



ALBERT SHAW.

EDITOR OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."



It seems, sometimes, that the influence of the editor has departed, and that notwithstanding the survival of a few men like Halstead and Reid, who helped to make the papers which moulded public opinion thirty years ago, the newspaper fills no such place as it did in the day of their prime, but a different place, not a lower or a less important one. Among the men who through the medium of the press are doing most to promote the spread of intelligence, and particularly to further the cause of good government and to elevate the civic life of our country, Albert Shaw fills a prominent place.

Dr. Shaw is a young man of Western birth, tall and slender in figure, with a keen eye, a quick and rather nervous manner, and features expressing in an unusual degree intelligence, energy, and character. Born in Ohio, the central West, Dr. Shaw represents a catholicity of feeling and knowledge which very few Americans possess. He knows the whole country. He is not distinctly an Eastern man, a Western man, or a man of the Pacific slope: he is a man of America. He knows the characteristics of each section, its strength and its weakness. With New England blood in his veins, but with the energizing influences of the West about his boyhood, Dr. Shaw graduated at Iowa College, the oldest institution of its class west of the Mississippi. During his college life the future journalist and writer devoted a great deal of time to the study of literature and of literary style, disclosing very early two qualities which are pre-eminently characteristic of him to-day, lucidity and directness. After graduation Dr. Shaw began his professional life as editor of "The Grinnell Herald," a position which enabled him to master all the mechanical and routine work of journalism.

His aims were not the aims of the ordinary journalist. He saw with unusual clearness the possibilities of his profession, and he saw also that he needed a wider educational basis. His interest in social and political topics was the interest of a man of philosophic mind, eager to learn the principles and not simply to record the varying aspects from day to day. In order the better to secure the equipment of which he felt the need, he entered the Johns Hopkins University and took a post-graduate course. It was during his residence in Baltimore that he met Professor Bryce, who recognized his rare ability and intelligence, and who used his unusually large knowledge of social and political conditions in the country. While carrying on his special studies at the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Shaw joined the

editorial staff of the Minneapolis daily "Tribune." After receiving the degree of Ph. D. in 1884, he removed permanently to Minneapolis, and took his place at the head of the staff of the "Tribune." His work almost at once attracted attention. Its breadth, its thoroughness, its candor, and its ability were of a kind which made themselves recognized on the instant. Four years later Dr. Shaw spent a year and a half studying social and political conditions in Europe, traveling extensively and devoting much time to the examination of the condition of municipalities. It was this study which has borne fruit in the two volumes on Municipal Government which have come from the press of the Century Company, and which have given Dr. Shaw the first rank as an authority on these matters. When the "Review of Reviews" was established in this country in 1891, Dr. Shaw became its editor, and his success in the management of this very important periodical has justified the earlier expectations entertained by his friends, for he has given the "Review of Reviews" a commanding position. He is one of the very few journalists in this country who treat their work from the professional standpoint, who are thoroughly equipped for it, and who regard themselves as standing in a responsible relation to a great and intelligent public. Dr. Shaw's presentation of news is pre-eminently full, candid, and unpartisan; his discussion of principles is broad-minded, rational, and persuasive. He is entirely free from the short-sighted partisanship of the great majority of newspaper editors, and he appreciates to the full the power of intelligent, judicial statement. His opinions, for this reason, carry great weight, and it is not too much to say that he has not his superior in the field of American journalism.

RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST.



LET us imagine a man from the East who has visited the Northwestern States and Territories at some time between the years 1870 and 1875, and who retains a strong impression of what he saw, but who has not been west of Chicago since that time, until, in the World's Fair year he determines upon a new exploration of Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. However well informed he had tried to keep himself through written descriptions and statistical records of Western progress, he would see what nothing but the evidence of his own eyes could have made him believe to be possible. Iowa in 1870 was already producing a large crop of cereals, and was inhabited by a thriving, though very new, farming population. But the aspect of the country was bare and uninviting, except in the vicinity of the older communities on the Mississippi River. As one advanced across the State the farm-houses were very small, and looked like isolated dry-goods boxes; there were few well-built barns or farm buildings; and the struggling young cottonwood and soft-maple saplings planted in close groves about the tiny houses were so slight an obstruction to the sweep of vision across the open prairie that they only seemed to emphasize the monotonous stretches of fertile, but uninteresting plain. Now the landscape is wholly transformed. A railroad ride in June through the best parts of Iowa reminds one of a ride through some of the pleasantest farming districts of England. The primitive "claim shanties" of thirty years ago have given place to commodious farm-houses flanked by great barns and hay-ricks, and the well-appointed structures of a prosperous agriculture. In the rich, deep meadows herds of fine-blooded cattle are grazing. What was once a blank, dreary landscape is now garden-like and inviting. The poor little saplings of the earlier days, which seemed to be apologizing to the robust corn-stalks in the neighboring fields, have grown on that deep soil into great, spreading trees. One can easily imagine, as he looks off in every direction and notes a wooded horizon, that he is—as in Ohio, Indiana, or Kentucky—in a farming region

which has been cleared out of primeval forests. There are many towns I might mention which twenty-five years ago, with their new, wooden shanties scattered over the bare face of the prairie, seemed the hottest place on earth as the summer sun beat upon their unshaded streets and roofs, and seemed the coldest places on earth when the fierce blizzards of winter swept unchecked across the prairie expanses. To-day the density of shade in those towns is deemed of positive detriment to health, and for several years past there has been a systematic thinning out and trimming up of the great, clustering elms. Trees of from six to ten feet in girth are found everywhere by the hundreds of thousands. Each farm-house is sheltered from winter winds by its own dense groves. Many of the farmers are able from the surplus growth of wood upon their estates to provide themselves with a large and regular supply of fuel. If I have dwelt at some length upon this picture of the transformation of the bleak, grain-producing Iowa prairies of thirty years ago into the dairy and live-stock farms of to-day, with their fragrant meadows and ample groves, it is because the picture is one which reveals so much as to the nature and meaning of Northwestern progress.

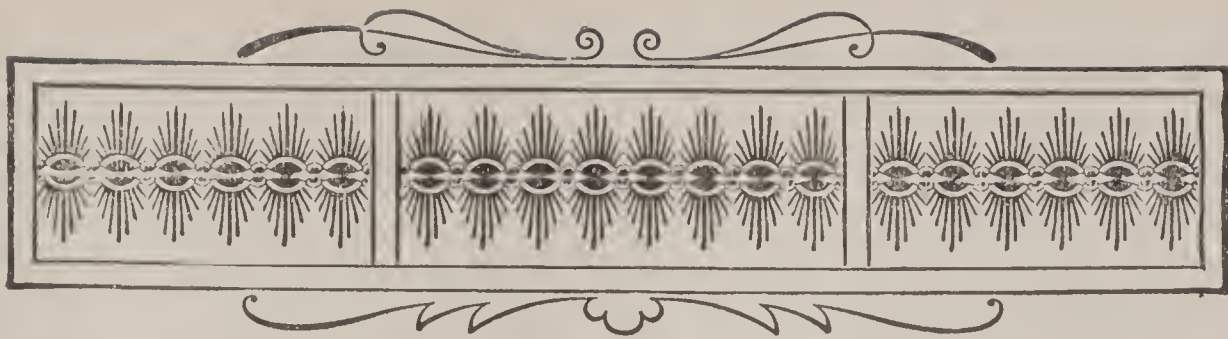
The tendency to rely upon united public action is illustrated in the growth of Northwestern educational systems. The universities of these commonwealths are State universities. Professional education is under the State auspices and control. The normal schools and the agricultural schools belong to the State. The public high school provides intermediate instruction. The common district school, supported jointly by local taxation and State subvention, gives elementary education to the children of all classes. As the towns grow the tendency to graft manual and technical courses upon the ordinary public school curriculum is unmistakably strong. The Northwest, more than any other part of the country, is disposed to make every kind of education a public function.

Radicalism has flourished in the homogeneous agricultural society of the Northwest. In the anti-monopoly conflict there seemed to have survived some of the intensity of feeling that characterized the anti-slavery movement; and a tinge of this fanatical quality

has always been apparent in the Western and Northwestern monetary heresies. But it is in the temperance movement that this sweep of radical impulse has been most irresistible. It was natural that the movement should become political and take the form of an agitation for prohibition. The history of prohibition in Iowa, Kansas and the Dakotas, and of temperance legislation in Minnesota and Nebraska, reveals—even better perhaps than the history of the anti-monopoly movement—the radicalism, homogeneity, and powerful socializing tendencies of the Northwestern people. Between these different agitations there has been in reality no slight degree of relationship; at least their origin is to be traced to the same general condition of society.

The extent to which a modern community resorts to State action depends in no small measure upon the accumulation of private resources. Public or organized initiative will be relatively strongest where the impulse to progress is positive but the ability of individuals is small. There are few rich men in the Northwest. Iowa, great as is the Hawkeye State, has no large city and no large fortunes. Of Kansas the same thing may be said. The Dakotas have no rich men and no cities. Minnesota has Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Nebraska has Omaha; but otherwise these two States are farming communities, without large cities or concentrated private capital. Accordingly the recourse to public action is comparatively easy. South Dakota farmers desire to guard against drought by opening artesian wells for irrigation. They resort to State legislation and the sale of county bonds. North Dakota wheat growers are unfortunate in the failure of crops. They secure seed-wheat through State action and their county governments. A similarity of condition fosters associated action, and facilitates the progress of popular movements.

In such a society the spirit of action is intense. If there are few philosophers, there is remarkable diffusion of popular knowledge and elementary education. The dry atmosphere and the cold winters are nerve-stimulants, and life seems to have a higher tension and velocity than in other parts of the country.



JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE POPULAR NOVELIST AND CONTRIBUTOR.



JULIAN HAWTHORNE has inherited much of his father's literary ability. His recent celebrity has been largely due to his success in portraying to the readers of popular magazines facts of world-wide interest like the famine in India, but to the special power of vivid statement which belongs to the newspaper reporter, he joins the imaginative power which enables him to recognize the materials of romance and the gift of clear and graceful expression. He is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and was born in Boston in 1846. He traveled abroad with his parents, returning and entering Harvard in 1863. His college life seems to have been devoted more to athletics than to serious learning. He took up the study of civil engineering and went to Dresden to carry it on, but the Franco-Prussian war breaking out while he was visiting at home, he found employment as an engineer under General George B. McClellan in the department of docks in New York. He began soon after to write stories and sketches for the magazines, and losing his position in 1872, he determined to devote himself to literature. He now went abroad, living for several years, first in England and then in Dresden, and again in England, where he remained until 1881, and then after a short stay in Ireland, returned to New York. A number of his stories were published while he was abroad. Of these the most important were "Bressant" and "Idolatry." For two years he was connected with the London "Spectator," and he contributed to the "Contemporary Review" a series of sketches called "Saxon Studies," which were afterwards published in book form. The novel "Garth" followed and collections of stories and novelettes entitled "The Laughing Mill;" "Archibald Malmaison;" "Ellice Quentin;" "Prince Saroni's Wife;" and the "Yellow Cap" fairy stories. These were all published abroad, but a part of them were afterward reprinted in America. Later he published "Sebastian Strome;" "Fortune's Fool," and in 1884 "Dust" and "Noble Blood." On his return to America he edited his father's posthumous romance "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," and prepared the biography of his father and mother. Since that time he has contributed a large number of stories and sketches to magazines. His most recent work has been an expedition to India to write for American periodicals an account of the famine in that country. One of our extracts is taken from this account and will very adequately illustrate his power of telling things so that his readers can see them with his eyes. Mr. Hawthorne's activity does

not abate and his friends and admirers expect from him even better work than he has yet done.

THE WAYSIDE AND THE WAR.*

(FROM "NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.")

IT was a hot day towards the close of June, 1860, when Hawthorne alighted from a train at Concord station, and drove up in the railway wagon to the Wayside. The fields looked brown, the trees were dusty, and the sun white and brilliant. At certain seasons in Concord the heat stagnates and simmers, until it seems as if nothing but a grasshopper could live. The water in the river is so warm that to bathe in it is merely to exchange one kind of heat for another. The very shadow of the trees is torrid; and I have known the thermometer to touch 112° in the shade. No breeze stirs throughout the long sultry day; and the feverish nights bring mosquitoes, but no relief. To come from the salt freshness of the Atlantic into this living oven is a startling change, especially when one has his memory full of cool, green England. Such was America's first greeting to Hawthorne, on his return from a seven years' absence; it was to this that he had looked forward so lovingly and so long. As he passed one little wooden house after another, with their white clap boards and their green blinds, perhaps he found his thoughts not quite so cloudless as the sky. It is dangerous to have a home; too much is required of it.

The Wayside, however, was not white, it was painted a dingy buff color. The larches and Norway pines, several hundred of which had been sent out from England, were planted along the paths, and were for the most part doing well. The well-remembered hillside, with its rude terraces, shadowed by apple-trees, and its summit green with pines, rose behind the house; and in front, on the other side of the highway, extended a broad meadow of seven acres, bounded by a brook, above which hung drooping willows. It was, upon the whole, as pleasant a place as any in the village, and much might be done to enhance its beauty. It had been occupied, during our absence, by a brother of Mrs. Hawthorne; and the house itself was in excellent order, and looked just the same as in our last memory of it. A good many alterations have been made since then; another story was added to the western wing, the tower was built up behind, and two other rooms were put on in the rear. These changes, together with some modifications about the place, such as opening up of paths, the cutting down of some trees, and the planting of others, were among the last things that engaged Hawthorne's attention in this life.

FIRST MONTHS IN ENGLAND.*

FROM "NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE."

WE are told, truly enough, that goodness does not always command good fortune in this world, that just hopes are often deferred until it is too late to enjoy their realization, that fame and honor only discover a man after he has ceased to value them; and a large and respectable portion of modern fiction is occupied in impressing these sober lessons upon us. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to believe that sometimes fate condescends not to be so unmitigable, and that a cloudy and gusty morning does occasionally brighten into a sunny and genial afternoon. Too long a course of apparently perverse

and unreasonable accidents bewilders the mind, and the few and fleeting gleams of compensation seem a mockery. One source of the perennial charm of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" is, I think, that in it the dividing line between the good and the bad fortune is so distinctly drawn. Just when a man has done his utmost, and all seems lost, Providence steps in, brings aid from the most unexpected quarter, and kindles everything into brighter and ever brighter prosperity. The action and reaction are positive and complete, and we arise refreshed and comforted from the experience.

* Copyright, Ticknor & Co.

It was somewhat thus with Hawthorne, though the picture of his career is to be painted in a lower and more delicate tone than that of Goldsmith's brilliant little canvas. Up to the time of publication of "The Scarlet Letter," his external circumstances had certainly been growing more and more unpromising; though, on the other hand, his inner domestic life had been full of the most vital and tender satisfactions. But the date of his first popular success in literature also marks the commencement of a worldly prosperity which, though never by any means splendid (as we shall presently see), at any rate sufficed to allay the immediate anxiety about to-morrow's bread-and-butter, from which he had not hitherto been free. The three American novels were written and published in rapid succession, and were reprinted in England, the first two being pirated; but for the last, "The Blithedale Romance," two hundred pounds were

obtained from Messrs. Chapman and Hall for advance sheets. There is every reason to believe that during the ensuing years other romances would have been written; and perhaps they would have been as good as, or better than, those that went before. But it is vain to speculate as to what might have been. What actually happened was that Hawthorne was appointed United States Consul to Liverpool, and for six years to come his literary exercises were confined to his consular despatches and to six or eight volumes of his English, French and Italian Journals. It was a long abstinence; possibly it was a beneficent one. The production of such books as "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables" cannot go on indefinitely; though they seem to be easily written when they *are* written, they represent a great deal of the writer's spiritual existence. At all events, it is better to write too little than too much.

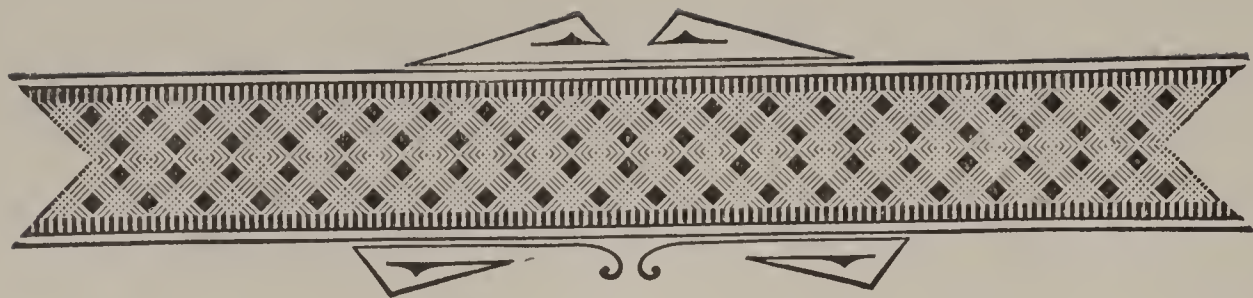
THE HORRORS OF THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

(FROM THE "COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.")

MET the local inspectors at the railway station leading a horse which they had kindly provided for me. We made a tour of half a dozen villages, alighting to investigate anything that appeared suspicious. The first and largest of the villages rambles along on either side of a street scarcely wider than an ordinary footpath. The houses were mud huts, whitewashed, or built of a kind of rubble, with the roofs of loose tiles common in India. Cocoa palms were numerous all over the region, and there were solid groves of them outside the settlements, coming down to the water's edge. The inhabitants for the most part professed the Roman Catholic faith; crosses stood at every meeting of the ways, and priests in black gowns with wide-brimmed black hats stole past us occasionally. Of native inhabitants, however, we saw very few; those who were not in the graveyards had locked up their houses and fled the town. All the houses in which death or sickness had occurred had been already visited by the inspectors, emptied of their contents and disinfected. Those which were still occupied were kept under strict supervision. One which had been occupied the day before was now found to be shut. The inspectors called up a native and ques-

tioned him. From his replies it appeared that there had been symptoms of the disease. We dismounted and made an examination. Every door and window was fastened, but by forcing open a blind we were able to see the interior. It was empty of life and of most of the movable furniture; but the floor of dried mud was strewn with the dead carcasses of rats. Undoubtedly the plague had been here. The house was marked for destruction, and we proceeded. * *

Low, flat ledges of rock extended into the sea. A group of creatures in loin-cloths and red turbans were squatting or moving about between two or three heaps of burning timber. These were made of stout logs piled across one another to a height of about four feet. Half-way in the pile was placed a human body; it was not entirely covered by the wood, but a leg projected here, an arm there. The flames blazed up fiercely, their flickering red tongues contrasting with the pale blue of the calm sea beyond. The smoke arose thick and unctuous, and, fortunately, was carried seaward. One of the pyres had burnt down to white ashes, and nothing recognizable as human remained. The people whose bodies were here burned had died in the segregation huts the night before.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has shown a marvelous skill in seeing the world, in travel, and of describing it as he sees it. He is not a profound student of the mystery of the human mind, but he possesses in high degree and in rare quality an instinct of selection, a clear sense of an artistic situation in a group of more or less ordinary circumstances and a gift in interesting description. He is, in short, a very clever newspaper reporter who has transferred his field of service from the region of the actual to the realm of the imaginary. His reputation, however, is about equally divided between his works of description and travel and his stories of a more imaginative order, though in both classes of writings, he is above everything else a describer of what he has seen.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1864, the son of L. Clark Davis, an editor of reputation, and Rebecca Harding Davis, the author of many good stories, so that the child had a literary inheritance and an hereditary bent for letters. He studied for three years in Lehigh University and one year in Johns Hopkins, after which he began his interesting career as a journalist, serving successively "The Record," "Press," and "Telegraph" of Philadelphia. On his return from a European trip he became connected with the New York "Evening Sun," for which he wrote the famous series of "Van Bibber Sketches."

The story, however, which gave him his first real fame was "Gallegher," the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia, though, as is true of all his stories, locality plays but little part in his tales, modes of life and not scenery being the main feature.

He describes the happy-go-lucky life of the young club man, adventures in saloons, and scenes among burglars with remarkable realism, for as reporter he lived for a time among the "reprobates," in disguise, to make a careful study of their manner of life. Again when he describes "The West from a Car Window," he is giving scenes which he saw and types of life which he closely observed. His books always have the distinctive mark of spirit; they are full of life and activity, everything moves on and something "happens." This is as true of his books of travel as of his stories. He has traveled extensively, and he has given descriptions of most of his journeys.

Beside "The West from a Car Window" he has written, with the same reportorial skill and fidelity to observed facts, a book of descriptions of life and manners in the East, with scenes and incidents at Gibraltar and Tangiers, in Cairo, Athens and Constantinople.

He has also produced a book of travels in England, which touches rather the surface of English life than the deeper traits of character which Emerson has so faithfully described. Davis writes as reporter of what is easily observed, while the other writes as philosopher. His latest collection of stories which shows his storytelling faculties at their best is called "The Exiles and Other Stories." His most recent service as a journalist was as correspondent of "The London Times," with the Greek forces during their recent humiliating conflict with the Turks. The selection given below will illustrate his vigorous style and the vivid character of his descriptions.

THE GREEK DEFENCE OF VELESTINO.

(FROM THE "LONDON TIMES.")

THERE is a round hill to the north of the town, standing quite alone. It has a perfectly flat top, and its proportions are exactly those of a giant bucket set upside down. We found the upper end of this bucket crowded with six mountain guns [there was one other correspondent with Mr. Davis at the time], and the battery was protesting violently. When it had uttered its protest the guns would throw themselves into the air, and would turn a complete somersault, as though with delight at the mischief they had done, or would whirl themselves upon one wheel while the other spun rapidly in the air. Lieutenant Ambroise Frantzis was in command of the battery. It was he who had repulsed a Turkish cavalry charge of a few days before with this same battery, and he was as polite and calm and pleased with his excitable little guns as though they weighed a hundred tons each, and could send a shell nine miles instead of a scant three thousand yards.

"From this hill there was nothing to be seen of the Turks but puffs of smoke in the plain, so we slid down its steep side and clambered up the ridges in front of us, where long rows of infantry were outlined against the sky. . . . A bare-headed peasant boy, in dirty white petticoats, who seemed to consider the engagement in the light of an entertainment, came dancing down the hill to show us the foot-paths that led up the different ridges. He was one of the villagers who had not run away or who was not farther up the valley, taking pot-shots at the hated Turks from behind rocks. He talked and laughed as he ran ahead of us, with many gestures, and imitated mockingly the sound of the bullets, and warned us with grave solicitude to be careful, as though he was in no

possible danger himself. I saw him a great many times during the day, guiding company after company through the gulleys, and showing them how to advance protected by the slope of the hills—a self-constituted scout—and with much the manner of a landed proprietor escorting visitors over his estate. And whenever a shell struck near him, he would run and retrieve the pieces, and lay them triumphantly at the feet of the officers, like a little fox-terrier that has scampered after a stick and brought it to his master's feet.

"The men in the first trench—which was the only one which gave us a clear view of the Turkish forces—received us with cheerful nods and scraped out a place beside them, and covered the moist earth with their blankets. They exhibited a sort of childish pride and satisfaction at being under fire; and so far from showing the nervousness and shattered morale which had been prophesied for them after the rout at Larissa, they appeared on the contrary more than content. As the day wore on, they became even languidly bored with it all, and some sang in a low crooning tone, and others, in spite of the incessant rush of the shells, dozed in the full glare of the sun, and still others lay humped and crouched against the earth-works when the projectiles tore up the earth on the hill behind us. But when the order came to fire, they would scramble to their knees with alacrity, and many of them would continue firing on their own account, long after the whistle had sounded to cease firing. Some of the officers walked up and down, and directed the men in the trenches at their feet with the air of judges or time-keepers at an athletic meeting, who were observing a tug-of-war. Others exposed

themselves in what looked like a spirit of braggadocio, for they moved with a swagger and called upon the men to notice how brave they were. Other officers rose only when it was necessary to observe some fresh movement upon the part of the enemy, and they did this without the least haste and simply as a part of their work, and regarded the bullets that instantly beset them as little as if they were so many flies.

“A Turkish soldier dragging a mule loaded with ammunition had appeared a quarter of a mile below us, and at sight of him the soldiers at once recognized that there was something tangible, something that could show some sign if they hit it. The white smoke they had aimed at before had floated away, but at the sight of this individual soldier the entire line ceased firing at the enemy’s trenches, and opened on the unhappy Turk and his mule, and as the dust spurted up at points nearer and nearer to where he stood, their excitement increased in proportion, until, when he gave the mule a kick and ran for his life, there was a triumphant shout all along the line, as though they had repulsed a regiment. That one man and his load of ammunition had for a few minutes represented to them the entire Turkish army.

“As the Turks suddenly appeared below us, clambering out of a long gully, it was as though they had sprung from the earth. On the moment the smiling landscape changed like a scene at a theatre, and hun-

dreds of men rose from what had apparently been deserted hilltops, and stood outlined in silhouette against the sunset, waves of smoke ran from crest to crest, spitting flashes of red flame, and men’s voices shrieked and shouted, and the Turkish shells raced each other so fiercely that they beat out the air until it groaned. It had come up so suddenly that it was like two dogs springing at each other’s throats, and, in a greater degree, it had something of the sound of two wild animals struggling for life. Volley answered volley as though with personal hate—one crashing in upon the roll of the other, or beating it out of recognition with the bursting roar of heavy cannon; and to those who could do nothing but lie face downwards and listen to it, it seemed as though they had been caught in a burning building, and that the walls and roof were falling in on them. I do not know how long it lasted—probably not more than five minutes, although it seemed much longer than that—but finally the death-grip seemed to relax, the volleys came brokenly, like a man panting for breath, the bullets ceased to sound with the hiss of escaping steam, and rustled aimlessly by, and from hilltop to hilltop the officers’ whistles sounded as though a sportsman were calling off his dogs. The Turks had been driven back, and for the fourth day the Greeks had held Velesino successfully against them.”





MISCELLANEOUS MASTERPIECES,

FROM VARIOUS AMERICAN AND ANONYMOUS AUTHORS,

CHOSEN WITH A VIEW TO THEIR GENERAL POPULARITY OR ADAPTATION

FOR READING AND RECITATION.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of the following beautiful and perhaps most widely known song in the world, was born in New York, on the ninth of June, 1792. His remarkable career as an actor and dramatist belongs to the history of the stage. As a poet he will be known only by a single song. He died at Tunis, in 1852, where he was for some time Consul for the United States.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that come at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than
all.

Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the author of the following patriotic poem, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was a very able and eloquent lawyer, and one of the most respectable gentlemen whose lives have ever adorned American society. He was a man of much literary cultivation and taste, and his religious poems are not without merit. He died very suddenly at Baltimore on January 11, 1843. In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet, and when they came within sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered and their homes and friends were in danger, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in

* This includes full-page illustrations not previously numbered.

painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song. Thus, this patriotic, impassioned ode became forever associated with the "Stars and Stripes."



O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
last gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there;

O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the
deep

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering
steep

As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,

Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps'
pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand

Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-
rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In GOD is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Born in New York, August 17, 1795; died September 21, 1820.



WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

BLIND MAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Born in Vermont, June 2, 1816; died in Albany,
N. Y., March 31, 1887.

T was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind,)
 That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee,
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant,
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Born 1770; died 1842. The following interesting story is told concerning the writing of this now famous patriotic song. "It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great conservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday

afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March', he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it was, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans: at least, neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."



HAILE, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize;
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, etc.

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

HUMOROUS.



IN a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and
began

To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal,—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
"Thar's a bar in the kitchen as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well, murder him,
then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he
squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvelous story afar,
How "*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!"
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
Come see what we did, *ME* and Betty, we did it."

ANONYMOUS.



Visit of St. Nicholas



BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Born in New York, July 15, 1779; died in Rhode Island, July 10, 1863.



WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

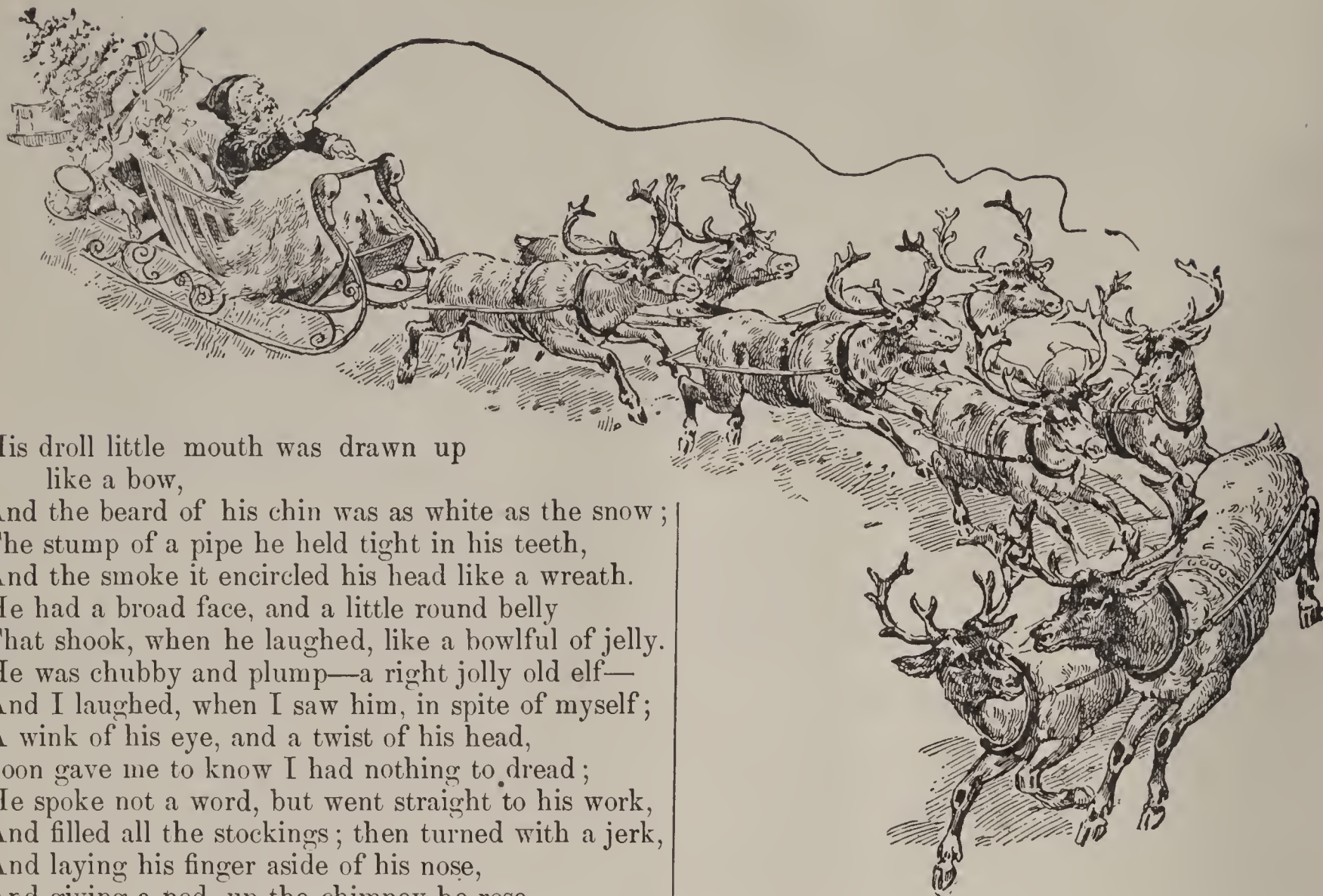
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!





His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself ;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread ;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to the sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night ! ”



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1802; died in 1864.



WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

SANCTITY OF TREATIES, 1796.

BY FISHER AMES.

An American Statesman and writer; born in Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758, and died July 4, 1808.



WE are either to execute this treaty or break our faith. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation: to such men I have nothing to say.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for a spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the

character of the virtue. It soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

What rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eye of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any,—and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation.

THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN.

BY DONN PIATT.

Born in Ohio in 1819.



I HEARD the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.

I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,

And pause to pluck a flower or hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me, with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved, and I a youth unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave, with all her heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered, as in awkward speech, I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that lulls a dim-lit dream—
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the rippling stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south winds sigh,
More sweet than these and all beside was the loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life,
To mould its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned from above;
My angel walked with me on earth, and gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dim with tears—
I think upon the loving faith of all these bygone years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767. He died at Washington in 1848.



HE Declaration of Independence! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued,—

the interest which is of every age and every clime,—the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes,—is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced, in practical form to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

From the day of this declaration, the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master, in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintained by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

“How many ages hence
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?”

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated.

It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes, for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression,—so long shall this declaration hold out, to the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born 1732 ; died 1799.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves ; whether they are to have any property they can call their own ; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion ; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us ; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only ; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance ; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad, —their men are conscious of it ; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATES.

BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, in 1757 ; was killed by Aaron Burr, in a duel, in 1804.

This speech was delivered in the New York Convention, on the adoption of the Constitution, 1788.

MR. CHAIRMAN, it has been advanced as a principle, that no government but a despotism can exist in a very extensive country. This is a melancholy consideration, indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a republican government, even for the State of New York. But the position has been misapprehended. Its application relates only to democracies, where the body of the people meet to transact business, and where representation is unknown. The application is wrong in respect to all representative governments, but especially in relation to a Confederacy of States, in which the Supreme Legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the people are regulated by the laws of the several States. I insist that it never can be the interest or desire of the national Legislature to destroy the State Governments. The blow aimed at the members must give a fatal wound to the head, and the destruction of the States must be at once a political suicide. But imagine, for a moment, that a political frenzy should seize the government ; suppose they should make the attempt. Certainly, sir, it would be forever impracticable. This has been sufficiently demonstrated by reason and experience. It has been proved that the members of republics have been, and ever will be, stronger than the head. Let us attend to one general historical example.

In the ancient feudal governments of Europe, there were, in the first place, a monarch ; subordinate to him, a body of nobles ; and subject to these, the vassals, or the whole body of the people. The authority of the kings was limited, and that of the barons considerably independent. The histories of the feudal wars exhibit little more than a series of successful encroachments on the prerogatives of monarchy.

Here, sir, is one great proof of the superiority which the members in limited governments possess over their head. As long as the barons enjoyed the confidence and attachment of the people, they had the strength of the country on their side, and were

irresistible. I may be told in some instances the barons were overcome; but how did this happen? Sir, they took advantage of the depression of the royal authority, and the establishment of their own power, to oppress and tyrannize over their vassals. As commerce enlarged, and wealth and civilization increased, the people began to feel their own weight and consequence; they grew tired of their oppressions; united their strength with that of their prince, and threw off the yoke of aristocracy.

These very instances prove what I contend for. They prove that in whatever direction the popular weight leans, the current of power will flow; whatever the popular attachments be, there will rest the political superiority. Sir, can it be supposed that the State Governments will become the oppressors of the people? Will they forfeit their affections? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens, for the sole purpose of involving themselves in ruin? God forbid! The idea, sir, is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity and every dictate of common sense!

WHAT SAVED THE UNION.

BY GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Born 1822; died 1885.

From a speech delivered on the Fourth of July at Hamburg.



SHARE with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far away should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did, under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a mistake and a reflection upon the people to attribute to me, or to any number of us who hold high com-

mands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, so did hundreds of thousands of others. We demand no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

Born 1799; died 1858.



THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and

regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated,—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements,—no sectional prejudice nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated. Well did Lord Byron write:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

A favorite poem with Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated it to his friends.

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose
eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved; but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are
now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

AND this, O Spain! is thy return
For the new world I gave!
Chains!—this the recompense I earn!
The fetters of the slave!
Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the sea,
Rises on realms I found for thee.

I served thee as a son would serve;
I loved thee with a father's love;
It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
To raise thee other lands above,
That thou, with all thy wealth, might be
The single empress of the sea.

For thee my form is bowed and worn
With midnight watches on the main;
For thee my soul hath calmly borne
Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain;
Through life, what'er my lot might be,
I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

My guerdon!—'Tis a furrowed brow,
Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
And blighted hope, and broken vow,
And poverty for coming years,
And hate, with malice in her train:—
What other guerdon?—View my chain!

Yet say not that I weep for gold!
No, let it be the robber's spoil.—
Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
Decry my triumph and my toil.—
I weep but for Spain's lasting shame;
I weep but for her blackened fame.

No more.—The sunlight leaves the sea;
Farewell, thou never-dying king!
Earth's clouds and changes change not thee,
And thou—and thou,—grim, giant thing,
Cause of my glory and my pain,—
Farewell, unfathomable main!

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

Born in Danville, Kentucky, 1820; died in Alabama, 1867. This famous poem was written in honor of a comrade of the author, a Kentucky soldier, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Buena Vista.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath hath swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,

Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Shines sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave!
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born 1809; died 1865. Mr. Lincoln always spoke briefly and to the point. The following short oration, delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, is universally regarded as one of the greatest masterpieces, of brief and simple eloquence, in the realm of oratory.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and

so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

MEMORY.

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Born 1831; died 1881. The following poem was written by the late President Garfield during his senior year in Williams College, Massachusetts, and was published in the Williams "Quarterly" for March, 1856.



IS beauteous night; the stars look brightly
down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of
snow.

No lights gleam at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells;
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend

The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
 Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
 Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
 They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
 Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
 As erst they did before the prison tomb
 Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
 The heavens that bend above that land are hung
 With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
 Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
 Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
 Others are floating through the dreamy air,
 White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
 With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
 Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
 Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
 When the rough battle of the day is done,
 And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
 I bound away, across the noisy years,
 Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
 Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
 And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
 Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
 Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
 And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
 I see the shadow of my former self
 Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
 The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
 And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
 From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
 Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
 And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
 Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
 And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
 Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

BY ETHELINDA ELLIOTT BEERS.

Born in New York, 1827; died in New Jersey, 1879.

The following poem first appeared in "Harper's Weekly" in 1861, and being published anonymously its authorship was, says Mr. Stedman, "falsely claimed by several persons."

ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;

Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watchfires, are gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
 The footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Born 1813; died 1880. The following beautiful and popular song, sung all over the world, like "Home, Sweet Home," is by an American author. It is one of those bits of lyric verse which will perpetuate the name of its writer longer, perhaps, than any of the many books which he gave to the world.

ALIFE on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep;
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep!
 Like an angel caged I pine,
 On this dull, unchanging shore:
 O, give me the flashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free,—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY F. M. FINCH.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y., 1827.

Many of the women of the South, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They have strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,

With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

ROLL-CALL.

BY NATHANIEL P. SHEPHERD.

Born in New York, 1835; died 1869.

CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood
near—

And "here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered, "here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds
Sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

BY J. A. MACON.

Born in Alabama, 1851.

Author of "Uncle Gab Tucker."

The following dialect verses are a faithful reproduction, not only of the negro dialect of the cotton sections of the South; but the genius of Mr. Macon has subtly embodied in this and other of his writings a shadowy but true picture of the peculiar and original philosophy and humor of the poor but happy black people of the section with which he is so familiar.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when
you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house
in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's
gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to
de fac's;

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's
in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a
sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo'
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat hap-
pened long ago!
De angels on the picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keep a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'
what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar
you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de
line;
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an'
laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-
graph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de
slate!
Den you better do your juty well an' keep your con-
science clear.
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar
you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de
lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on
de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty
straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

RUIN WROUGHT BY RUM.

(TEMPERANCE SELECTION.)



O, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside.—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
 And see the strong man bow;
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
 And cold and livid brow;
 Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
 There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
 The sobs of sad despair,
 As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
 And its revealings there
 Have told him what he might have been,
 Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
 And her crushed spirit cheer;
 Thine own deep anguish hide,
 Wipe from her cheek the tear;
 Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
 The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
 The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith in early youth,
 Promised eternal love and truth,
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 This promise to the deadly cup,
 And led her down from love and light,
 From all that made her pathway bright,
 And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
 And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
 That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
 All that my soul hath felt and known,
 Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
 See if its brightness can atone;
 Think of its flavor would you try,
 If all proclaimed,—'*Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
 I loathe, abhor, my very soul
 By strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

ANONYMOUS.

TO A SKELETON.

The MS. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the "Morning Chronicle" for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.



BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
 Once of ethereal spirit full.
 This narrow cell was life's retreat,
 This space was thought's mysterious seat
 What beauteous visions filled this spot,
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
 Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
 Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye;
 But start not at the dismal void;
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
 That eye shall be forever bright
 When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
 If falsehood's honey it disdained,
 And when it could not praise was chained.
 If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke,—
 This silent tongue shall plead for thee
 When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
 Or with the envied rubies shine?
 To hew the rock or wear a gem
 Can little now avail to them.
 But if the page of truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim
 Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the paths of duty trod?
 If from the bowers of ease they fled,
 To seek affliction's humble shed;
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to virtue's cot returned,—
 These feet with angel wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky!

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

(A TEMPERANCE SELECTION.)



PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!"
 cried the young and thoughtless Harry
 Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through
 the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour
 had come,—she pressed her white hands together,

and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river winds through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, give to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking

brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-

day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

BY ELIJAH KELLOG.

Born in Portland, Maine, 1813. Spartacus was a Thracian soldier, who was taken prisoner by the Romans, made a slave, and trained as a gladiator. He escaped with a number of fellow-gladiators, an incident to which this speech is supposed to refer to. He was killed in battle 71 B. C., while leading the Servile War against Rome.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Volturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was as still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, arising in the midst of that grim assembly, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped

the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow

he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

THE CRABBED MAN.

(*Extract from a Lecture.*)

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Born 1832. One of the most eminent orators of the American pulpit.



QF all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most undurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as

that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to

get into heaven, unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and colquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE; OR, THE RIME OF THE ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLDER.



THE melancholy days have come that no householder loves,
Days of taking down of blinds and putting up of stoves;
The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,
Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are red;
The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,
And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.
So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse remarked: "Behold!
Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold,
Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing place conveyed,
And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown, he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,
For he was married many years, and had been there before,

And timidly he said, "My love, perchance, the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send
a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have
me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's
journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of
pelf,
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up
myself."

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had
sealed his doom;
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimme
down that broom,"
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the
doors he hove
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the
stove.

ROUND 1.

They faced each other; Brown, to get an opening
sparred
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its
guard.
Brown led off with his left to where a length of
stovepipe stood,
And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed
first blood.*)

ROUND 2.

Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style,
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a
weary while;
At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back
fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the
First Knock-down.

* * * The fight is done and Brown has won; his
hands are rasped and sore,
And perspiration and black-lead stream from his
every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,
He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I *put* this
blessed stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the
spot,
And bids him keep his temper, and remarks that he
looks hot,
And now comes in the sweat o' the day; the Brown
holds in his gripe

And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch
pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes, while his
wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid in
air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe and
the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the
crown;
While Mistress Brown, she cheerily says to him, "I
expect'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break
your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was
aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in
the air."
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained
down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas, and
—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on
the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark, but too thin for
a mat;
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to
his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the
soot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing
thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw
him falling, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her
inmost heartstrings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and
smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mr. Brown, as one that had
been wode,
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his
visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice
was sharp and shrill),
"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine gods,
I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head; he dashed it on
the floor,

And that stovepipe, as a stovepipe, it did exist no more;

Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was stern and wan,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed:

"Send for that tinsmith's man!"



THE POOR INDIAN!



KNOW him by his falcon eye,
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,

Capping in pride his kingly brow;

But his crownless hat in grief declares,

"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"

I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,

"How shall I knit my soul to thine?"

How right the wrongs of thine injured race?

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?"

To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.

Speak! and say how the Saxon's son

May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires!"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!

From his marble lips deep accents come;

And I catch the sound of his mighty grief,—

"Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum?"



JENKINS GOES TO A PICNIC.



MARIA ANN recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately she had planned it to go alone, so far as I am concerned, on that picnic excursion; but when I heard about it, I determined to assist.

She *pretended* she was very glad; I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from your work a day, poor fellow," she said; "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and a dinner in the woods."

On the morning of that day, Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed

my slumbers, and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up; I had no idea that the sun began his business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything so early in the morning. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I would never get the legs of the chicken fixed so I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, giving directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her dress all at once. There is a deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps, with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's waterproof on the other, and a pail in each hand, and a bottle of vinegar in my coat-skirt pocket. There was a camp-chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run or we shall not catch the train."

"Maria Ann," said I, "that is a reasonable idea. How do you suppose I can run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you don't want a scene on the street, you will start, too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort, at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again because I laughed. She drove me all the way to the depot at a brisk trot, and we got on the cars; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood there and held them.

"Maria," I said, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "You are a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "You have made *that* observation before, my love."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of wrath when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars, the bottle in my coat-

pocket broke, and consequently I had one boot half-full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet, and Maria Ann ran off with a big whiskered music-teacher, and lost her fan, and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself so *much*, after the fashion of picnic-goers.

I thought it would never come dinner-time, and Maria Ann called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner came—the “nice dinner in the woods,” you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fish-bones. The ice-cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat, except what was in my boot, and, of course, that was of no immediate use. The music-teacher spilled a cup of hot coffee on Maria Ann’s head, and pulled all the frizzles out trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a piece of raspberry-pie, and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn’t want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day offered considerable variety, compared to everyday life, but there were so many drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

BY J. M. BAILEY.

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately, for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for a leeway. He says

to himself,—“Well, if women don’t have the easiest time I ever see.” Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and, finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor, and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile, he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

(Often recited by DeWolf Hopper, the comic opera singer, between the acts.)

THERE was ease in Casey’s manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey’s bearing, and a smile on Casey’s face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt ’twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
 Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
 Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
 Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came whirling thro' the air,
 And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
 Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
 "That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
 Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
 "Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.
 And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
 He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
 He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
 But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
 But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
 They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
 And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
 He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
 And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go.
 And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
 The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
 But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.



HERE'S a magical isle in the River of Time,
 Where softest of echoes are straying;
 And the air is as soft as a musical chime.
 Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
 When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where memory dwells with her pure golden hue
 And music forever is flowing:
 While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through
 Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
 As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
 Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
 Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile,
 Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
 And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
 And we bury our treasures all there:
 There are beings of beauty too lovely to last;
 There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them
 cast;
 There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
 And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
 There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—
 Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,
 With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold:
 Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,
 The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
 They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning there,
 And, with joy that is almost a pain,
 We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
 Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
 We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
 Is a vista exceedingly bright:
 And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
 Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
 When the years were a dream of delight.

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